

# THE SIGN



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



CONFRATERNITY OF  
CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE  
—† Edwin V. O'Hara

## FICTION—POETRY

Roman Holiday — Wiley  
Sauce for Ganders — Calhoun  
The Red Judas — Newton  
Prayer — Litsey  
Hate — Myers

## ARTICLES

Change — Chesterton  
Economists on Depression — Ryan  
Italy and the Vatican — Gwynn  
Flame from the Desert — Belloc  
Science and Supernatural — Lunn  
First Editions — Hopkins  
Primacy of Peter — Schade  
Catholic Laymen — Guilday

## DEPARTMENTS

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Book Reviews  
Sign Post  
Passionists in China  
Woman to Woman



# Time Presseth...

**R**EPEATEDLY it has been pointed out that time counts for little in the Orient. Our missionaries can confirm this observation. A shrug of the shoulders, a smile and then: "If we don't start to-day, we'll be off to-morrow."

But there are emergencies when days, hours—even seconds count. Many of you who have reached for a telephone to call the nearest doctor have had the experience of waiting an anguished twenty minutes or more for medical help.

Our priests and Sisters in China have borne the physical and mental pressure of eight, ten, twelve years in a section still primitive. They cannot pick up a telephone to call for a doctor. There is a long journey by rickshaw or sedan chair to obtain medical assistance.

We have lost some of our priests and Sisters who might have been saved. They have not asked for, but they *need* and *deserve* some medical attention. Though The Sign does not usually appeal for financial aid, the present urgent need of our missionary personnel calls for immediate action.

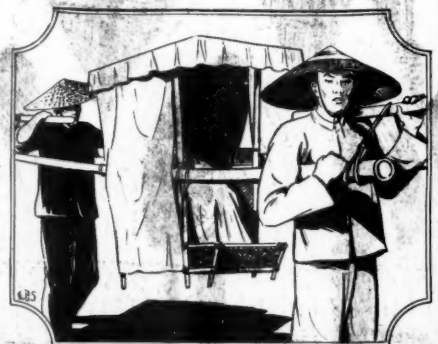
To build a hospital at Yuanling, Hunan, China, we must have \$40,000. To date *one-fourth* of this amount has been raised. Will you give something towards the balance?

When you reach for your telephone, think of our missionaries in China. Your donation will be proof of your own Christian charity and, if you so wish, a memorial to your dear departed.

## TIME PRESSETH

*It cannot be done  
without your help*

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## Our Cover

### Rheims Cathedral

WHEN men enthuse over the beauties of Catholic architecture, often they are thinking of the ancient Cathedral of Rheims. Rheims has much in common with the other great cathedrals erected during the Middle Ages—a profound spirit of faith inspired its builders, a deep love of the Mother of God directed their efforts, and the use of Gothic architecture permitted the glorious concepts of genius to be perpetuated in stone. Rheims Cathedral is, in the words of Ralph Adams Cram, “the most perfect of the architectural manifestations of Christianity.”

The building of Rheims Cathedral was begun in 1211. The work went on without interruption, but with the calm deliberateness that great art always requires. The finished Cathedral was something that men have never been able properly to describe. Words can do no more than suggest its wonderful harmony of proportion, the glories of its sculpture, and the splendor of its stained glass.

Rheims was for long the center of French life, and it has witnessed many events famous in French history. It has seen numberless French kings crowned, some with glory and some with thorns, and to all it has given the help necessary to rule in a Christian manner.

The furies of war have often descended upon Rheims Cathedral. The World War dealt a cruel and almost crushing blow to its beauty. Yet, more or less successfully, the damage has been repaired. Perhaps there was something almost prophetic about the statue that crowned one of the Cathedral spires. It was an Angel bearing a Cross. Was it the Cross of suffering, and the Angel of the Resurrection?

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A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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# Cardinal Hayes *and* Birth Control

IT was altogether fitting that on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of our Divine Lord, His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, should turn his remarks to things regarding conception and contraception and that as leader of a large group of Catholics within the fold of the Church he should take occasion to warn the members of his flock against the dangers consequent upon the use of unlawful measures in the matter of family limitation.

It is not altogether surprising to find that thirteen "prominent clergymen" have joined in asking that Cardinal Hayes desist in his efforts to prevent dissemination of birth control information to all families on relief.

That the Cardinal Archbishop of New York desist from the performance of the duty which is his by office and by right!

Protestant clergymen have a way of demanding of their superiors that *they* desist from interference with their policies.

"No one," they say, "questions the right of the Cardinal to remind the communicants of the Catholic Church of its teachings on the subject of family limitation." (No one except thirteen clerics of various Protestant denominations as far removed from each other on religious matters as truth is from falsehood or right from wrong.)

"We must, however," they go on to say, "in the same measured, deliberate and emphatic terms employed by the Cardinal, protest (hence Protestantism!) against any word or act of dignitaries of the Church that would in effect impose upon other Americans the beliefs and practices of Roman Catholicism."

HIS Eminence is not trying to impose upon the American people the beliefs and practices of Roman Catholicism. He certainly is within his rights in proclaiming those beliefs to the members of his own flock and of speaking the mind of the Church for all Catholics to hear. But if the American people will sometime sit up and take stock of the situation and come to realize that the unwise use of unlawful measures of contraception is not only a matter of ecclesiastical legislation but an economic and social hazard as well, they will come to realize that His Eminence is more than right when he speaks of the protagonists of birth control as "prophets of decadence."

How pitiful the conclusion of these thirteen clerics: "The Cardinal, however, seems unaware of the fact known to every social worker and every social scientist, namely, that an excessive number of children not only undermines the health of the mother but makes it utterly impossible for large families to lift themselves out of destitution and despair."

Of course there is no social knowledge within the ken of the Catholic Church—and the Church has done no social work to speak of within the last nineteen hundred years—consequently His Eminence of New York—does

not really know what he is talking about when he warns the faithful against a danger which is common to society at large as well as to the Catholic conscience.

The ages of the world's history and the experience of nations have borne testimony to the fact that the home is the very foundation of human society. There is no gain-saying that. Inflated social reformers may harp all they like on their panaceas for the uplift of society out of "destitution and despair" (witness the "thirteen clerics") but they must remember this—that no stream ever rises higher than its source. And the source of society is the home. And once you begin to undermine the home the destruction of society is not far off.

• • •

HIS Eminence points against an evil, which as it grows, is making bad matters worse. And it is quite interesting to find the "thirteen clerics"—Christian Ministers—followers of Christ mind you, banding together to protest against *his* foisting upon the American people a doctrine which *they* are supposed to teach.

There is no point against the Cardinal at all. His imprimatur is upon books which propose the morally sound and physically sane methods of dealing with the question of family limitation. His teaching is the teaching of the Catholic Church—the teaching of Jesus Christ—the Commandments of Almighty God.

We remarked that it was altogether fitting that on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception a Shepherd of his flock should speak to them of the danger of unwise and unlawful contraception as the real danger to modern society. It was fitting that he should hold up the ideal of the sinless conception of the Mother of Christ. It was not a matter of delivering families out of the maelstrom of "destitution and despair." It was a question of keeping men and women from something that will tend inevitably to deepen the destitution and make more hopeless the despair which seemingly confronts the social order of today.

• • •

UNHAPPILY it has appeared to some that society's condition today is the result of overproduction of itself and that at least one way out of it is the violation of the regulations (not to call them commandments) laid down by the Maker of society for its own well being. Two wrongs will never make a right. And if those who are supposed to make society right go wrong on the essentials, then society will have to learn its own bitter lesson and will later wake up to realize that its prophets have been responsible for its decadence and have failed in its salvation.

*Father Theophane Maguire O.F.M.*



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# THE SIGN



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## CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

INTERVENTION has become the catch-word for answering the appeals of Catholics for an understanding of the situation in Mexico. When a Catholic speaks or writes of

### The Bogy of Intervention

Mexican difficulties — even though it be to protest American interference in the internal affairs of that country, there is an outcry of intervention. Intervention has become a veritable fetish.

The bogy of intervention so haunts the minds of many that it has made it impossible for them to think with even a minimum of clarity on Mexican affairs.

Father Parsons, in *America*, gives an incident which illustrates this blind spot in an otherwise normal vision. The *New York Times* asked him for a statement on Mexico. In printing it they suppressed a passage repudiating intervention and added a headline "Catholic Editor Insists There Is Reason for Intervention."

Even the President joined the chorus in his late lamented letter to the Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus — a letter on which we did not have the opportunity to comment as our December issue had already gone to press when it appeared. The blunder of his reference to the policy of Theodore Roosevelt was matched only by the shallowness of his assumption that what was asked of him was intervention.

The simple truth is — and the President should know it — Catholics in this country do not want intervention. What they want is the cessation of intervention. The Catholic position right along has been that U. S. meddling in Mexican affairs has been the cause of the woes of Mexican Catholics.

THE Revolutionary régime in Mexico could never have gained a foothold but for American recognition. And that recognition was given the band of bandits that constituted

### Fruits of U. S. Meddling

the Carranza government on the express condition that religious liberty be granted to the Mexican people. Was that pledge ever fulfilled?

The Revolutionary régime headed by such men as Carranza, Obregon, Calles and Cardenas could never have continued to drag its slimy trail across the pages of Mexican history had it not been for American support.

One who knows Mexico from personal experience and study wrote in the December number of *THE SIGN*: "No man can continue as President of Mexico unless he has the sanction and actual support — directly or indirectly — of the Washington Administration."

"Once Washington steps out from behind a Mexican President, that President, as President, is through. All

Mexico knows that. This is why for fourteen years the National Revolutionary Party, now openly Communistic, has been able to maintain itself in power, though representative of but ten per cent, or less, of the people. The people of Mexico felt that it was all but useless to struggle against the despot when the great United States Government stood behind him."

The despotic government of Mexico which has its foot on the neck of the prostrate Mexican people is supplied with arms and ammunition by the United States. It is with American guns that Mexican Catholics are shot down in cold blood. An embargo on arms prevents the importation of arms by those who are being ground in the dust. It is little wonder that the ordinary Mexican too often looks on the Colossus of the North as a powerful and ominous ally of the brigands who have ruled him for years.

RECENTLY several diplomatic representatives in Mexico, notable among them our own Mr. Daniels, made a tour of the country. They traveled in the President's train, under

### The Stamp of Approval

the patronage of Señor Portes Gil. One might be forgiven for expecting from such a group some slight scintillation of intelligence and perhaps even a minor degree of independent thought.

They manifested neither. Evidently they saw only what their dragomans permitted them to see. Likely enough, they were also supplied with the interpretation of what they saw.

Anyhow, when these gentlemen returned they paid for the trip in fulsome flattery to the government clique with which they consort. They — including Daniels — signed a declaration which among other things said:

"We were pleased to observe, wherever we went, abundant proof of the fact that Mexico of today advances toward its goal, the improvement of those institutions intended for the welfare of a whole people. . . . Public officials have put us in touch with the aspirations and progress of a nation moving forward steadily and satisfactorily."

The Communistic, oppressive and fanatical régime in Mexico receives the stamp of approval from our official representative. What an uproar there would be if the like happened in Russia or Germany or Italy.

What is the goal toward which Mexico of today advances? What are the institutions being improved for the welfare of the whole people? Surely they have nothing to do with the rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness which Mr. Daniels has been taught to believe are a worthwhile goal and should tend to the happiness even of the Mexican people.

To protest the outrages being committed in Mexico is a

duty incumbent on all in whom there is our common human nature and an ordinary sense of decency.

The application of sanctions to Italy and her war on Ethiopia should not make us forget the bestialities being committed by nations like Mexico—nations that hold their heads high and takes their place in the Councils of the nations sitting in condemnation of the sins of others.

• • •

ONE of the readers of *Commonweal*, Catholic weekly, rightly complains that she traveled all over the city of Boston recently for a Catholic magazine she wanted—without success. She states: "Every

### Catholics Won't Buy

Catholic news store I visited either did not carry Catholic magazines, or just for certain customers. From my point of view this is a handicap for Catholic editors and should not be. My idea is: Catholic stores should be putting out propaganda to sell instead of curtly saying: 'We don't carry Catholic magazines.'" This is undoubtedly a handicap, and we are not in a position to give an answer for the refusal.

To provide facilities for those who wish to take individual copies of *THE SIGN*, however, we have placed our magazine—not without overcoming a number of serious difficulties—on many stands in the New York metropolitan area. It is a financial risk to do this because of service charges and of the reduced rate at which magazines must justly be given to distributors and dealers. The greater risk lies in the fact that the Catholic public will not be sufficiently interested in buying. There are 10,000,000 copies of pulp magazines sold monthly on the newsstands. The number of Catholic periodicals bought is so discouragingly small that honest distributors warn us of our risk.

A two weeks' report on our venture gives us reason to hope that the Catholic public will buy *THE SIGN*—and other Catholic periodicals—at newsstands. We believe that, in the area mentioned, every reader of this magazine has one or more acquaintances who do not know of *THE SIGN* and who could be induced to buy it at the I.R.T. or Interborough newsstands in New York, Brooklyn, Westchester, Hudson and Bergen counties. Frankly, it's up to you readers. Needless to say, if the venture succeeds here we shall experiment with it in other cities.

This is not just a sales appeal. It is a definite opportunity to answer the challenge flung at us by distributors—"Catholics won't buy Catholic periodicals."

• • •

AT the moment of writing the war between Ethiopia and Italy appears no nearer of solution. The League of Nations has adopted several expedients to stop the fighting—even to the point of handing over

### Need of Neutral Judge

about two-thirds of Ethiopia to Italy (which was unanimously condemned as aggressor by the League), but without success. How is this dispute to be settled? The League has proven itself incompetent. There is too much bias and selfish interest in the members of the League to hope for a just and amicable settlement. What then? Shall the dispute be brought before the World Court? That does not seem to be any improvement on the League, for the same difficulties will be found in the Court. The members of the Court are also members of the League, and they do not forget what nation they represent.

Is there no solution? Yes, the one person who can bring about a settlement of the dispute between Ethiopia and Italy is the Pope of Rome. He is an independent sovereign of a territory insignificant in size. But more, he is the supreme

ruler of a vast spiritual kingdom called the Catholic Church. His spiritual authority is admitted by all men. Lately he has been appealed to to use that authority in order to condemn Italy. This hypocritical device did not take into account that the Pope does not condemn anybody unheard. The case of Ethiopia and Italy has never been submitted to his judgment. How, then, could he pass judgment?

But the time has come, apparently, when there is nothing else to do but for the League to confess its failure to bring about peace, and to petition the Holy Father to arbitrate between the combatants. He cannot do this unless he has a commission from the League to do so. He is not a member of the League, although its inspiration derived from Pope Benedict XV. The members of the League ought to see that they are getting nowhere, while all the time the danger of war increases in Europe. The Popes have acted as umpire between nations many times, either directly or indirectly, even since they were unjustly shorn of temporal power in 1870. Prince Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, appealed to Pope Leo XIII in 1885 to act as mediator between Germany and Spain in the dispute between them concerning the Caroline Islands. His decision was acceptable to both parties. Even England recognized this mediation by consenting to apply the concessions made by Spain to Germany to Spanish-British interests. The League would do an honorable thing if it would simply confess its inability to settle the Ethiopian question, and petition to Holy Father to mediate. Then all parties concerned can hope for impartial justice in the light of Christian ethics and morality.

• • •

TO those of us who respect the German people and esteem the vast contribution they have made to civilization and world progress the *Kulturkampf* of the Nazis is shocking in the extreme. The Nazi party is undoing the progress of centuries and leading its members—and attempting to lead the whole German people—back to the days when barbarians roamed the forests of what is now Germany.

### The New Kulturkampf

Christianity is being repudiated in all its forms whether Catholic or Protestant. A gradual pressure is being applied to make both Catholic and Protestant Churches entirely subservient to the State.

The form this pressure is taking toward the Catholic Church is particularly odious. Nuns and ecclesiastics are being tried and imprisoned for smuggling money out of Germany to pay debts which they had contracted in the interests of charity.

Their crime was at the most a technical one. The German *devisen* laws are so complicated that no one who is not an expert can understand them. Their statement and explanation requires whole shelves of legal tomes.

The trials of these priests and nuns are still going on. They are being dragged out as a spectacle to the people. These religious are being exhibited as enemies of the State. The fines being imposed as a penalty are so heavy, that it is evident their intention is to wreck the charitable institutions of the Church.

We were talking recently with an intelligent and well-informed German. He lived in Germany until a few months ago. He was rather emphatic in his confirmation of what has been rumored before. There is a growing conviction among German Catholics, which they claim is based on sound evidence, that the financial agents who led the religious astray were government agents. They gained the confidence of the Superiors, advised them wrong, and then traduced them to the government.

Speaking to a banker this same person inquired how it was possible for him to escape infringing the highly compli-

cated *devisen* laws. The banker informed him that in this matter he was at the mercy of his legal adviser.

Emboldened by the success they have had with the money laws, the Nazis are now attacking the German Bishops.

SINCE last we went to press a series of cables have been received at THE SIGN office, giving with crisp brevity the story of a new Communist wave in Hunan. "Reds have

### No Headlines— No Heroics

broken through (from) Kweichow. Four cities taken." And another, "Chihkiang cut off. Reds approach. Priests and Sisters at Mission." Suspense and conjecture; hope and prayer. Further news—and relief. "Supu and Chenki re-taken. Reds retreat."

So in a few short words a whole story of unflinching courage and spiritual doggedness is hinted at. No headlines and no heroics. But ask yourself (as a revealing side-light) what you would take from your home, if you could just carry a bundle—and had to flee at fifteen minutes' notice? Would your courage get a shock if you found, on your return, that your home was sacked—ruined?

We do not know how much damage has been done during this recent Red invasion. If you wish to picture the tension of waiting for a zero hour on the Missions read "Terror Over Yungshun" on page 351 in this number, and its sequel in February. You will admire the spiritual stuff of which God's frontiersmen are made.

ONE must admit that the advocates of many things which are contrary to natural ethics, and above all religion, are clever in coining words. They wrap their noxious notions in sweet sounding phrases, so as to deceive the unwary. Such things will not fool wise and sensible people, but unfortunately all men are not of

### Nice Names for Bad Things

this class. The harm is done to the ignorant and the unwary, of whom there are quite a number in this world.

Several years ago Judge Lindsey coined the phrase "companionate marriage" to cover a temporary mating of a man and a woman, which could be terminated at will, if they saw fit. During that time they were free to have children or not, depending on their whim. He said nothing about abstaining from the sex act, if they did not desire children, during the period of probation. So, in effect, this subterfuge with the innocuous title would have amounted in reality to legalized prostitution, had it been made into law.

Why not call it legalized prostitution? Oh, no, that would not be so nice and innocent. To do so might provoke general opposition. So he called it "companionate marriage."

Birth Control is another instance of a clever phrase which conceals a foul idea. In itself it is a neutral term innocent of sinful significance. It is better than the phrase formerly used when it was called Neo-Malthusianism, after Malthus, an English Protestant divine, who feared overpopulation on the earth and underproduction of the necessities of life as a consequence. But, be it said, the good man did not advise the abuse of marriage in order to achieve the lessening of population. Those who sponsored his erroneous principle saw in it an opportunity to attack the sanctities of marriage by divorcing the natural effect of the marriage act from the act itself. They dropped the cumbersome term Neo-Malthusianism and adopted Birth Control. Very clever. People would be deceived and the nasty practice propagated.

They would not be deceived were they aware that Birth Control in the intention of the disciples of Malthus concealed beneath its innocent language a practice which stinks to

heaven. If Birth Control were called "race suicide," as doughty Theodore Roosevelt called it, the foul thing would not have made the progress that it has made.

Now comes "mercy killing"—another flimflam, a soft phrase to cover over a dastardly act. Mercy killing doesn't sound as awful as premeditated murder, or better "physician's murder," but that is just what it is—simple, forthright murder. Let us not be fooled by catchwords.

THOSE interested in the work of the Church will find that Most Rev. Bishop O'Hara's article in this issue on the teaching of Christian doctrine treats briefly but adequately an important subject. G. K. Chesterton satirizes in his usual pleasant and witty manner the modern world's craze for change. Hilaire Belloc

### We Have With Us This Month

continues his studies of the great attacks that have been made on the Church through the ages, in a series that might be called Storm Centres in the Church's history.

Arnold Lunn recently published a book on *Science and the Supernatural*. He treats the same subject in this issue in a manner that will delight the serious reader. Monsignor John A. Ryan gives us back much of our self-respect in *Economists on the Depression*. Like ourselves the economists know all about the depression—except how to get out of it. For a sound discussion of the proofs of St. Peter's residence in Rome and his primacy turn to Father Schade's article on this subject.

Denis Gwynn's comments on the Italo-Ethiopian situation in recent months have aroused considerable reaction. That reaction has run the gamut from the highest laudation to violent protest—even threats. We present *Italy and The Vatican* hoping for the best, but prepared for the worst.

Monsignor Guilday traces briefly the career of a little known Catholic layman of action, Cornelius Heeney of Brooklyn. There are other articles which the reader will find attractive.

In lighter vein there is the serial story by the well-known English author, Douglas Newton. The scene is laid in post-war Budapest in the clutches of a Red dictator. There are two short stories. The incident related by John Gibbons in *The Christian Killer* will be found absorbing. Regular readers of THE SIGN will find the various departments with which they are familiar.

TO His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes for his courageous and intelligent attack on the advocates of birth control and defense of the doctrine of the Church in his recent sermon in Saint Patrick's Cathedral. † To Most Reverend Joseph C. Plagens on his appointment to the See of Marquette, Michigan. † To

### Toasts Within the Month

Very Rev. Monsignor Frank A. Thill on his appointment as Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati. † To Rev. William J. Rafter, of Holy Name Mission, for his twenty-five years of missionary labor on the Bowery. † To the Editors of *The Christian Front*, a new magazine devoted to the defense and exaltation of social justice. † To Most Rev. James H. Ryan and the Catholics of the Diocese of Omaha, on the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the founding of the diocese. † To Rev. Dr. Joseph M. Gilmore, Chancellor of the Diocese of Helena, Mont., on his appointment to be Bishop of that See. † To Most Rev. Robert J. Armstrong, Bishop of Sacramento, California, on the silver jubilee of his ordination. † To Most Rev. Gerald P. O'Hara, on his appointment to be Bishop of Savannah, Ga.



# CATEGORICA

*Edited by N. M. LAW*

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

## THE KICKER

**A**N unknown author versifies on the merit of kicking, though he would much prefer not to. From "The New York Times Magazine":

I hate to be a kicker, I always long for peace,  
But the wheel that does the squeaking is the one that gets the grease.

It's nice to be a peaceful soul, and not too hard to please,  
But the dog that's always scratching is the one that has the fleas.

I hate to be a kicker means nothing in a show—  
For the kickers in the chorus are the ones that get the dough.  
The art of soft soap spreading is a thing that palls and stales,  
But the guy that wields the hammer is the guy that drives the nails.

Let us not put any notions that are harmful in your head,  
But the baby that keeps yelling is the baby that gets fed.

## PROPAGANDA IS ADMIRABLE

**U**NDER the above caption the Editor in the Philadelphia "Catholic Standard and Times," writes so convincingly that we should like to reprint the thought in its entirety. We quote in part:

The word "Propaganda" has acquired an evil significance although its derivation is above reproach. We believe that we are correct in saying that it is a Catholic term, and that it has come into general acceptance through Catholic usage. Unfortunately, words have a tendency to degenerate in meaning. "Propaganda" now expresses, more often than not, an idea of subtlety, of craft, of finesse, or of insidious lying. It has shared in the moral declension of the term "proselytize." In the use of both an evil purpose has poisoned an utterly indifferent means since one can, and should, propagate the truth. How much wiser in their generation are the children of darkness than those who refuse to let their light shine before men!

In as far as they are propagandists the Communists set us an example. They compass the whole world to make one proselytize. They protrude the ugliness of their thoughts into every human activity. They thrust their corrupt philosophy into all the arts. Small in numbers, they insist on being seen and heard. They are teaching people through their senses. They appeal to eye and ear; they appeal to the desires and needs of the body, hoping to reach that human principle of action which they refuse to call a soul.

We, unfortunately, prefer to say that others are wrong instead of showing that we are right. True, we teach our own people, but this is not enough. It is a sect-breeding method. It makes religion a family heirloom. We see what has happened in India, where the various castes represent successive religious movements which have been content to hold themselves aloof in consciousness of their own rectitude. To such a condition the Communists will not agree. They must compel everyone to be as they are. They have an international ideal. Theirs is one of the first of the heresies to realize the necessity of the word "Catholic." Both we and they must be "Catholic" or we are lost.

To see how feeble is our propaganda we have only to enter one of our museums, libraries or art galleries. One would not suppose from their appearance that this was a Christian country. One would hardly believe that it contained a Catholic population amounting to one-fifth of the whole. We

wander through acres of pagan memorials. We see monuments of every kind of heathen religion, but not the least evidence of Christ and His saints. People are shy to mention that Christmas is the birthday of God; that Easter commemorates His resurrection from the dead; that Good Friday is the day He died. Our writers in newspapers and journals seemingly have never read the Gospels; our public schools are afraid to speak of Him, even as a great man. We are astonished if a President occupies himself with prayer; it is bad taste to mention our religious convictions.

## LORD OF THE QUIET HEART

**I**N these days of clamor, noise and turmoil, one can appreciate the beauty of these lines of Arthur W. Peach in "The New York Times":

Lord of the quiet heart, who knew the sound  
Of raging streets with anger loud,  
Yet walked serene in faith that saw  
Beyond the blindness of the crowd—  
Help us to find the even way,  
Through all the clamor of this day.

Lord of the gentle eyes, who saw the bright  
Spear points beneath Thee gleam and toss,  
Yet heard with tenderness the thief's  
Faint cry for mercy from His cross—  
Remember us, that we may hear  
The whispered hope, the accent near.

Lord of the steadfast will, whose vision clear  
Saw all the travail of the years,  
Beyond which lies the world to be  
That knows no human wrath or tears—  
Help us to see with eyes unsealed  
Thy harvest that the years shall yield!

## AN ANSWER TO PRAYER

**F**ATHER BERNARD R. HUBBARD, S.J., in his absorbing book "Cradle of the Storms," gives the following account of how the mercy of God overtook an unfortunate fisherman on the vast expanse of the Bering Sea:

I had gone to bed early one night, when some time around midnight there was a knock on my door. It was George Getty, and as I switched on the light he came in.

"There is a very sick fisherman down on the dock, Father, and the doctor thinks he hasn't much of a chance. I was talking to him and found out that he's a Catholic and wants to receive the Sacraments."

I slipped on my boots and windsuit, as it was raining, and followed him. Our way led us along the boardwalk through the cannery buildings down to the slippery, wind-swept dock at the end of which the various fishing craft were moored.

We steadied ourselves along the swaying rigging of the boat nearest the dock and swung down on the deck. Climbing over the rail, we got on the boat we were seeking, and I was directed to the galley where the sick man was. The dim light of a swinging lamp lit up the cramped quarters where he lay, propped up on the table.

... It was evident that he was in great pain from some deadly internal complaint, but he was bearing up heroically. I made him happy by speaking to him in his native German.

He was half a world away from his Austrian fatherland, off there on the desolate Bering Sea, and in ordinary circumstances there would not have been a priest within hundreds of miles. But somewhere in the world pious souls interested in his eternal salvation were evidently praying for him, and their prayers had brought him this final extraordinary grace.

After I had spent a few minutes with the sufferer, George came in. I said to him, after looking at my watch: "It is past midnight now, and we can say Mass. Our good friend can still swallow, so we shall be able to bring him Holy Communion."

Leaving the sick man, we climbed back on the dock and went back to the superintendent's house where I was staying. Here we offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, George devoutly acting as server. Then, after taking off the vestments, I made the best of the limited rubrics I was able to observe, and brought the Blessed Sacrament out into that chilly wet Bering Sea night, down between the silent buildings and along the slippery dock, until we arrived at the fishing boat. There, in the dark galley where the dying man lay, Holy Viaticum was followed by the last blessing, and with a few comforting words I left the now happy sufferer to himself and God.

... Months later, when I came back to the University of Santa Clara, I found a letter awaiting me there from the brother of the sick man, who had died a short time after my visit to him. The letter contained the consoling statement that the writer and his sister, a nun, had been praying for years that their brother, in the precarious life he was leading far from Church and family influence, might not die without making his peace with God; and they thanked me for being the answer to their prayers.

### HIGH COST OF LIVING

If you think living expensive at the present day, read the following Associated Press report concerning Revolutionary days:

Officials of the Department of Internal Affairs, poring over old records, discovered today that bacon sold for \$8 a pound and beef for nearly \$1,500 a barrel in Pennsylvania during the Revolutionary War. The price was based on Continental money, worth little when compared with present day currency.

Horses ranged from \$2,400 to \$5,066 apiece and cattle prices varied from \$933 to \$3,000 a head. One entry showed a "grain fed bull" was purchased for \$3,200. Grain prices were proportionately high, one record showing that \$2,551 was paid for seventy bushels of oats.

### COMFORT FOR COMMUNISTS

"COMMONWEAL" gives the following quotation from an article by Father Martindale and then adds a delightful bit of verse from the pen of G.K.C. himself:

"In January of last year, Bezboznik complained that anti-religious Soviets had been disbanded in seventy districts; while it had been thought that in the region of Kovrov there was a whole system of atheist cells, the President of that region wrote . . . that neither in the town nor in the region were there any cells left—in fact, 'in the entire district there is now only on organized atheist—myself.'"

"I'm all alone; I can't organize anyone,  
There's nobody left to organize me;  
And still I'm the only organized atheist  
In all the province of Skunktz (E.C.)."

Sometimes disgusting disorganized atheists  
Orphan the stars without permit from me,  
Unmake their Maker without their ticket  
Or their copy of Form X. 793.

The Blasphemy Drill's getting slacker and slacker,  
Free Thought is becoming alarmingly free,  
And I'll be the only organized atheist  
Between the Bug and the big Black Sea."

Ours, ours is the Key O desolate crier,  
The golden key to what ills distress you  
Left without ever a God to judge you,  
Lost without even a Man to oppress you.

Look west, look west, to the Land of Profits,  
To the old gold marts, and confess it then  
How greatly your great propaganda prospers  
When left to the methods of Business Men.

Ah, Mammon is mightier than Marx in making  
A goose-step order for godless geese,  
And snobs know better than mobs to measure  
Where Golf shall flourish and God shall cease.

Lift up your heart in the wastes Slavonian,  
Let no Red Sun on your wrath go down;  
There are millions of very much organized atheists  
In the Outer Circle of London town.

### AMERICAN SPENDING

FROM "Pick-Ups" an ad of Ruthrauff and Ryan advertising agency in "Fortune" come the following illuminating items:

The average annual salaries of teachers, principals and supervisors in the United States during the past 10 years ranged between \$1,222 and \$1,440. Less than 1% of them earned over \$4,000 and a startling number—approximately 250,000—have yearly incomes below factory wages.

Over 400,000 thoroughbred dogs have been registered with the American Kennel Club. According to the American Kennel Gazette, the raising of these dogs involves an investment of \$75,000,000, over half of this amount being expended for kennels and equipment.

For every 100 groceries in the United States there are approximately 59 gasoline stations, 43 restaurants, 19 drug stores, 13 automobile sales rooms, 8 hardware stores—3 florists and less than one book store.

### REAL NAMES OF COMEDIANS

WE are indebted to Patrick Scanlon, Managing Editor of that militant Catholic paper "The Brooklyn Tablet," for the real names of well known comedians. We would much prefer that they use their own names, they sound so much better:

Recently Mr. Benjamin Anzelevitz got a divorce in Chicago. The press was amazed that Benjamin was none other than Ben Bernie, the band leader.

Changing one's name was formerly associated with prize-fighters. Now it has become the regular thing among a certain class of people. Thus we have the following comedians sacrificing "the one possession that is truly their own":

Eddie Cantor—Edward Iskowitz.  
Jack Benny—Benny Kubelsky.  
Ed Wynn—Edwin Leopold.  
Milton Berle—Milton Berlinger.  
Tom Howard—Thomas J. Black.  
Joe Penner—Joseph Pinter.  
Jack Pearl—John Perlman.  
Bert Lahr—Isadore Lahrheim.  
George Burns (Burns and Allen)—Nat Bernstein.  
Al Jolson—Asa Yoelson.  
Colonel Stoopnagle—F. Chase Taylor.  
Budd—Wilbur Hulick.  
Amos—Freeman Gosden.  
Andy—Charles Correll.  
Willie Howard—Willie Lefkowitz.

Fred Allen—John Sullivan.

Some of the band leaders, too, would be unrecognizable if they suddenly reverted to the name on their birth certificates. Here are some of the changes:

George Hall—George Flag Basselli.

Little Jack Little—John Leonard.

Jacques Renard—Jacob Stavinsky.

Abe Lyman—Abe Simon.

Ted Weems—William Theodore Weymes.

Leon Belasco—Leonid Semanovich Berladsky.

Will Osborne—William Oliphant.

Ted Lewis—Leopold Friedman.

Pancho—Adolfo Rosquellas.

Glen Gray—Glen Gray Knoblauch.

Al Katz—Albert George Katzenberger.

Arthur Tracy (Street Singer) is none other than Harry Rosenberg; Sophie Tucker is Sonia Abuza, Sid Gary is Sid Garfunkel, Irving Berlin is Israel Baline, David Ross (radio announcer) is Samuel Minsch, and so goes the modernization of ancient and respected names.

### CONFIDENCE

FATHER WILFRED HURLEY, C.S.P., makes us appreciate what real confidence is in the following beautiful thoughts taken from the San Francisco "Monitor":

Confidence means two things.

It means that one is certain of his ability to perform an assigned task.

It means that one enjoys the work in the assurance that one can do it well. And so he is happy in his work.

The great surgeon goes to the hospital, not with fear and trembling, but with the certainty that he will do his work well. And so he is happy in his work.

Now, as it is in the things of this world, may I submit, it is so with the things of the next.

We think too much of "saving our souls."

And just "saving" nothing more.

And whether we realize it or not, we are toying with an idea. We have not the confidence that we will save it.

And yet if there is one certain thing in this world it is that we have the ability.

We are the Living Children of the Living God. And while all things are possible to us, Salvation is a task; we can perform it well.

Let this realization become an integral part of you.

And this task will become joyful. A glorious adventure. You will actually enjoy it.

Your path may lie through Suffering. Hardships. Misunderstandings. Laboring.

It won't matter.

You know that God, your Father, is with you. You feel His loving eyes upon you.

The yoke does become sweet. And the burden light.

The peace is yours that passes understanding. And happiness. And love.

And because you are seeking first the Kingdom of Heaven, all things do work for your good.

This is not conceit. Conceit is based upon error and self-pride.

Confidence rests with God. And God is truth.

### A LINCOLN LEGEND

"THE CATHOLIC FIRESIDE" gives a legend which is anything but complimentary to the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln Cathedral:

Lincoln Cathedral, where serious structural defects have been discovered, stands on what is reputed to be the breeziest spot in England.

According to a wicked local tradition the Devil, some centuries ago, met the wind outside the cathedral and told

him to wait there while he went in to have a chat with the Dean and Chapter.

As the Devil has not yet been able to tear himself away from the congenial society he found in the Chapter House, the wind is still waiting—which is why, all the year round, there is always a strong breeze beating around the cathedral!

### THE DROPPING OF AN I

THE "Tablet" of London carries this delicious account of a No-Popery Vigilance Committee. We hope that the writer of the copy was not punished too severely; or was it the printer who made the blunder?

A good story is going the rounds of the ecclesiastical weeklies; indeed, even the Low Church *Record* has been human enough to admit one version of the anecdote to its sedate pages. As told to us, the tale is that the members of a No-Popery Vigilance Committee were summoned to an emergency meeting at which the business would be to discuss and thwart certain ritualistic practices of a young "Anglo-Catholic" Vicar. This cleric had introduced mass vestments into a hitherto Evangelical parish church. The notice convening the meeting spoke darkly of a Report to be submitted, and made the startling promise:

"Copies will be provided for all members of the Committee who may be present."

Of course, an *i* had been dropped out in typing; but the idea of a dozen fiercely anti-Catholic rear-admirals, brigadier-generals, dowagers and spinsters, all sitting around a table in copes to denounce mass vestments, is so delicious that we hope the poor typist will be allowed to keep her job.

### ETHIOPIAN LITANY

"CURRENT HISTORY" for December quotes the following rather satirical Ethiopian Litany from the "South African Opinion" of Johannesburg:

From the tram and the motorcycle, from the factory and the mine shaft,

From the bomb and the submarine and chemical warfare,

From the misleading headline and the omniscient journalist,

From the munitions king and the loud-mouthed demagogue,

From the shirts—black, brown or any imitation,

From the white man's justice to his black neighbor,

From the starvation in the midst of plenty,

In short, from Western civilization—

Oh, God of Shem and Ham, deliver us!

### UNDERSTANDING HISTORY

THE facts of history mean little unless they are coördinated in a relation that helps us to understand the past. From Christopher Dawson in "The New Review":

The end of history is not the collection of facts, but in the understanding of the past. An unattainable end, it may seem, for if we cannot understand the present which we have seen, how shall we understand the past which we have not seen? But it is equally impossible to collect all the facts; and whereas the process of understanding involves real intellectual gains, that of collecting facts, if it is divorced from the other process, is sheer waste of time. The pure fact is of no value to anybody, for it is only when it is brought into relation to some intelligible principle of order that the pure fact becomes an historical fact at all.

The reason why medieval history was so despised by our ancestors was just that it was for them lacking in any principle of intelligibility. For them the Dark Ages were ages without culture, and consequently the facts of their history meant little more than the blind movements of natural forces or the battles of kites and crows. Of course, their idea of culture was a very limited one. Because medieval culture was not their culture, it was not culture at all.



# The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine

By Most Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara

**THE Bishop of Great Falls and Chairman of the Episcopal Committee on Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, explains the work of the Confraternity. Its importance can scarcely be overestimated.**

THE duty of imparting religious instruction both to children and to adults is undoubtedly the paramount obligation of the Christian religion. It is unnecessary to recall here the repeated solemn injunctions addressed to the Apostles by Our Saviour Himself to "Go, teach." The whole history of the Church may be viewed as a commentary on those commands. The latest word which the Church has uttered on this subject is weighted with the same emphasis. The Sacred Congregation of the Council, in which Pope Pius XI by *Motu Proprio* of June 29, 1923, instituted the Catechetical Office whose duty it is to supervise and promote all Catechetical activity in the Catholic Church, issued under date of January 12, 1935, a comprehensive decree dealing with Catechetical instruction. In this decree, after urging Bishops to "add even greater efforts and industry to the care and diligence which they have hitherto been accustomed to devote to Catechetics," the Sacred Congregation makes this pronouncement: "Let the pastors and others having the care of souls always remember that Catechetical instruction is the foundation of the whole Christian life, and that to the proper giving of this instruction must be directed all their plans, studies and labors." Many words will add nothing to the simple eloquence of this profound statement. The only commentary worth making is to ACT! Teach the Catechism! How? Where? By what means? The program of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, ordered by Canon 711, of the Code of Canon Law, to be established in every parish in the world, gives the answer to these questions.

Let us first turn to the field that needs to be cultivated. Some one has said truly that the Catholic School System is the greatest moral fact in the United States. That the Catholics of this country should, out of their limited means, maintain a school system of such

vast extent and excellence purely from convictions of conscience is undoubtedly a unique moral fact. More than two million children are enrolled in these religious schools. It is an achievement of which the Church in America may well be proud. But while we view the accomplishment with pride, we may not be complacent about it, as long as there are another two million Catholic children who are not receiving religious education in our Catholic Schools.

To put the matter another way, there are, according to the official Catholic Directory, 18,000 Catholic churches in the United States. There are, according to the same authority, 8,000 Catholic schools. There are 10,000 churches without schools, consequently, 10,000 groups of children who have no opportunity of attending a Catholic school, regardless of their desire to do so. The writer of this paper was reared in such a parish.

Nor does this statement take into account the hundreds of thousands of Catholic children who do not attend Catholic schools in parishes where there are parish schools. The reasons for non-attendance may be valid or flimsy, but in any case the obligation remains of teaching religion to every child in the parish.

FOR these children not attending Catholic schools the program of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine calls for Religious Vacation School as well as for year-round religious instruction, planned according to circumstances. Let us consider the Religious Vacation School. What is it? The standard Religious Vacation School has been defined as a program of religious education for children not attending Catholic schools, to be given, usually in the forenoons, during the summer vacation and comprising, ordinarily, three hours a day of religious education, five days a week for

four weeks—i.e., sixty hours of organized religious education.

I have heard at least a hundred objections and difficulties urged against such a program, each objection being advanced as fatal; each difficulty as being insurmountable. But there is little use in arguing against a fact. The fact is that Religious Vacation Schools have been successful in a hundred dioceses; they have been successful both in city and country parishes; they have been successful wherever they have been set up and conducted competently according to the program of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.

THE Religious Vacation School is not to be confused with the usual month of special instruction preparatory to the reception of certain sacraments; because the Vacation School is an organized plan of three hours a day of religious instruction for all ages and grades of children, to be conducted every summer, quite regardless of whether the child is to receive some particular sacrament at the close. The ideal is every Catholic child in a Catholic School—but for children who do not attend parish schools every argument in favor of Catholic education calls for attendance at Religious Vacation schools.

The objection that attendance at Vacation Schools will tend to discourage attendance at parish schools has been disproved countless times. The contrary is the almost universal experience. Hundreds of reports are on file from every section of the country indicating that Vacation Schools have been feeders to the parish schools.

When the Vacation School program has been set up on a diocesan plan, there has been no shortage of teachers. In our own diocese of Great Falls, where we have comparatively few religious communities, we have been able to conduct about a hundred and forty Religious Vacation Schools each summer for the past five years. The average enrollment approximated six thousand public school children from the first to the eighth grade. We employ as teachers about a hundred and fifty Sisters, twenty-five seminarians, and five hundred lay teachers. The preparation

of competent lay teachers constitutes one of the most important tasks of the Confraternity. During the past summer we conducted in the diocese over sixty parish institutes for the training of lay teachers during the period of the Religious Vacation Schools. We were thus enabled to employ trained Sisters to conduct the Institutes and at the same time to have the advantage of supervised practice teaching for our lay instructors.

**M**ANY thousands of teaching Sisters are available as Vacation School instructors. Indeed, the Vacation Schools have given a hundred thousand children their first glimpse of a Sister. The results have been evident, not merely in vastly improved instruction, but also in numerous vocations to the religious life that have been discovered by the Sisters. It is very important, of course, that the Vacation School be conducted during the forenoon only — thus giving the Sisters an opportunity for rest and relaxation. Excessive zeal has sometimes led those in charge of Vacation Schools to continue the instruction all day, to the disadvantage of both teachers and pupils.

The employment of students for the Priesthood as Vacation School Catechists has proven particularly feasible, so much so that the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries has transmitted, through the Apostolic Delegate, a strong recommendation that Seminarians be employed in this capacity. The story of the work of seminarians in Vacation Schools would justify a separate article — families brought back to the faith, whole families prepared for baptism through the instruction of the seminarians who, at the same time, gained capacity and really valuable experience as Catechists.

It would take us too far afield in this paper to go into detail as to the program of the Vacation School. I shall be content with reproducing a descriptive paragraph which I wrote for the Religious Vacation School Manual, and refer those who wish further information to the current edition of that manual.

"The vacation school seeks to impress the message of religion through every faculty of the child capable of receiving it. Only one short period a day is devoted to the recitation of the Catechism. Teachers must be sought and trained to explain the simple prayers in a simple manner; to interpret sacred pictures to the children; to lead them in sacred music; to recount the Biblical stories and the lives of the saints in a way that will interest the children and at the same time point a message; to dramatize the Sacred History; to awaken the children to the beauty of the round of the Church's year; to develop an understanding love for the

Mass and reverence for the privilege of serving at Mass; to cultivate taste and capacity for the care of the Altar and the sacred vestments—all this in addition to explaining simply the lessons of the Catechism; moreover, to promote and supervise recreation and games, which may not be neglected as a religious influence. There is unsuspected talent in many of these lines, even in the most remote places, and it will be the mark of a live Confraternity to capitalize on all the talent available. Remember that the training of teachers to do these things is adult religious instruction of the greatest importance."

The work of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine goes far beyond merely conducting religious Vacation Schools—important as that project may be. In the December issue of *THE SIGN*, Monsignor D. J. Dineen told at length the story of another Confraternity project, the religious "Discussion Study Club." It is important to distinguish between the usual "program" Study club and the "Discussion Study Club" which is a favorite Confraternity of Christian Doctrine project. In the usual program Study Club emphasis is generally placed on the writing and reading of papers. This is an excellent method of conducting a study club. It results, however, in rigorously limiting the number of persons who are likely to join; such study clubs must naturally be composed of a somewhat select membership. The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, on the contrary, is engaged in calling large masses of Catholic adults to the study of religion and for that purpose it has developed the "Discussion Study Club" which eliminates the preparation and reading of papers. It requires, of course, carefully prepared Study Club outlines, preferably on a Diocesan scale. When this method is adopted it is not unusual to find nearly half of the adult members of a parish enthusiastically engaged in the study of their religion. Husbands and wives join in the same study club with the result that religion becomes a topic of conversations at the family table, to the great edification and instruction of the children. The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine realizes the importance of parents as teachers of religion.

**T**HE Confraternity of Christian Doctrine is a parish society directed by the pastor to whom the solemn injunction of the Sacred Congregation of the Council quoted at the beginning of this paper was especially addressed. Being directed by the Pastor under the guidance of the Bishop, the Confraternity follows the divine plan of the Church, and is in a position to cope with the grave problems of religious education on whatever scale they may be present.

Perhaps the gravest problem of all is

that of reaching Catholic students in the public high schools. It is estimated that only twenty per cent of Catholic children of high school age attend Catholic High Schools. The difficulty of getting high school pupils to attend Sunday school is well known. The importance of giving religious instruction to this group cannot be overestimated. Pupils enter high school as children; they leave as young men and young women. It is precisely the period during which religion should be interpreted to them so as to be an influence in their adult lives. In some cities the Confraternity is making considerable progress in holding religious classes for high school pupils during the school day, having the pupils released during a study period, or assembling them after school. This is a fruitful experiment. Throughout the country as a whole it will probably be found that the Religious Study Club for high school pupils, held once a week for the entire school year, will be the most practical solution.

**T**HESE problems have occupied the attention of several annual national meetings at which the program of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine was developed. As a result of a petition drawn up by the National Catechetical Congress of the Confraternity in St. Paul in 1934, the bishops of the United States created an Episcopal Committee on Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, which has set up a National Office at the headquarters of the N.C.W.C. in Washington. It is the purpose of the National Center to assist by distributing information and by furnishing a field secretary to help in the organization of the Confraternity and in the promotion of its activities. On October 30 and 31, 1935, the National Catechetical Congress of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine was held at Rochester, New York, under the patronage of Archbishop Mooney. A large number of Archbishops and bishops, as well as diocesan representatives took active part in the program. The Apostolic Delegate, Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, delivered an important radio address on a nationwide hook-up in connection with the Congress, in which he emphasized the pre-eminent place of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine among the societies and sodalities of a parish, as well as its program of service in the cause of religious education. The addresses delivered at the Rochester Catechetical Congress have already been gathered in a volume\* which marks the beginning of a more systematic study of this field.

\*"The Proceedings of the Rochester Catechetical Congress of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine" may be ordered from National Center of the Confraternity, N.C.W.C., 1312 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington, D. C.

# Change: For Better or Worse

*The Modern World is Enamored of Change for its own Sake.  
One of its Greatest Defects is that it Doesn't Change*

By G. K. Chesterton

ONCE remarked that the very people who worship the idea of change do not know when they are really changing. There is a pendant or parallel truth which is this: that these same people who admit or boast that they are always changing are yet at this moment most desperately in need of a change. The famous French paradox beginning, "*plus ça change*" is indeed the very motto of the whole modern world.

And the modern world is really in need of a real change; even in the common medical or hygienic sense in which the phrase is used about a holiday. Multitudes of our most useful people want a holiday at Margate; numbers of our social leaders want a long retreat in La Trappe; many of our scientific sages and thinkers want a rest-cure in some quiet and amiably conducted asylum; many of our principal politicians and merchant-princes want a quiet interlude in jail; but over and above all this, it is evident the whole of society has gone strangely stale, and wants quite a fresh sort of freshness to give it anything really like refreshment.

Unpleasing associations are connected with what is called the relaxation of the tired business-man; but in fact almost every business-man is a tired business-man; he is fundamentally tired of business; and, heavens, how tired we are of him! And I am inclined to think that this need of a change, in the merely psychological sense, has a certain real existence of its own; and that over and above the more obvious practical need of a change in the ethical and economical sense.

Any realistic observer must have noticed that the modern world, which talks its own head off on the subject of Psychology (indeed the Behaviorist school of psychology practically consists in a man denying that he has any head) is nevertheless quite ignorant and indifferent about many simple rules of psychology, which were known and practised by much more primitive people. The need for the Saturnalia, or exception that proves the rule by temporarily deposing the ruler, is an example of this practical psychology, which our psychologists would think quite impracticable. The careful alternation of feasts and fasts is another example of a real skill in draw-

ing out the human capacity for experience and appreciation.

And I am disposed to think that the modern world, with its swagger of change, has largely gone sick merely by not changing; apart from the moral and political matters in which it is changing for the worse. It has a remarkable capacity for being content with half-truths that are rather hollow truths, that have the effect of cant if not the actual character of falsehood. One of these glib truisms is that we do not desire mere change unless we know it is improvement; after saying which with all solemnity, the modern man will instantly plunge into a change which anybody but a lunatic could see is not an improvement but an enslavement and a degradation. But I rather suspect that men do sometimes require a change, even when it is not an improvement. I know there are moods in which I can walk in my own garden and rather wish, for fun, that I could be in the Rue de Rivoli or even on the parade at Brighton; though the parade at Brighton cannot possibly be an improvement on my garden, or on anything else.

All the same, the implication that innovation is improvement is pouring in perpetually upon us in a million modes of suggestion. The very names of the organs and offices functioning in the last hundred years repeat that suggestion incessantly. Newspapers are full of news that is supposed to be new; novels are full of novelties that are supposed to be novel; every reformer, real or otherwise, is of necessity dealing in what is called a New Deal; and a commercial or financial proposal can no more afford to appeal to old associations than a shop-keeper can afford to advertise rotten eggs, instead of new-laid eggs.

AND yet, in spite of all this incessant implication and suggestion, it is really quite a considerably long time since we had anything that was really new. Aviation and the cinema, and the wireless service, are no longer new by the stringent standards of novelty always implied in the new announcements; and all three of them were, as a matter of fact, familiar as objects of hopeful and industrious human ambition, for another very considerable period before they were really

achieved. That is why they could be anticipated before they were achieved.

Nobody could ever charge me with belittling the immense imaginative work of Mr. Wells; but though "the war in the air" gave him unlimited glory as a poet, it really only gave him a strictly limited credit as a prophet. Mechanical invention is just the thing a man can predict, with the facts before him he might really calculate what flying-machines might do in the next five hundred years. But he cannot calculate what men will do in the next five days. Mr. Wells prophesied the war that might come in the air; though it was very much in the air. But Mr. Wells never prophesied the war that did come in the world, in the way that it came. He never prophesied the Russian Revolution or the Fascist Revolution or the Hitlerite Revolution; and he was slightly vexed when they ventured to occur all the same.

NOW the reason why it was possible to predict the operations of mechanical science, like aviation, is simply that the thing was not really a new thing; but was already felt by everybody to be an old thing. It may have grown old more quickly than simpler things in the past; and many adjustments of it might be relatively not old but new; but the momentum that made its direction clear and its movement swift came, like any other such momentum, from having already travelled in a groove that was very long and very smooth.

If these inventions had really been new things, in the sense of bringing a new atmosphere or a new question into the world, it would have been utterly impossible for Mr. Wells or anybody else to predict anything whatever about what they would do. A certain sort of scientific progress had already been in the world for a century and a half, and dominated the world for half a century; and it was possible to write marvellous prophecies about such things precisely because they were no longer marvels. Later on I shall wind up my intermediate remarks on the general need for a fundamental change; here I only note that a world like ours will actually be the better for a change; yes, even apart from the fact that it will be a change for the better.



# ITALY *and* THE VATICAN

By Denis Gwynn

**I**T is probably as apparent by this time in America as it is in Europe that the war in East Africa has produced vastly more important repercussions than the campaign itself could have involved. Among many reasons for attempting to prevent the war, and for striving to bring it to an early conclusion, is the certainty that further complications in the relations between States and peoples will multiply rapidly while the war is prolonged. And, among such complications, Catholics particularly must be made anxious concerning the inevitable troubles which will affect the Holy See as a result of this present dispute.

There are ample signs already in England—and it would be surprising if they are not evident also in the United States—that the old distrust and hatred of the Catholic Church is being revived in consequence of the Italian war. No matter how deeply Catholics may sympathize with the difficulties of the Holy Father in striving for peace and in keeping the Holy See aloof from political controversies in Italy, there is no denying that the ordinary people in England believe that the Pope is either afraid to denounce the Italian Government or is secretly supporting its campaign.

## Ringling Church Bells

**B**EFORE the war began, it was widely reported in the English newspapers that the churches all over Italy were to ring their bells in sympathy with the general mobilization. It was actually reported that the bells of St. Peter's had been rung, as a sign of sympathy, while the whole population of Italy assembled under Mussolini's orders; and the official contradiction of that report did not convince the ordinary man that the Pope was really adopting an attitude of firm neutrality. In the past month many other reports, of which at least some are obviously true, have shown that the bishops and clergy in Italy are definitely supporting the Government in its resistance to "sanctions" by the League of Nations. One archbishop has deliberately set an example of patriotic self-sacrifice by putting his automobile away; while others are offering gold and silver and other necessary metals to the Government in its time of need.

Such reports will not surprise any Catholic who remembers the patriotic attitude of the clergy in every country during the Great War. There is an obvious difference between the attitude of the clergy in supporting the Govern-

ment of their own country when it is at war, and that of the Holy See which is striving ceaselessly to reconcile the nations. But to non-Catholics the Papacy must always appear as an Italian institution; and if it declines to denounce Italy when almost every other country denounces it, the suspicion grows immediately that the Papacy is really Italian in essential matters.

## Prejudice Against Church

**C**ATHOLICS will find it more and more difficult to convince non-Catholics that this is not the case, and in the present instance the Holy See has been exposed more than ever to misrepresentation. The ordinary man, in all those countries which have denounced Italy and are adopting punitive measures against her, is generally convinced that the essential issue is whether a Great Power shall be allowed to undertake a war of conquest in defiance of its pledges to the League of Nations. That, in so far as it represents the issue fairly, is unquestionably a moral question, and on such moral questions the Pope is expected on all sides to speak with unswerving courage and with absolute clarity.

Every Catholic knows that the Pope has spoken in that way, and repeatedly, since the present dispute began. But the ordinary man does not distinguish between the general attitude of the Papacy and the practical actions of the bishops in Italy itself. The distinction appears as a mere quibble to non-Catholics. They regard the Pope's refusal to denounce Italy as a sign of either cowardice or hypocrisy, and the respect felt for the Papacy in recent years is rapidly disappearing, while it becomes more and more identified with Fascist Italy.

However disagreeable that fact may be, Catholics must face it frankly, and recognize that they must expect far greater prejudice in future against the Church than has existed in recent years. The Holy See itself must be fully aware of it, and it is well to emphasize what great anxieties must weigh upon the Holy Father at the present time. It is doubtful whether even in Italy the first confidence in an easy victory can still survive. Sanctions, applied by fifty nations and supported in some degree by several other Great Powers, must have a crippling effect upon the African campaign before very long. Already the finances of Italy are so strained that the war could scarcely be carried through successfully, even if all other nations were prepared to avoid

interference. And if this mad war fails, the whole Fascist State is in jeopardy. Mussolini himself may be overthrown by a violent reaction in Italy, and there is every reason to believe that such a reaction would produce a Socialist dictatorship with a violently anti-religious program.

That, of course, is not the only possibility if Mussolini is driven to make a last stand against his adversaries. Every month, while this war continues, increases the danger that Italy, in self defence, will suddenly attempt to create discord among her enemies by some challenge which will provoke a European war. Mussolini, in the last resort, is certainly not likely to challenge the British fleet and provide the world with the spectacle of his own defeat in an unequal contest. If he decides to strike, it will be against some smaller State which cannot mobilize without provoking counter-mobilization in Central Europe. And once that game begins, no man can say where the conflagration would not spread.

## Difficult Situation for Pope

**I**N such conditions, what reasonable man can possibly expect that the Vatican should at this stage provoke a direct and immediate conflict within Italy itself? The future is anxious enough without going out to provoke catastrophe. If the Pope were to challenge Mussolini himself, the whole Church in Italy would be torn with dissension; while the Pope would once more become, at best, a prisoner in the Vatican, deprived of all access to the outer world. Can anyone believe that Mussolini would allow the Vatican City, for instance, to operate its wireless station from Rome in defiance of the Italian Government? Could it even distribute its official newspaper, or retain the services of its Post Office, which depends upon the goodwill of the Italian postal service? What on earth would the Holy See gain by producing an immediate paralysis of its own organizations?

Yet, even without provoking a quarrel now, the future is dark enough. The downfall of Mussolini becomes more probable from month to month. If he falls, and the Fascist State with him, no one can say whether the Vatican City will retain its international immunity if it is surrounded by a hostile Italy. Perhaps the very best that Catholics can hope for is that a European war will be avoided.

These considerations go far to explain the very remarkable decision of the Holy Father in his sudden appointment of an almost unprecedented number of new Cardinals at the end of the year. The vacancies in the Sacred College had increased steadily while the Holy Father declined to fill the gaps at an equal rate. His nominations have been so few and so infrequent in recent years that one had expected only half a dozen, or perhaps a few more, when the next Consistory was held. There has been all the usual expectation that the seats would be allotted among different countries, as a recognition of the Holy See's parental interest and as personal recognition of great services rendered to the Church. England, for instance, has no Cardinal either at home or in Curia, since Cardinal Gasquet and Cardinal Bourne have died, although at one time there were actually three—Cardinals Manning, Newman and Howard. It seems incredible that the omission should continue, in the year of the canonization of two English Saints, and of King George's Jubilee. Other countries appeared to have equally strong claims to inclusion, or increased representation, in the Sacred College.

But while everyone assumed that some six or eight Cardinals would be created for these obvious purposes, the Pope has astonished the world by creating a far larger number on entirely different lines. Every vacancy but one is to be filled at once, with twenty new Cardinals. One of them, the Patriarch of Antioch, is not even of the Latin rite—a clear indication of the Holy Father's desire to widen the basis of the Church's organization. Of the other nineteen, no less than fourteen are prelates occupying pivotal positions in the service of the Holy See itself. Four are Papal Nuncios, and ten are heads of departments in the Church in Rome. Two more are French—one of them Archbishop Baudrillart, who has been a prodigious organizer of Catholic Universities, and the other fills the traditional quota of six French Cardinals, in succession to the late Primate of Aquitaine.

### The Sacred College

IT is always idle to speculate upon the reasons which govern the very complicated decisions of the Holy See; but in this case the inference is surely clear. With a bold gesture, the Holy Father has suddenly emphasized the universal and apostolic character of the Holy See, in disregard of all national considerations. The Sacred College is to be regarded, not as an illustrious Academy or Senate, to which admission is a reward of service in particular countries, but as the executive council of a Church which remains above all national questions. To say that Italy has been given an undue proportion of the new seats is to mis-

interpret the whole matter. No Italian see has been given a new Cardinal, but the new Italian Cardinals are all high officials of the Vatican itself, resident not in Italy, but in the Vatican City.

Yet here also is not the Pope likely to be accused of showing fresh favor to Italy, to the detriment of other countries? The plain truth is that those who wish to complain about the Vatican will always find pretexts for doing so.

It is worth while considering to what extent has sympathy with the Holy See among non-Catholics really existed in recent years. To what extent has there been any real sympathy among English-speaking people, with either Italy or the Pope? On all sides in England one reads regrets about the rupture of a long-standing friendship. Sir Samuel Hoare and many politicians have repeatedly referred to it, and expressed their fervent desire that their former relations should be restored. What in fact do they mean—if they have ever thought of the matter at all seriously, apart from their personal associations with Italy at one time or another?

### England and Italy

THE friendship between England and Italy has in fact been a most curious growth. Italy, as we know it, is of course only a very modern conception. Even a century ago, Italy was still no more than a collection of small kingdoms and duchies, which at that time generally relied upon the Emperor of Austria to protect them from such invasions and conquests as they had suffered at the hands of Napoleon. But the dream of a united Italy was then growing, in the aftermath of the revolutionary wars; and when Pius IX became Pope in 1846, there was a brief period during which he was regarded as the future organizer of Italian unity, with the new Pope as head of a confederation of small Italian states. That dream vanished quickly, and the national movement passed to the leadership of secret societies and of revolutionary agitators.

Many of them were driven into exile, and some of the most famous found refuge in London, where their anti-clerical views and ambitions commanded the full sympathy of a deeply Protestant country. It was men like Mazzini and Garibaldi who really inspired a fervent admiration for the new Italy in England. It was their hatred of the Papal power and of its Austrian alliance that aroused the passionate enthusiasm of poets like Swinburne and Robert Browning, and inspired the pro-Italian attitude of a generation of English Liberals. To this day you will find all over England inns named after Garibaldi and his battles.

One of the strangest instances of this pro-Italian fervor was a famous episode in the life of Cardinal Newman. He had been a Catholic for five years when

Cardinal Wiseman was appointed the first Archbishop of Westminster and head of the restored English hierarchy; and he was appalled by the fanatical outbursts of anti-Catholic hatred which marked Wiseman's return from Rome. Newman delivered soon afterwards a famous series of lectures in Birmingham on the Condition of Catholics in England, and he devoted one lecture to examining the record of a notorious Italian apostate, Father Achilli, who had been touring England as a lecturer for the Protestant societies.

Father Achilli was an apostate priest who had been convicted of an extraordinary succession of crimes of every sort in different parts of Italy. He had been forced to leave Italy, and came to England, where he soon was giving lectures to large audiences about the immorality of monks and nuns and the general depravity of Catholic Italy. It is almost incredible nowadays that on his arrival in England for this purpose, he was formally received by Lord Palmerston at the Foreign Office, and that he obtained the highest recommendation from official sources. Newman decided to expose his whole past in one of his Birmingham lectures—merely repeating what Cardinal Wiseman had already published concerning Achilli in the *Dublin Review*. But anti-Catholic prejudice was then so strong that Achilli brought an action for criminal libel against Newman, who was required to give detailed evidence of every charge he had made. He was unable to bring all the necessary witnesses to England, and a prejudiced judge sentenced Newman to a vindictive term of imprisonment. It was only on appeal to a higher court that Newman escaped imprisonment for daring to impugn the character of such an Italian refugee.

### Attacking the Papacy

NOW, in that typical case, the English opinion which sentenced Newman to imprisonment was inspired by what is today described vaguely as friendship for Italy. In plain truth, of course, it was hatred of the Catholic Church. Throughout the Victorian era this admiration for Italy was directly produced by a belief that Garibaldi and Cavour and all their anti-clerical associates, no matter how disreputable they might be, were engaged in the heroic task of destroying the Papacy. In 1871, when the new Italian Kingdom confiscated the last vestiges of the Papal States, it seemed that their triumph was all but complete. The Church was expected to collapse with the ignominious overthrow of the Temporal Power; and Protestant England regarded Liberal Italy as its natural ally.

That fundamental belief persisted most remarkably almost until the Great War. In the pre-war years a series of histories were published by Mr. G. M. Trevelyan

—a grandson of Lord Macaulay—who is still regarded as one of the greatest historical writers of his age and has been rewarded by the post of Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge University. His three volumes on the life and times of Garibaldi have long been regarded as a classic. Re-issued in a popular edition since the war, they have reached an immense public; and their importance in the public mind has been greatly enhanced by the fact that their author went to Italy in 1915 as head of the British Red Cross unit there, and served with the Italian armies throughout the war. He has ever since been regarded as the chief interpreter of Italy to England.

### Official English View

**I**N Professor Trevelyan's eyes—and his view is essentially that of most Englishmen in Queen Victoria's reign, and until quite recent times—young Italy was not only a nationalist adventure but a supreme revolt, in the full Protestant tradition, against the Church of Rome. "The system which the Austrians were again and again called in to re-establish over the rebels of the Romagna," he writes, "was not militarism, or the rule of men with like passions to the governed, but the supremacy of that strange third sex which the Roman Church creates by training men up from boyhood in a world that is not the world of men. . . . To be first knocked down by the Austrians, and then put back to live under the direct control and daily espionage of priests, to be liable to imprisonment and ruin if one displeased the black skirt, was more than pain. It was as though some indefinable horror, at once monstrous and despised, at once eerie and most material, were in one's house and lord of it. . . . Such was the government of the Roman States from Waterloo to 1846, culminating in the proverbial obscurantism of Gregory XVI, who, elected in time to suppress the movements of 1831 with the utmost cruelty, misruled for fifteen years, flouting the protests of the French and English press, and putting off the representations of the Powers of Europe by wiles akin to those of the Turk."

"The principles on which the Cardinals governed the Legations," says Professor Trevelyan in the same widely-read volume, "were the principles on which the priestly government was carried on everywhere throughout the Papal States." He proceeds to explain this system, in sentences which must make any modern historian gasp with amazement. Education, he declares, was "so successfully discouraged" that all but two per cent of the rural population were illiterate. (He omits to give comparative figures for other countries at the same period, while implying that such widespread illiteracy in the Papal States

was due to the deliberate policy of the Popes.) In the Universities, he proceeds, "political economy was a forbidden subject, while Dante, modern literature, and the theory that the earth moved round the sun, were all suspect, and sometimes prohibited." . . . "Anyone supposed to belong to the dangerous class of 'thinkers' was shadowed by the police, even if he had nothing to do with politics."

Still more startling is Professor Trevelyan's picture of ordinary life within the Pope's domain. "The life, freedom and property of no one who was not a friend to Government," he writes, "had any real security in the Papal States. Long lists of suspects were handed about between the officers, spiritual and temporal, whose functions overlapped in the most amazing way. The houses of the suspects were perpetually being searched, and their daily goings out and in were watched and reported. If evidence was lacking, cardinals did not stick at ordering trivial circumstances to be tortured into proof, and certainly the lower officials had small scruples in obeying the spirit of their instructions. Strange commands were issued to the citizens of this Church-State, sometimes to individuals, or sometimes to thousands at a time, as for example . . . that they should, under compulsion, 'perform their spiritual exercises for three days in a convent chosen by the bishop,' or confess once a month before an approved confessor. Cruel punishments were enacted for neglect. The situation of a 'thinker' driven into the confessional by the police must have had piquancy. What did gentlemen in this interesting position confide to the holy fathers?"

Such passages show an extraordinary incapacity to understand conditions in a different country. Professor Trevelyan cannot even see that his assumption that the confessional could be used as an engine of political espionage is simply grotesque. But his whole argument would be shattered by any such admission of commonsense.

### Credulity and Prejudice

**T**HERE is no limit to the credulity which is inspired by his prejudices. "Under the Papacy, as under the Czarism," he writes, "assassination was the only means of self-defense against a government which not only did not protect liberty, property or life, but used every instrument of force and fraud to deprive men of the simplest rights of humanity. . . . The Papal assassins, organized in the Centurioni bands, an offshoot of the famous San-Fedist society, appeared openly, in Romagna and the Marches, assuming the name and uniform of Pontifical Volunteers, while in the other parts of the Papal dominions they remained a secret society, answering to the Carbonari."

I have quoted these passages because Professor Trevelyan reissued his volumes after the war with a special introduction in which he declares that later researches had shown him nothing that needed alteration. His books are still widely read, with the additional glamor derived from his exalted position at Cambridge. I cannot help wondering whether the same dense credulity and prejudice in regard to the Holy See may not yet prevail again, in an atmosphere poisoned by the present dispute with Italy. One thing which must strike any observer of recent opinion in England is that the same attitude which the Professor adopts towards the Holy See is gaining ground rapidly in regard to Fascist Italy. There is the same readiness to believe any wild story of espionage or political assassination; the same hatred of what is denounced as a denial of all individual liberty.

### Fascism and Holy See

**R**EADERS may be struck, as I have been, by Professor Trevelyan's curious use of the phrase "black skirt" as the emblem of ecclesiastical dictatorship. Mussolini's black shirt is not so enormously different as a symbol of despotic rule; and it may yet be that anti-Catholic opinion will regard them both with equal horror and distrust. Has a similar reaction against Rome been growing also, in recent months, in the United States? Has friendship towards modern Italy in America also been nothing more than sympathy with a people who were believed to have grown disgusted with the Papacy? Or has the American public a clearer appreciation of realities, and is it prepared to welcome the emergence of a united Italy which is fundamentally and loyally Catholic?

Whatever may be the true answer to these questions, it seems certain at the end of 1935 enormously powerful forces are combining to bring about the downfall of the Fascist régime in Italy, and that the Papacy is widely regarded as having identified itself with the Fascist State. If Fascism is to go under during the present year, the material position of the Holy See will become extremely anxious. A combination of international forces have seized the opportunity of attacking Italy because of Mussolini's disastrous adventure in East Africa. The same forces, including Soviet Russia, and her many Socialist allies, are quite likely to add to the difficulties of the Vatican State, as an isolated oasis in the capital of a country which they are determined to pull down. Catholics all over the world, therefore, should realize the difficult situation in which the Holy Father is placed and as loyal children of the Church they ought to do all in their power, especially by prayer, to maintain the prestige and welfare of the Pope and the Church over which he rules.



# ECONOMISTS ON THE DEPRESSION

By Rt. Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D.

IN general, the professional economists of the United States have shown themselves about as helpless and bewildered as the rest of us concerning the current depression. They have not agreed about either the causes or the way out. This is quite evident in the printed proceedings of the annual meetings of the American Economic Association, held between 1930 and 1934, inclusive. From these publications the reader, whether he be economist or layman, will get very little in the form of definite conclusions.

Within the last six months two volumes have appeared which present, respectively, the "orthodox" view and the minority view of the forces involved in getting into and getting out of industrial depressions. While neither book was written with specific reference to the greatest of all American depressions (1929-?), both are intended by their authors to be applicable to the slump from which our country has partially emerged.

The "orthodox" presentation is made by Professor Sumner H. Slichter, of Yale, in *Towards Stabilization*. This book is pretty pessimistic. In the Preface, he emphasizes the "virtually insuperable difficulties" that prevent avoidance of fluctuations in the volume of production and employment. The complete elimination of depressions, he says, "must be regarded as an idle dream—at least so long as the production for profit is retained in the greater part of industry."

As stated by the author, the fundamental thesis of the book is this: "The problem of achieving stability under capitalism is a problem of stabilizing the prospects for profit, because the volume of consumers' spending depends primarily upon the volume of business spending and the volume of business spending depends primarily upon the prospects for profit." (Preface, p. 10). The main cause of fluctuations in industry is, he says, "maladjustments in price relationships." Until these are corrected stability cannot be secured.

These two assumptions, namely, the dominating position of profits in our industrial system and the disturbing effect of maladjustments in the price structure, are the determining concepts of Professor Slichter's volume.

One reply to the Professor's thesis, as just quoted, is that the prospects of

profits are themselves dependent upon consumers' spending; hence profit is not the sole primary factor in the process of economic activity and economic change. Moreover, the volume of consumers' spending would not depend to the extent that it does now upon the volume of business spending if the product were so distributed as to give a larger share to the masses of consumers. The importance of business spending in that case would be considerably reduced, and the prospect of profits from investment would exert less influence relatively to the prospect of profits in the consumers' goods industries. In other words, Professor Slichter makes the course of economic causality too simple. To his assertion that "fluctuations in consumers' spending are the result of changes which have already occurred in business spending," the obvious reply is that the reverse is frequently true. The comparative degrees of causality originated by the two kinds of changes need not be discussed here.

IN the first chapter, the author considers the alternative theory of depressions, namely, that which is usually designated by the term underconsumption. "The truth or falsehood of the underconsumption theory," he says, "is a matter of great practical importance," and "nearly all economists believe that the way to get out of a slump is to revive business spending—particularly investment." While conceding some truth to the underconsumption theory, he maintains that it fails to explain some important phases of depressions. "It does not account for the origin of booms."

Nevertheless, it does so, insofar as it lays stress upon excessive saving. Underconsumption is only one-half of the underconsumption theory: the other half is too much saving. In some situations excessive saving provokes not only excessive expansion of capital instruments, but overconfidence in and exaggeration of the prospects of sales and profits. Sometimes the boom is intensified through the use of a large part of the excessive saving, not in the construction of new plant but in the purchase of worthless securities, the inflation of security values generally, and other

forms of purely speculative activities. According to Moulton and Associates, the volume of new securities issued in 1929 "for the purpose of actual capital construction plus mortgages was less than five billion, while the volume of funds seeking investment was in the neighborhood of fifteen billion dollars" (*Income and Economic Progress*, p. 50). Moreover, a boom may originate specifically in the field of consumption, as in the case of a marked increase of demand for certain important consumers' goods.

NEITHER does the underconsumption theory, according to Professor Slichter, explain the beginning of depressions. While he admits that excessive expansion of the consumer goods industries might provoke a collapse of business, he maintains that, "depressions typically start with a drop in the demand for capital goods and it is in the capital goods industries that the drop in demand and profits is greatest." To this contention there are three replies. The first recalls what has just been said concerning excessive saving. The drop in the demand for capital goods could be induced by the overexpansion of plant, the ensuing inability to find markets for the product and the associated phenomena of destructive price cutting, bankruptcies and unemployment. The second answer is provided by Dr. Moulton's volume entitled *The Formation of Capital*, which declares that at least some depressions did not begin in the capital goods industries. Dr. Moulton mentions specifically those of 1920-'21 and 1929. (pp. 55-59). If we place the initial causative influence far enough back and make its operation cover a sufficiently long time we can find good reason for thinking that the current depression originated, partly at least, in the decline in the purchasing power of the farmers. (1) The third and most important answer to the contention that we are examining is that the attempt to isolate the one original cause of a depression is generally futile and misleading. Especially mistaken is the as-

(1) In one of the volumes of *Recent Social Trends*, Wesley Mitchell says: "American prosperity in 1922-1927 would have been decidedly greater had the six million American farmers been flourishing."

sumption that the first visible cause begets all the other contributing factors.

**C**ERTAINLY the underconsumption theory involves no such error. It does not assume that the initial impulse always arises out of a decline in the volume of consumer demand. It admits that the beginning of a depression, or a revival, or a boom may have more than one cause, may or may not be traced to different causes in different situations. It distinguishes between a decline in consumers' demand and a constant deficiency of consumers' demand. The central thesis of the theory is that chronic underconsumption and chronic oversaving produce chronic unbalance and a chronic tendency to industrial booms and recessions. The theory does not include a solution of the question of priority as between the chicken and the egg. It maintains that during the greater part of the time underconsumption and oversaving are coordinate causes of the industrial unbalance. It is verified whenever capital construction declines in the presence of an inadequate market for consumption goods. On the general question of the determining effect of the capital goods industries upon both revival and depression, Dr. Moulton seems to present a better balanced judgment than Professor Slichter. Here is a short paragraph from Moulton's volume, *The Formation of Capital*:

"Those who have argued that periods of business expansion and contraction always begin with changes on the side of capital goods have simply failed to distinguish sharply between the forces which produce a change in business conditions and the situation which develops after a change has occurred. They have merely noted that during a period of expansion the rate of increase in the output of capital goods is greater than the rate of increase in the output of consumption goods, and vice versa during a depression. This is quite a different matter, however, from showing that changes on the capital goods side usually initiate fluctuations in business conditions." (p. 70).

Higher wages, in the opinion of Professor Slichter, cannot help to get the country out of a depression, since they increase costs, decrease profits and therefore prevent an expansion of business spending. Nevertheless, decreasing profits need not retard business revival. In fact, one of the implications of the underconsumption theory is that both profits and interest must be reduced and wages increased if the necessary balance is to be established between saving and spending, between investing and consuming. The only way by which this can be accomplished is that of legislation: legal minimum wages, permanently, a thirty-hour week tempo-

rarily and the rate of interest lowered by every device in the power of the government. Obviously these measures would cause the disappearance of many high cost plants and other high cost business concerns. In passing, I might call attention to Professor Slichter's estimate: "It is doubtful whether the net return on all capital in the United States has been positive or negative. Certainly, if positive, it has been very low—probably less than two per cent, after the allowance has been made for the huge sum sunk in thousands of ill-advised or dishonest ventures." If business stability were achieved on the basis of two per cent to capital, not only the wage earners but the capitalists themselves would be better off and happier.

Professor Slichter admits: "the fear that the United States may soon be confronted with a chronic problem of oversaving, has much foundation." I reply that this fear need not be realized if we can get a better distribution of income. As Dr. Moulton points out in the *Formation of Capital*, all our productive plants and a great deal more could be kept busy providing the majority of the people with that measure of decent living which they would welcome. With the ratio of saving to consumer spending sufficiently reduced, oversaving need not become chronic. Indeed, the absolute amount of annual saving might continue to be as large as, if not larger than, it was in the years 1928 and 1929.

The problem of maintaining the volume of purchasing power during depressions, continues Professor Slichter, "is essentially the problem of starting an increase in the volume of business spending." (p. 110). I reply that the problem is not so one-sided. The volume of purchasing power could be more amply maintained through increases directly involving the consumer goods industries. This is the other side of the problem.

**R**EVIVAL, he says, "occurs largely as a result of its becoming profitable to replace old equipment with new and to build new plants and to install new machines to compete with the old." Nevertheless, Moulton shows in *The Formation of Capital* (pp. 59-67) that recovery from the depressions of 1873, 1893, 1915, and from the minor depressions of 1904 and 1907, first got underway in the consumer goods industries, and that the development of new industries occurred for the most part after recovery had begun and improvement was well advanced. Professor Slichter asserts that expanding profits must precede expanding business. Dr. Moulton maintains that "any significant increase in total profits can come only with an expansion in business." Professor Slichter admits by implication that old equipment should not be

replaced by new equipment until the operation becomes "profitable"; yet he frequently declares throughout his volume that the way to recovery is through large expenditures for replacement, particularly through new forms of equipment. Indeed, he declares in more than one place that the problem of recovery is the problem of making the new win out in competition with the old. This sounds simple, but it takes no account of the intolerable burden of debt and overhead that may be placed upon a concern by overemphasis on "obsolescence" and by unprofitably accelerating replacement. (1)

**P**ROFESSOR Slichter contends that raising wages cannot help to get the country out of the depression, and he calls the increased wage theory "at once the favorite and most dangerous economic superstition of the age . . ." (p. 114). He sets up this dilemma: if the higher costs compelled by higher wages are not entirely passed on to the consumer they will bring about a discouraging reduction of profits; if they are all passed on they will prevent any increase in consumption. The first horn of this dilemma is not a self-evident proposition; the second is unconvincing, for the simple reason that not all the price increase would be paid for by the beneficiaries of the increased wages. A great deal of it would come from the non-wage earning classes, and their total outlay for the higher priced goods would undoubtedly exceed their expenditures for the same goods when prices were lower.

He contends that the way "to remove maladjustments from the price structure and to increase the volume of spending is not to raise wages but to reduce them." (pp. 133-142). The object is to increase profits and thus induce a revival of business spending. Hence the gains from reduced wages and costs should not all be converted into lower prices for the consumer. He belittles the evil effects of a reduction in the purchasing power of labor and, as already mentioned, does not even notice the problem created by intolerable debts through the purchase of new equipment. According to Dr. Moulton, profits will not necessarily fall in consequence of price reductions; therefore, he would have all decreases in costs reflected in lower prices. (*Income and Economic Progress*, pp. 122-124).

The most practical refutation of Professor Slichter's position concerning re-

(1) According to Bassett Jones *Debt and Production* since 1910 the volume of industrial indebtedness has increased much faster than the volume of industrial production. Unless this trend is reversed capitalism cannot continue to function. The amount of liquidation necessary to establish a healthy balance between debt and production is appalling and practically impossible without a drastic reduction in the rate of interest.

duction of wages in order to bring about recovery is provided by himself in the following sentence: "One can readily imagine the popular clamor which would be aroused by a proposal to make wages fluctuate in order that the prospects for profit might in some measure be stabilized." (p. 168).

Professor Slichter's whole argument is vitiated by his over-emphasis upon investment spending. He is thereby led to assume that the amounts of investment and of employment in the capital goods industries, relatively to the consumers' goods industries, must continue to be what they have always been. Scarcely less misleading is his emphasis upon "maladjustments in price relationships." This involves the assumption that the price relationships prevailing at some time in the past were somehow normal and that until they are

restored recovery will be impossible. Neither of these assumptions has a basis in the nature of things or in inviolable economic law.

At the outset of this article, I gave some indications of Professor Slichter's pessimism, taken from the Preface. The last paragraph of the volume repeats and emphasizes this attitude.

"Indeed, when one examines the conditions which are necessary in order to maintain production and employment under capitalism, one is led to question whether capitalism is worth keeping. Capitalism is an extraordinarily sensitive system, which operates satisfactorily only so long as the outlook for profits is favorable. Consequently, it is of the essence of capitalism that millions of men lose their jobs and production drops whenever the prospects for profit become unfavorable—when-

ever business men fail to discover enough new ways of making money. One cannot avoid asking whether it is wise to base the maintenance of production, and hence the standard of living, upon such a narrow and precarious foundation as the prospects for profit. Would it not be sensible to shift to a simpler economic system such as socialism, under which mistakes would be less costly and the incentive to reduce production less compelling? These are questions which each person must answer for himself. No one should be surprised, however, if it turns out that the successful operation of such a sensitive and intricate system as capitalism requires more understanding of economics, more appreciation of the interdependence of interests, and more capacity to cooperate than mankind can supply."

## The Christian Killer

*The Foreign Legion has Sheltered Few Stranger Characters Than the Man Whom Mr. Gibbons Calls "The Christian Killer."*

By John Gibbons

IF readers of an American magazine will stand an Englishman talking about a French regiment that lives in Africa, then I'd like to try another Legion story, please. That's the famous Foreign Legion, of course, the corps that accepts any recruit bar a Frenchman and no questions asked, and probably more rubbish has been written about it than on any other army in the world. Once I even wrote a book about it myself.

It never brought me any particular money, of course, but it did bring letters from nearly every liar in England who had even heard enough of the Legion to put up a yarn and say that he had been in it; you could mostly find the flaw in the very first sentence or so. It's like the Lord's Prayer and begging from a priest and "Who Art" and "Which Art," and the man who has really been in Sidi Bel-Abbès does not call it that.

There were genuine letters, of course, but not many; outside the books very few Britishers or Americans ever really serve in the Legion. Climate and discipline are not agreeable. You get twenty-four hours or so in civilian clothes between the first enlistment depot and Fort St. Jean practically given you to change your mind in, and most of the proud old Anglo-Saxon stock do change their minds and get out and go home again and write a thriller on their adventures

and swimming the Sahara. After Fort St. Jean it's different, and you don't get out again in a hurry.

Some do get as far, of course, and a few of them even get back again five years later; half the ex-legionnaires in England must have written to me through the publishers of that book I did. They mostly wanted the same thing; I was to do another Legion book with them supplying the story and me doing the writing part, and we were to share the fortune, and meantime I was to lend them ten dollars. Well, I generally haven't got ten dollars, and anyway a publisher's contract ties an author up from another book on the same subject within so many years. Also I was frankly frightened of most of my would-be collaborators; literary partnership may be a bit awkward with the other joint-author half off his head with years of sun and alcohol and then absolutely boasting about the odd tricks that he knows with razors. And after I'd met a few of them I decided just not to answer any more Legionary letters.

That went on for a couple of years or so until I'd almost forgotten all about the Legion; and then came a very formal letter sent on from the publishers, and Mr. So-and-So would regard it as a great favor to be permitted a few minutes' interview and without thinking much I

just sent him a line to come along. He was a new one on me, I'll say that; a tall, lean old man with extremely shabby clothes brushed and better brushed to the last pitch of perfection and with every single thread apparently drilled to the precisely proper angle. Then when he spoke he had what we English call a gentleman's voice; here was no question of any petty borrowing or of my writing any book, but he had the thing with him all ready written and was it possible that I could be so sufficiently kind as to advise him as to a publisher? He talked half French-fashion, and formally begging my pardon for the trouble to which he feared he might be putting me he undid a shabby parcel and laid the manuscript out before me. And at the very first page I jumped.

I DO not pretend to know much about France, but I do know some of the big names; and here we had Marshal This and General That backing the man in prefaces and forewords. Common *légionnaires*, your enlisted men and our private soldiers, do not get Marshals of France to bless their books unless they have done something. As I looked at the title-page and the letters after the author's name, I saw that the man must have won about every cross and fighting medal that a French soldier can possibly earn. That



Legion, you know, is always on Active Service. My visitor, sitting nervously on the edge of a chair, would have put in about fifteen years of continuous fighting. You enlist for five years, of course, but you can re-engage and re-engage again.

Then as I began to glance through the laboriously hand-written pages, the awful thing came to me that with all its Marshals' Forewords the stuff might be unsalable; if five hundred men got killed here or ten soldiers were tortured to death somewhere else, the book just mentioned the fact barely and without any frills. That man must have had the story of a million, and then he had written it as prosaically as any clerk's bill of lading. Glancing across the table, it struck me that we had here an author of singularly single-mindedness. But of course I didn't tell him all that, but just gave him the bit of technical advice that I could give, with a few names of publishers and agents and so forth. Then as he was doing up his parcel I was wondering how on earth such a man had fifteen years ago ever gone into the Legion at all and in the end I asked him and a moment later was thoroughly ashamed of myself. It was an obvious impertinence, but he answered me perfectly impassively and as a recruit might speak to a sergeant in, say, the French Foreign Legion. It is odd, but just for a moment it crossed my mind to wonder what it felt like being a priest and listening to Confessions.

I am, of course, not giving that answer in detail, but it was odd. Take it roughly as an English Great Family with generations of Father to Son always officers in our British Army; and then money running out, and this man joining the Legion as the next best thing. No, he had never wished to take a commission; the officer must give his right name, while the *légionnaire* may make up any name he wills; he did not will to drag his family name into the ranks of a foreign army, and so he had remained a common soldier. But fifteen years of it, I thought, and all under that awful sun and without prospects of promotion; and that was his weakness, he said, and never until he became old had he been able to conquer it. That was the first time, by the way, that any vestige of human expression really came into that old man's voice. But, he said, he liked fighting, and then in the same breath went on with "God help me."

IT'S awkward talking to a man who answers every question as a literal point of duty, and to ease the strain I offered him a drink and he thanked me gravely and said that he would like one very much. Then I next discovered that there was no drink in the house beyond the bottle of brandy that we keep for medicinal purposes; it is next to never that I am allowed to have a medicinal purpose, and when I brought the bottle out it

was nearly full. I took a tumbler and poured some out and watched for him to stop me and he didn't stop me; nearly a tumblerful of neat spirit that old man took. It was very good, he said; that was his first drink for two years. He could not afford it nowadays. In the Legion, of course, it had been different, with free *pinard* and then in the old days absinthe at next to nothing. But nowadays, no; and he thanked me again and took up his hat.

Then he didn't know our suburb, and I offered to show him the right bus. On the way we passed our local saloon, and he obviously felt in his pockets and said it would give him great pleasure if I would take a drink with him; I took one and paid for another, and I drank two glasses of bad beer and there were another two for him and he left them both on the bar counter with apologies. Beer after brandy, he said, was bad, but in an inn it was necessary to pay for something; that was not exactly a saloon's conventional customer.

Personally I hate that particular saloon and very seldom go inside its doors. They mean no harm, but it's noisy; one or two of our local loafers have a beer or so too much and think they own the earth. There is generally a perfect roar of conversational customers all telling lies to each other, and then with closing time at ten o'clock there is generally a jam to get out. I was noticing it that very night, with my guest standing in the corner almost like a frightened child and with the

crowd pushing past him; there was one fellow with an extra beer or so aboard, and in the general stampede he staggered slightly and pushed, as I saw, right into my old *légionnaire*. That man of mine was dead white, and I saw that his eyes were closed. He was trembling ever so little, too, almost like shivering.

Outside in the street I asked if he was all right; I took it for the brandy and perhaps the smell of reeking beer. But he was quite all right, he thanked me very much, only frightened. In places like that he was often a little frightened, he said. And there standing outside our suburban saloon he solemnly told me with the same impassivity and absolutely matter-of-fact voice that in saloon-bars he sometimes had to pray very hard that he might not slip back into the old days. For he felt, he said, that without meaning it, he might hurt somebody.

HE hoped that I might not take it amiss, but if and when I did him the honor to ask him again, it would perhaps be better for him not to come into our saloon; I should smile at his cowardice, but to the weakling it was scarcely a Catholic atmosphere. And with an almost courtly salute, the cowardly old gentleman walked towards his bus carrying under his arm his precious parcel with the manuscript of fifteen years of hard fighting.

The moral, I think, is that our saloon-bar customers owed a good deal that night to the Catholic Church.

## Prayer

By Edwin Carlile Litsey

**L**ORD, give me not vast wealth,  
But rather health.  
Do not uplift me to a higher place  
Than I can grace.  
Teach me to love the people you have made,  
To honor him who wields an ax or spade  
In noble toil.  
Earth cannot soil  
The hands of one who wins from it his gain  
In sweat and pain.  
Teach me to walk with care,  
Because I know my path holds trap and snare.  
Give me an open hand  
When hungry poor before me stand.  
Grant with each day  
Courage and strength to go upon my way.  
Keep my heart clean,  
And let me shun all actions base and mean.  
And may my span  
Of life be always open to my fellow-man.  
Grant me sweet peace and rest from labor done  
At set of sun.  
And always, in the daily fret and grind,  
Let me be kind.

# ROMAN HOLIDAY

By Ernest Wiley

IT was an August afternoon in Rome. The enervating lull belonging to the season and the hour brooded over the city. The windows on the bright side of the little street were shuttered tight against the sun which beat down from an unobstructing sky upon the yellow walls. The sleepy quiet of the little street was broken, only at scattered intervals, by the raucous blast of a taxi's horn, or the clomp of the steel-shod hoofs and the clatter of steel-tired carrozza wheels on the cobblestones. And the yellow walls hurled back the disturbing noises, as if in angry protest. It was siesta-time in Rome.

The old scrivener removed his light coat and threw it across his arm. He mopped his brow with a soggy handkerchief; and, for the moment, he wondered if his associates had not been justified in deriding him for his choice of Rome, of all places, to spend an August vacation. They would be, at this very hour, basking in the cool, bracing sunlight high up in the Dolemites, or, sweater-clad, jaunting through one of those lush-green valleys, whetting their appetites for a hearty supper of Alpine viands. Maybe he had acted foolishly in refusing their invitation.

But, no! He did not regret his choice. For he was determined to produce something worth while, to represent his scribbling years. He was going to put truth and vitality into the story he was writing—a story of the early Christian era. That meant he would have to absorb the atmosphere of the things about which he wrote. And the one way for him to do that was to spend in Rome the single month of his freedom from the shackles of his desk, even roasting in Rome's August.

He hadn't yet captured the vitalizing spark for that chapter describing the games of the Colosseum and the martyrdom of his hero. And his search for it was bringing him to the Colosseum at an hour when, he knew, the old pile would not be overrun by gawking tourists—when he could be more or less alone there, and endeavor to reconstruct the monstrous ruin and its atrocities in his mind.

His brain was filled with information concerning the infamous structure, a monument to Rome's bizarre and besotted tastes in amusement. It had been built by the Flavian emperors, Vespasian and Titus, in the first century of the Christian era, to provide a place better

suited than the circus for the gladiatorial games. Its stones had been moistened by the sweat and blood of the slaves who constructed it beneath the lash. Its four stories had been lavishly adorned in four classic styles of architecture—the Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Composite. It had seated at least fifty thousand spectators, all of whom had been discriminately placed, according to their rank and order.

He was acquainted, too, with the details, all the recorded fantastic and revolting minutiae of the games which the Roman populace crowded the amphitheatre to behold. He knew the rules and conditions governing the various types of gladiatorial combat, the kinds of weapons used, the rewards which the conquering fighter might reap from victory, and the bitter price of defeat. He had previously explored, with searching completeness, the excavated understructures of the pile, the dens in which, according to conjecture, the wild beasts had been kept immediately prior to their release into the arena, and where the Christian martyrs had awaited their "scene" in the spectacle.

These details and a host of kindred facts were tumbling and cavorting through his mind. They were the data which he would arrange and fit into a burning picture. But as yet he had not caught the spark which would ignite his heap of facts—the germ which would vitalize it all. And that was the object of his quest, on this torrid afternoon, when the Colosseum's crumbling mass would be deserted and his own.

Drawing near his goal, he rounded a curve in the "Via del Colosseo" which he was traversing, and the old structure loomed before him, framed by the straight walls of the buildings at the end of the street, and pushing its jagged crest against the sky. It lay in its pit-like depression, in the glare of the sun, like the prostrate, half-buried corpse of some gargantuan monster—a hideously impressive skeleton.

THE old scrivener clambered down the flight of pitching steps to the level of the great, arched entrances, so aptly named—to his way of thinking—the "vomitoria." As he approached them, he allowed his gaze to wander up the side of the massive structure, from the simple, Doric columns at the base, over the successively lighter and more ornate Ionic and Corinthian, to their graceful

combination in the Composite, at the peak. And, almost automatically, he checked his assertion that the entire surface of the structure had never been encased in marble, as some would claim. Had such been the case, the convolutions of those Ionic capitals, and the delicate acanthus-leaves of the Corinthian, would never have been chiselled so precisely in the travertine. The costly stone, no doubt, had encrusted many open spaces on the wall; and statues of rare marble assuredly had stood in those rows of empty niches. But to say that all the monstrous pile had been sheathed in precious, foreign marbles would be an exaggeration.

FOLLOWING one of the arched passages beneath the massive walls, he emerged in the sun-flooded arena, and pivoted to gain a panoramic view of the decomposing giant. Then he climbed into a tier of seats and sat down on the age-worn, crumbling stone, in a spot from which he could survey the high side of the structure—the portion not disturbed by the depredations of medieval potentates, who had quarried and carted off the Cæsars' travertine to build their imposing palaces.

Settled comfortably in the shade, the old scrivener gazed out over the arena at the sun-washed tiers across from him. That break in the sweep of the crumbling shelves of seats would be the place where the imperial box had stood. And at its feet, there on the "podium"—the wide-topped wall enclosing the arena—had been the box reserved for the vestal Virgins. The Romans of senatorial and equestrian rank had viewed the games from the other seats around the podium, and those in the lowest tiers, behind it. The next places would be those once occupied by the untitled but affluent members of the populace. And higher still, the indiscriminate horde. Up there at the top, where the balcony had been, was the section from which the women of old Rome, other than the Vestals and a favored few of the Patricians, had beheld the spectacles, far removed, in their womanly modesty and repulsion, from the scene of carnage, but leaning forward and straining their eyes to catch the minutest details of the slaughter, and probably envying, most cordially, the privileged souls far down in front of them.

Great, wooden masts had stood in sockets in the top of that outer wall;

and from them enormous canvases had been suspended over the ellipse, to protect the pleasure-seekers from at least a portion of the sun's heat and glare, that they might enjoy the spectacles in greater comfort. The old scrivener was wondering just about how high the wood beams had reached, and if it were not possible that, according to the fashion of the modern circus, banners had fluttered from them—emblems, perhaps, of the tribes and nations Rome had conquered, of the peoples who, unwillingly, had furnished men for the games in the Colosseum.

He settled himself comfortably against the age-softened stones at his back, locked his hands behind his head, and, squinting his eyes against the brightness of the sky, gazed in brooding revery at the high ridge of the pile. He endeavored to envisage the masts in place, and the great canvas sagging and pulling at the ropes which swooped down from the beams and held it suspended over the arena.

A RACK of white clouds, the only splotch in an otherwise unmarred canopy, slipped into view over the edge of the structure. The old scrivener watched them indolently; and, as they scudded across the opening, they created

the fantastic impression that they were motionless, and that the great heap of masonry was slipping along through space. The old scrivener experienced a sensation of lazy buoyancy, and he closed his eyes.

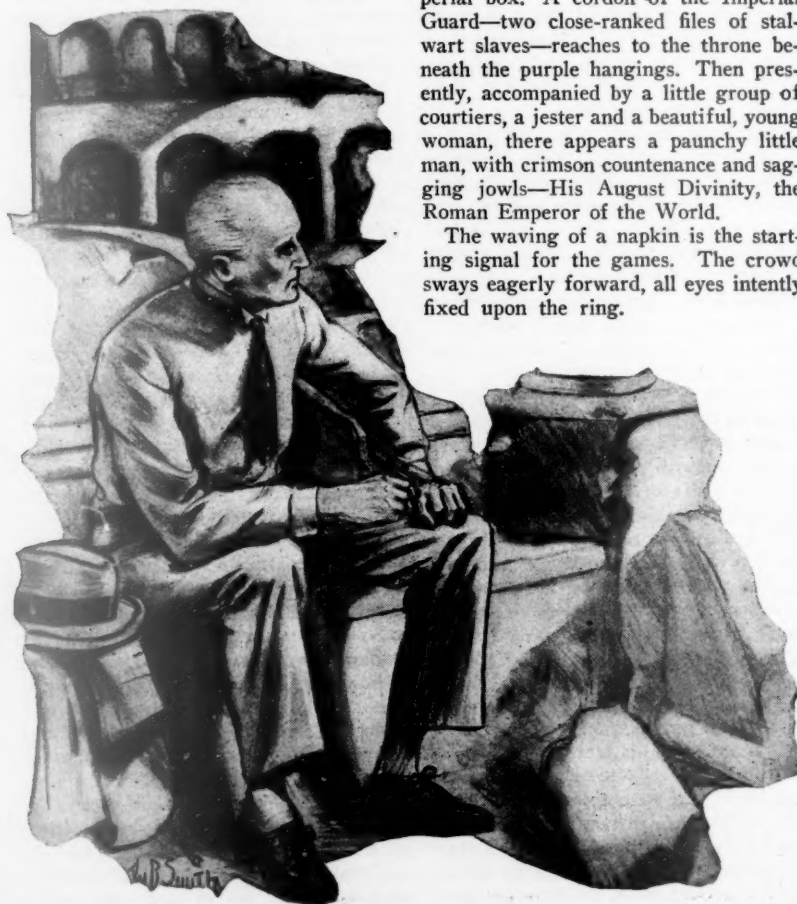
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THE fleecy cloud-rack glides out of vision beyond an amber awning. The edge of the breeze which drives the cirrus slips beneath the canvas and bulges it. Sunlight streaks through the straining laces of its joints, as the awning billows in the breeze, and plays over the festooned tiers of seats across the arena. And the dancing shafts glint upon the human streams which are flowing through the entrances and trickling through the aisles, wherever there is an opening in the crowd.

The drone of fifty thousand fusing voices surges over the tense, expectant horde. And the breeze which creeps beneath the canvas awning stirs the hot air inside the ellipse and spreads about the tantalizing scents of rare perfumes from the spray of fountain-jets in the colonnades.

Now, every place seems to be filled. The clear tones of a silver trumpet ring through the structure; and a pulsing quiet descends on the crowded stands, as every gaze is turned towards the imperial box. A cordon of the Imperial Guard—two close-ranked files of stalwart slaves—reaches to the throne beneath the purple hangings. Then presently, accompanied by a little group of courtiers, a jester and a beautiful, young woman, there appears a paunchy little man, with crimson countenance and sagging jowls—His August Divinity, the Roman Emperor of the World.

The waving of a napkin is the starting signal for the games. The crowd sways eagerly forward, all eyes intently fixed upon the ring.



Two companies of warrior-slaves, clad in the scanty raiment of their barbarian nations, enter from opposite ends of the ellipse. They align themselves before the throne with the purple canopy, where the paunchy little man with sagging jowls is seated. And to him they address their gladiators' oath.

"Hail, Emperor! They who are about to die salute thee."

Then, in the center of the lists, the opposing factions meet and engage in desperate combat, line to line and man to man. Their thrusts are hard and true. Bodies crumple and are trampled under foot, as the surging lines weave to and fro. Little pools of gore stain the sand when the deadly short swords find their mark. And the crowd drinks in the scene.

THE opposing troupes have been well matched; for their numbers dwindle evenly, till there are but two of the struggling warriors who yet remain upon their feet. There is a moment's hesitation; and the mob shrieks for action. The battle is renewed between the two survivors. One of them stumbles over the inert body of a fallen comrade. His adversary quickly plants a heavy, sandaled foot upon the prostrate fighter's chest, and then looks questioningly towards the imperial box. There is a charged moment of hushed expectancy, as every eye follows the victor's gaze. Then the puffed, red hand of the Emperor is lazily extended in front of him, and the protruding thumb is turned downward with a little jerk.

"Pollice verso—thumbs down!" the delighted rabble interprets the decree, as fifty thousand inverted thumbs imitate the Emperor's fatal gesture. And the white-clad Vestals extend their hands and screech, "Pollice verso!"

With a single, expert stroke, the conquering warrior dispatches his fallen adversary. And, as another little pool of crimson gore is formed upon the sand, the Emperor beckons to his jester, who sips the contents of a gilded goblet, then hands it to the master.

There follow paired encounters—grotesque fights between strange adversaries whose unmatched size and strength is counterbalanced by variety in weapons. Husky brutes with nets and tridents face nimble figures armed with short, heavy swords; and twisted dwarfs are pitted against women. Clouds of dusty sand float up; and again and again rises the howl, "Pollice verso!"

The sands drink the gore. The breeze wafts exotic perfume-scents from the fountains through the crowds. And the Emperor wipes upon the royal purple of his silken sleeve a few drops of blood-red wine which trickle from the corner of his mouth.

As attendants hurriedly carry off the bodies of the fallen, and smooth the



sand where the struggles have disturbed it, the ominous roar of a hunger-maddened lion is heard.

"Bestiæ — the beasts!" someone shouts, with a delirious quiver in his voice. The arena is soon cleared; and, as clanging bars are raised, dazed but ravenous brutes—spotted and striped and tawny brutes—slink into the light. Then hide-clad gladiators enter. And men's blood mingles with the gore of beasts. The shrieks of the youngest and least accustomed of the Vestals are drowned out by the roars of pain and rage which come from the lions and tigers in the lists.

NOW, other fighters, less stalwart than the first, are pushed and hurled into the ring, to pit their untrained strength against the beasts.

"Plotters against his Imperial Majesty and breeders of sedition," someone nearby explains to a companion, who probably has just arrived in Rome from one of the provinces, and therefore is unacquainted with the latest political disturbance in the capital city. "They've been given a fighting chance for life." And the Roman laughs.

The beasts await no sign of downturned thumb. The hot breeze whisks a tantalizing scent from the reeking sands about the nostrils of the hunger-maddened brutes. And it is ever "pollice verso" for their helpless adversaries.

Now, the political offenders are gone. And attendants use red-hot irons to drive the beasts, with dripping fangs, slowly to the pits. Some of them, refusing to give up their spoils, drag limp bodies after them, as they back sullenly out of sight. The last one disappears, the barred gratings drop noisily over the entrances, the rumbling growls are gradually muffled by the earth and masonry, and there comes a silence filled with new anticipation.

"Christiani — Christiani adsunt," shouts a knowing voice. And the frenzied proclamation drives a thrilling tremor through the mob.

"These Christians," the Roman explains to his companion from the provinces. "They are the members of some strange, eastern sect, about whom there is a rumor of seditious practices. These practices," he jokingly appends, "have never been proven. But, what matter? The foolish creatures are a splendid innovation for the games; and the people love a novelty. They are herded into the arena—men, women and children. It's quite a spectacle. And, unlike that group of plotters against his Sacred Majesty, these Christians don't even carry weapons when they go to face the beasts. You know, I've heard it said that they even deem it a great privilege to die that way for their creed; and that their surviving brethren refer to them as 'witnesses to the faith'—



call them 'martyrs.' Then, when the games are over, their brethren come, by night, and gather up what's left of the martyrs' bodies; and they pay some kind of worship to the mangled carrion.

"They're a strange lot," the Roman says, "and beyond my understanding. A queer, stanch devotion that's beyond—" And the narrator suddenly drops his attempted explanation, and shrugs his shoulders. "But, what matter? They add interest to the games."

A heavy doorway opens across the sand. And a little troupe, all clad in white, march into the light. There are two or three small children in the group; and they cling whimperingly to the hands and skirts of the women at their sides. A girl, with long, brown hair, marches near the front. Her head is raised, and she seems oblivious to the rough tear in her garment, at the shoulder, and the thirsty gaze, of the reeking mob. An old man, whose beard hangs between his outstretched arms, leads the troupe; and in his hands he carries two sticks of knotted wood, which he has bound together in the figure of a cross.

The little, white-robed group marches to the center of the sand, unmindful of the teeming eyes around it. A deathlike hush descends upon the horde. And, in the quiet, a soft and plaintive melody is heard, drifting up from the arena and floating through the crowd.

At the center of the sand, the marchers gather close and kneel and bow their heads. And the old man, with beard

and knotted cross, stands in their midst.

There comes the metallic rattling of the bars; and beasts—spotted and striped and tawny brutes—slink out on the sand. They hear the muffled melody and espy the huddled group, all clad in white. Hesitantly, they draw near and circle the kneeling figures. Then, one dashes in, and the others follow.

There is a piercing scream, then silence, broken only by the rumbling, crunching noises of the beasts.

Then, amid the ghastly quiet, there comes a loud guffaw.

\* \* \*

AGAIN the raucous laugh, close by the old scrivener. It startled him, and he sat erect, blinking his eyes and staring dazedly about him.

The sun had left the arena. And across from him, the crumbling tiers of seats were bathed in shadow. The old scrivener's gaze alighted on a sightseeing crowd below him; and a pompous gentleman looked suddenly away, emitted another raucous laugh, and waddled off to join his companions who were following a guide. And the guide was pointing across the arena with a knotted stick which he held in his outstretched hand.

The old scrivener turned away his gaze and rose to go. There was no room in his crowded mind for thoughts or images of gawking tourists. For he had a picture there, a picture he had come to seek—a vivid, gruesome picture of a Roman holiday.



# Woman to Woman



BY KATHERINE BURTON

## WOMAN'S PLACE

**O**DD items pop up in the daily papers now and then anent woman and her place in the home or the office or wherever someone happens to think she ought to be. In New York state a group of Indian women—Senecas—are demanding some power in tribal affairs. They want representation for their sex when matters of state are debated and settled. The really ironic part of it is that years ago, when Indians made their own laws, the older women of the tribe—the clan mothers—had plenty of power. They made and unmade chiefs and it was when the tribe became governed by a charter from the state that they lost these rights. Their vote may count as a vote now, but it is not a voice in the council, and votes are not the forces that voices are, among the Senecas as among the rest of us.

And in the city of New York there was held recently a conference on family relations to which not a single woman was invited. They had nearly everyone else, including rabbis, priests, ministers, doctors and Mr. John Sumner. The meeting discussed mostly how to make marriage a happy and satisfactory relationship. Dr. Pederson, who headed it, had a naive explanation for the surprising absence of the sex that makes marriage at least half what it is. He said, "At first we thought of having women work with us, but it looked as if our institute would be more forceful if we linked it up with the ministers." Just what incompatibility there is here I don't see. I get along fine with gentlemen of the cloth and I know lots of other women who do, too.

Next evening, having been pleasantly ribbed by a woman columnist, he offered a different explanation. Here it is: "The absence of woman was due to the circumstances of returns of those desired from vacations and travel until ten or fourteen days too late for delivery of the program." And he insists they were not omitted "through fear or any other emotion." This is certainly protesting too much, and also the gentleman's English and logic both seem at fault. But ah, these wandering sisters—in all New York and its environs there was none who by October 28 had returned from her vacation! What a joyous carefree life we lead, while the soberer sex is right on the job working hard to have marital happiness completely ready when we return.

## DECENT READING

**T**HERE has been organized lately a group which very apparently learned its technique from the League of Decency, calling itself the Junior League for Decent Reading. It demands things which I imagine will be difficult to carry out. The League of Decency was very simple in its demands and it certainly did clean things up. This group wishes to do the same thing with books, magazines and papers. It stipulates that its members are not to read any suggestive comic strips and no book or magazine that contains suggestive articles or stories. This is a difficult objective when one considers the broad range of what is considered suggestive and what is not by different people.

The comic strips are good anyway as a rule; nowadays they are mostly pictorial serials or child cartoons. I myself am cultivating an excellent tolerance for them. Mr. and Mrs., the Smythes, Regular Fellers, Boots—most of them are so moral, so full of warnings as to what happens if you are bad that they are really illustrated tracts of the times. And the sugar coating is very skilfully put on. Not from

these comes the harm. As for books, many people don't read books. It is perfectly amazing to learn how many people read less than two books a year. But if these crusaders want to go after something let them strike at the one thing that is not fiction or fun—let them go tooth and nail after the tabloids. They are the printed matter where the worst of everything finds place—and not fiction but fact. They can be bought for two cents, so everyone can have them. And though their comics may be clean enough, heaven help the child that is turned loose on the other pages. The pictures alone and the screaming headlines are enough to give a lover of children real nightmare.

"The public wants it," rings their old battle cry—which was also the movie moneymakers' shout and which is heard no more through the land from those gentlemen. A boycott of tabloids—there you would find me in the van fighting, but it is small potatoes to peer anxiously at comic strips or hunt through magazines for an improper story or picture.

And one other thing I should like to see attacked, and that is the advertisements in magazines. No doubt the depression was the cause of many standard magazines accepting advertisements which in other days they would have refused, but that is no help for us who, in the middle of a charming story of human love and sorrows and joys, turn to the back of the magazine to find the continuation and are confronted by advertisements in picture and word that outrage perhaps not morals, but certainly decency and good taste.

## A WORTHWHILE LETTER

**W**HILE on the subject of filth in modern writing I want to quote from a letter sent me recently by Miss Gormely of New Jersey, who has a mind of her own and excellent words to prove it. She sent me a letter about Kathleen Norris and included a copy of a letter she had sent to a publisher who was deluging her with ads about the works of a very prolific and absolutely vulgar writer, a man who used the double entendre until he almost wore it out. Her letter is so pertinent and so splendid a rebuff to the publisher who would send such stuff around that I am quoting most of it for my readers:

"SIRS: Your obscene folder addressed to me as a sophisticate received. I do not understand how you came to such a conclusion concerning me, as I have never bought anything but the books of the highest literary quality. Until recently I thought your house stood only for books of quality, and high literary distinction. It seems I was mistaken, or because of the economic crisis you have become a traitor to the cause and have been broad-axed into so-called broad-mindedness. It isn't that I don't like humor, but it must have the clean scent of fresh air about it, such as the late Will Rogers dispensed in large doses to his millions of readers. He successfully demonstrated that one may be a gentleman and a humorist at the same time. I am taking it upon myself to speak for the silent hundreds of genuine book lovers to whom you sent your nauseous folder, and who doubtless have tossed it into the garbage can and then hastened to lean over the rail of the good ship *Pegasus*. Requesting that you remove my name from your mailing list and hoping that you enjoy spending your thirty pieces of silver, I am,

"NOT A SOPHISTICATE."

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

# THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

## BELLOC ON CHAOS OF CHRISTENDOM: POPE AND RICHELIEU: MOSES AND ELIAS: ABRAHAM'S BOSOM

(1) Mr. Belloc in his biography Richelieu speaks of "the chaos into which Christendom has fallen." Does he mean that the Church had become stagnant, or that the former temporal power had waned? (2) In this same book Belloc has the Pope saying: "If there be a God, the Cardinal de Richelieu will have much to answer for. If there be none, why, he lived a very successful life." Can this imply that the Pope had any doubts about God, or is it another way of being emphatic? (3) Until the time of the Redemption the Old Testament saints waited in Limbo. Yet, how is it that at the Transfiguration of Christ, Moses and Elias were seen conversing with Him? Also, in the story of Lazarus, the rich man saw Abraham in Heaven. Were these saints exceptions, or were they brought forth from Limbo temporarily to prove that Christ was God, and to show what glory was due to his personality?—L. A. F., DORCHESTER, MASS.

(1) This statement appears in the Preface of *Richelieu*. It is one of Belloc's favorite expressions. Judging from the context, he refers to the breakdown of unity among Christian nations by the loss of a common religious faith, due to the advent of Protestantism, and the inevitable effect of an exaggerated nationalism, which is the fruitful mother of war.

(2) The statement which Belloc attributes to a Pope (he does not say which, nor does he give any authority for it), was presumably a literary device used for the sake of emphasis. Since the first supposition is false, the second must be true.

(3) St. Thomas answers this question as follows: "We must not imagine that Moses' soul was reunited to his body, but that it appeared through the medium of some bodily form assumed for the purpose, as angels appear. Elias, however, appeared in his own body, coming not from the empyrean heaven, but from some pre-eminent place whither it had been rapt in the fiery chariot." These two heroes of the Old Law appeared in order to pay homage to Jesus, and to show that He is the Lord of the Law and the Prophets, foretold and foreshadowed by them. The rich man saw Lazarus resting in the "bosom of Abraham," which was the Limbo of the Patriarchs, and not the Heaven of the Blessed.

## WILL DURANT AND HIS WORKS

Will you kindly tell me something about Will Durant, the author of "The Story of Philosophy," "The Story of Civilization," etc? Is he a practical Catholic, and are his books recommended?—J. E. M., IRONTON, MO.

Will Durant was born in a good Catholic family at North Adams, Mass., on November 5, 1885. He was educated by French Catholic sisters in North Adams, and later by the Jesuit Fathers at St. Peter's College, Jersey City, N. J., where he received his A. B. in 1907 and his A. M. in 1908. After a few months of newspaper work on the Hearst papers in New York City, he became professor of several languages in Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J. He also acted as librarian and utilized this opportunity to read the works of Darwin, Spencer, Spinoza, and Anatole France. In 1909 he entered the Seton Hall Seminary to prepare for the priest-

hood. He left the seminary about a year afterward, without having received any Orders. He immediately espoused the cause of Socialism and became an instructor at Ferrer School in New York City. This school was named after Francesco Ferrer, the notorious Spanish anarchist. Whatever faith he had was soon lost. At the present time he may be described as a Deist in religion and a dilettante in philosophy. His books are not listed in the Index of Forbidden Books, but they are not generally recommended, despite that omission. His *Story of Philosophy* is a misnomer, though it must be confessed that it is cleverly written. It is rather a *Story of Philosophers*. He omits all mention of the Scholastics and their philosophy, which dominated Christian thought for a thousand years, under the plea that he had no room for an adequate treatment of them. It may be that he could find nothing sensational in their lives.

Durant has never been noted for devotion to pure philosophy. It may be questioned whether he is a philosopher himself. His latest work, *The Story of Civilization*, is a pretentious attempt to trace the whole story of the human race. While one must admire his boldness of conception and interesting style, this book reveals the same errors concerning religion as is found in his other works. It is fairly certain that subsequent volumes of this series will have the same defects. He is recommended to the prayers of our readers, that he may return to the Church which nurtured him.

## OFFERING MASS AND PRAYERS FOR LAPSED CATHOLIC

Should one pray and have Masses offered for a Catholic who married a non-Catholic before a minister, and did not receive the Sacraments for forty years, and even refused to see a priest before he died, though he had a minister come and pray with him? I do pray for him, but I wonder if it does him any good.—E. B. L., BUFFALO, N. Y.

By all means pray for him, though he appeared to die in manifest heresy. We never know what transpires in the soul of a dying sinner, and consequently are ignorant of his eternal lot. Masses may be offered for his soul, but in a private manner, that is, in such a manner that only the priest and the person asking for the application of the Mass know about it.

## BIBLICAL ACCOUNT OF MAN'S CREATION: EVOLUTION AND MISSING LINK

(1) I have learned from the study of Apologetics that even if evolution were proved, there would be no argument against the Church. Does this mean that the Biblical account of God's making Adam from the earth can be taken figuratively, as well as literally? (2) Does science in general hold to evolution as the logical explanation of mankind, or is there a split over it? A friend slights the importance of the lack of the "missing link," saying that it is no more important than the lack of the last piece of a jig-saw puzzle, which piece would simply give the finesse to something already practically completed. (3) Could it be maintained that the Cro-magnon man and the Neanderthal man could have been descendants of Adam, but after learning how much they had lost on account of Adam's sin, reverted in despair to the animal type, and later, due to the supremacy of the soul



over the animal, progressed, while the rest of the animal world stood still. I think that this would explain the primitiveness of early man. Do you think that this is logical? (4) Could you give a good, scientific proof, or recommend a book or pamphlet containing a good scientific proof against evolution?—L. A. F., DORCHESTER, MASS.

(1) Evolution is a word which may have many meanings. If it is understood in the sense that the body of the first man, Adam, evolved from lower animal forms, true science as well as the Catholic teaching contradicts it. There is no evidence forthcoming to prove it.

On June 30, 1909, the Pontifical Biblical Commission answered the following query concerning the historical character of the first three chapters of Genesis in the negative: "Can we call in question the literal and historical meaning when in these chapters there is question of the narration of facts which touch the foundations of Christian religion, as, for example, the creation of all things by God in the beginning of time; the particular creation of man, etc." The literal and historical meaning of these facts cannot be questioned, because, in the mind of the Church, there is no sufficient reason to do so in view of our present state of knowledge. This decision does not indicate whether the creation of man by God was immediate or mediate, that is, by a long process, but it does mean that "God formed man of the slime of the earth and breathed into his face the breath of life." (Gen. 2:7.) If it is finally proved beyond question by natural science that the body of the first man was formed by God through a process of evolution from lower animal forms, this fact will in no way conflict with the revelation of Genesis. It will simply show in what manner the above text is to be understood. But up to the present natural science has offered no proof whatever of an evolutionary process in relation to the body of the first man, and hence Catholics may not hold that this is a fact. To do so would be not only lacking in loyal obedience to religious authority, but would also be most unscientific. The Church wisely prefers to abide by the obvious sense of Genesis and she forbids anyone in her name to uphold as a *fact* the evolution of man's body, because it is not a *fact*, but an unproven *theory*.

(2) There are almost as many opinions concerning evolution as there are heads to contain them. The significant thing about the defenders of organic evolution, as regards man, is that no one of them has offered proof of his theory. The absence of the "missing link," the intermediary form between animal and man, is the despair of the natural sciences. Those specimens which have been widely publicized as "missing links" were found, upon thorough investigation, either to belong to true animals or true men. Your friend's device will not work, because there is no parallel between a missing piece of a jig-saw puzzle and the "missing link" of the evolution theory. In the first the absent piece is *really* missing, but in the second there is no reason to believe that there is anything *missing*.

(3) As said above, the fossil remains which have been unjustifiably claimed as "missing links" belong either to true animals or true men. The Cro-magnon man and the Neanderthal man were human beings, and not animals. No man of any age of the world, and no matter of how low a degree of intelligence, could become mere animal in essence, no matter how hard he tried; nor could any animal become a man by any natural process independent of the action of God. Such a proposition is philosophically absurd.

(4) *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. V, contains two excellent articles on "Evolution." *The Case Against Evolution*, by Arthur Barry O'Toole argues the case scientifically; *God or Gorilla*, by Alfred McCann, treats the matter in a more or less popular manner. There are several nickel pamphlets published by The Paulist Press and The America Press on the same subject.

#### PRIMITIVE RELIGION: EVIDENCE FOR IT

(1) Since the creation of the world dates back many centuries, (some Catholic writers hold that it may have been millions of years ago), was there no religion prior to the coming of Christ? (2) If there was a religion in the early centuries, what was it? (3) What dependable authority is there for such facts, and since it was long before any method of printing or writing was known, how is the evidence for religion preserved?—J. P. O., COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

(1) Religion of some kind has existed among men from the very beginning of their creation. It had its origin in man's rational nature, which recognized the necessity and the appropriateness of expressing his dependence on a supreme being by worship and obedience to moral laws. The presence of religious belief is a universal fact today, and it has been a universal fact from the beginning. Plutarch, a century or so before Christ, said: "If you go about the earth you can find cities without walls, literature, kings, houses, resources, ignorant of gymnasia and the theatre; but no one ever saw a city without temples, without gods, a city which does not make use of prayers, vows, and oracles; that does not offer sacrifice to obtain benefits, that is not anxious to avert evils by holy rites. I think it is easier for a city to be built without foundations, than for a city to exist and last without religion and the deity."

(2) Monotheism, or the worship of one god, was the religion of primitive man. In many instances this religion became mixed with many errors in the course of ages, but even false religions show that there was in the heart of man a groping after God. The purest form of monotheism prior to the coming of Christ was the Jewish religion, which began with the call of Abraham. It was a religion revealed by God, and served as the foundation upon which Christianity was built.

(3) Writing and printing are not the only forms of evidence. Philology furnishes evidence that in the most important groups of languages there is the same name for God. Archeology, or the science of antiquities, indicates a universal belief in a life to come and a belief in divinities. Anthropology, or the study of man and his origin, finds that even the most backward groups in the cultural scale today generally reveal a belief in one God, even though in many cases grossly distorted. From this fact they deduce that the first human creatures, who must have been as high in the cultural scale, were also believers in the religion of monotheism, and in a purer form than obtains in the lowest groups today. Polytheism, or the worship of many gods, was a corruption of the primitive religion. (See the article on "Religion" in Vol. XII of *The Catholic Encyclopedia*; also "The Religion of Earliest Man" and "The Religion of Later Primitive Peoples" in Vol. I of *Studies in Comparative Religion* of the Catholic Truth Society Series).

#### MONTEFALCO'S GHOSTLY VISITANT

I told some of my friends that I read in one of the first numbers of *THE SIGN* of a nun's diary in which it was stated that a priest, who was dead forty years, came to her for prayers, in order that he might be released from Purgatory. My friends refuse to believe my words. Would you kindly inform me whether I am right or not?—N. N., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

In the November, 1921, issue of *THE SIGN* there appeared an article entitled "Montefalco's Ghostly Visitant," by A Roman Ecclesiastic. It contained the diary of the Mother Abbess of the Convent of St. Leonard in Montefalco, Italy. Her diary recorded twenty-eight visits of a suffering soul from Purgatory, beginning on September 2, 1918, and ending on November 9, of the same year. On the twenty-third visit the Abbess expressed to this soul the fear that she was being deceived by the devil, whereat the soul replied: "No,

I am a suffering soul. It is now forty years that I have been in Purgatory for having wilfully wasted ecclesiastical goods." The Mother Abbess had prayers and Masses offered for this soul, and when he appeared at the convent on the twenty-eighth and last visit he exclaimed: "I thank you and the religious community. I am now out of all pain." The writer of the article assured the Editor that the facts are supported by an abundance of unimpeachable testimony.

#### NEGLECT OF EASTER COMMUNION AND CATHOLIC BURIAL

*Can a Catholic who has not attended Mass nor received the Sacraments for forty years receive a Catholic funeral service, with Mass and burial in a Catholic cemetery in a family plot? All the other members of the family are practical Catholics. I always thought that unless a Catholic received Holy Communion at Easter he would be refused Catholic burial in the event of death.*—G. E.

Deprivation of ecclesiastical burial was one of the penalties formerly attached to the violation of the law which prescribed the reception of the Sacrament of Penance and Holy Communion at least once a year during the Easter time. This penalty was decreed in the IV Council of the Lateran in 1254, A. D. It was also embodied in the decrees of the II Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1866, for the United States. The New Code of Canon Law prescribes that Holy Communion must be received once a year, at least during the Easter season, but makes no mention of the former penalty of the deprivation of ecclesiastical burial. Therefore, a Catholic who has culpably neglected to receive Holy Communion during the Easter season will not, for that omission, be deprived of ecclesiastical burial. The Code of Canon Law does, however, deny to notorious apostates and public and manifest sinners the right of ecclesiastical burial, if they die without repentance. (Canon 1240). A Catholic who has failed to obey the Paschal Precept might, in some cases, be regarded as a public and manifest sinner, especially if his refusal to comply with the law of the Church was motivated by and expressed with contempt, to the scandal of the faithful. The Canon Law in cases of doubt in this matter gives the benefit of doubt to the deceased Catholic, and the funeral services and burial in consecrated ground are allowed, provided no scandal is given the faithful.

#### DEGREES OF GRACE AND GLORY

*Does God call souls to various degrees of glory, or does He desire that all men may be perfect even as our Heavenly Father is perfect? For instance, is St. Therese, the Little Flower, and a poor pagan called to the same degree of glory in Heaven, or does God choose to exalt certain of His children above others?*—H. C., FLORAL PARK, N. Y.

The degree of glory which a soul attains to in Heaven depends on the measure of sanctifying grace in his soul at the moment of death. Since all do not attain to the same degree of sanctifying grace in this life, there will be a difference of glory in the next. This difference in the glory of the saints, however, is accidental. All the saints in Heaven participate in the beatific vision, which is the essential happiness of the blessed, but all do not participate in it to the same degree; just as a pint bottle and a quart bottle filled with milk are equal in that they are both full, but the capacity of the latter is greater than the former.

It is the teaching of the Council of Trent that each one receives sanctifying grace according to the measure which the Holy Ghost imparts to each, and according to the proper disposition and coöperation of each. Those who are better disposed and who coöperate more perfectly with grace are given further and higher graces. That it is possible to receive an increase of grace is proved from the text which says: "Let him that is just be justified still, and he that is holy be sanctified still" (Apoc. 12:11). God does, indeed,

call all men to be perfect as the Heavenly Father is perfect, which means that all men are called to that degree of charity, or love of God, which repudiates and detests mortal sin. This is the lowest and the essential degree of moral perfection. But some souls strive not only to avoid mortal sin, which is contrary to charity, but also lesser sins and imperfections, which impede charity. The difference in the measure of sanctifying grace is due, not to the object of grace, which is union with God, but to the difference of disposition and coöperation. But the chief reason is the Providence of God, who dispenses his grace in various degrees to the end that the perfection and beauty of His mystical body may be more apparent, just as the various members of the physical body, with their diverse offices and dignity, make up the perfection of the whole. (See Chapter 12, I Corinthians).

#### SPRINKLING HOLY WATER FOR POOR SOULS

*Is there any benefit derived by the souls in Purgatory when one sprinkles a little holy water on the floor for them, while saying, "In the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost"? — A. W. S., CHICAGO, ILL.*

When holy water is sprinkled on corpses or graves, and even on the floor, as a gesture towards the Souls of Purgatory, it is piously believed that this act brings relief to the departed. When to the act of sprinkling the following prayer is added: "Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen," an indulgence of 200 days may be gained by the faithful and applied to the Poor Souls. A mere mechanical sprinkling of holy water does not profit the souls in Purgatory. Also, an indulgence of 100 days may be applied to the deceased each time the Sign of the Cross is made with holy water, while saying: "In the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

#### EASTER AND SPRINGTIME: VIGIL LIGHTS IN ROME

*(1) Easter and the Resurrection is often likened to spring with its resurgence of plant life, etc. How can Easter be compared to spring in countries south of the equator, when our April is their autumn? (2) Can you explain the attitude of the Vicar General of Rome, who stated that the use of vigil lights is a superstitious custom?*—W. V. R., BELMONT, MASS.

(1) The truth of the doctrine of the Resurrection of Christ from the dead does not depend on the appropriateness of a comparison taken from nature. His coming to life again is likened to the renewal of life in nature simply to illustrate the fact, not to establish it. True, spring occurs only in the temperate zones, and then not simultaneously, but it can be used as an example of the Resurrection, even though it does not coincide with the Feast itself.

(2) The Vicar General of the Diocese of Rome did not forbid the use of votive lights because it is a superstitious custom, but because "it might easily become what appears to be a superstitious usage, besides giving the impression that it is permitted for the sake of the money which it brings in." The decree on this matter affected only the Diocese of Rome. It was printed in the June, 1935, issue of THE SIGN, page 669. (Your third question is outside our scope. Besides, we are not in possession of the facts).

#### THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

J.J.S., Montague, Mass.; M.A.D., Jersey City, N. J.; X.A.B., Louisville, Ky.; F.M.C., New York, N. Y.; A.W., Lawrence, Mass.; U.L., Tiffin, Ohio; T.H., Forest Hills, Mass.; M.J.L., Chestnut Hill, Mass.; N.C., Newark, N. J.; K.C.V., Union City, Ind.; M.F.C., New York, N.Y.; J.F., Des Moines, Ia.; M.P.J.C., Brooklyn, N. Y.; E.D., Jackson Heights, N. Y.; W.A.S., Philadelphia, Pa.; M.C.C., W.

Quincy, Mass.; E.W.J., Dayton, Ohio; R.C.G., W. Somerville, Mass.; F.X.I., Rochester, N. Y.; G.M., Dedham, Mass.; S.E.O'N., New Haven, Conn.; E.Z., New York, N.Y.; M.T.H., Brooklyn, N. Y.; H.D., Rosedale, N. Y.; M.B.E., Rockville Center, N. Y.; N.F.L., Long Beach, Cal.; M.A.J.C., Providence, R. I.; M.J.F.D., Bangor, Me.; D.W., Baltimore, Md.; F.B., New Haven, Conn.; H.F., Watertown, N. Y.; B.B.H., Newport, R. I.; M.F.K., Fond du Lac, Wis.

#### GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Blessed Gemma Galgani, F.R.C.P., Supu, China; Christ Child, M.O'C., St. Louis, Mo.; St. Gabriel, M.A.D., Jersey City, N. J.; St. Anthony, M.F., Salem, Mass.; Holy Souls, S.M.A., Dougherty, Ia.; Blessed Mother, M.M., McKeesport, Pa.; Poor Souls, E.C., East Milton, Mass.; Sacred Heart, E.M.F., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, A.M., Jackson Heights, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, Our Lady, A.G.C., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, St. Benedict, Our Lord, N.C., Newark, N. J.; Sacred Heart, Little Flower, M.K.M., Brockton, Mass.; St. Anthony, M.A.S., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, Mother of Perpetual Help, F.A.I., Rochester, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, C.C.C., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, M.E.G., Dorchester, Mass.; St. Anthony, Blessed Virgin, D.C.R., Lynn, Mass.; Blessed Virgin, A.C.M., S. Milwaukee, Wis.; Poor Souls, M.J., St. Louis, Mo.; Poor Souls, C.M., Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. Anthony, M.C., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary, M.T.F., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, M.H.C.V., E. Orange, N. J.; Sacred Heart, St. Anthony, M.K.M., Brockton, Mass.; St. Ann, M.M.F., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Blessed Virgin Mary, M.C.L., Sheridan, Pa.; Poor Souls, M.E.P.R., Middletown, Ky.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, Little Flower, A.M.S., Portland, Me.; Sacred Heart, M.L., New York, N. Y.; Immaculate Conception, St. Anthony, J.H.M., Moberly, Mo.; Sacred Heart, E.F., New York, N. Y.; A.V.McG., Whitestone, L. I.; M.B., Elmhurst, L. I.; M.T.C., New Rochelle, N. Y.; W.V.R., Belmont, Mass.; R.M.H., Dorchester, Mass.; E.M.B., S. Braintree, Mass.; A.G., Madison, N. J.; J.S., S. Omaha, Nebraska; C.H., E. St. Louis, Ill.; M.A.O'L., Medford, Mass.; E.M.M., Harrison, N. J.; M.S., New York, N. Y.; M.F.L., Dorchester, Mass.; H.M.C., Holyoke, Mass.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has prepared a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlets are 10c. each or 15 for \$1.

#### "The Sign" on Newsstands

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I wish to tell you of my great delight in reading your excellent publication, *THE SIGN*.

Also please permit me to congratulate you on your courage and wisdom in putting your magazine on the Eighth Avenue and I.R.T. Subway station newsstands in New York. I am sorry to say that one seldom sees such excellent periodicals as *THE SIGN*, *America* and *Commonweal* on public newsstands. We Catholics must awaken. What you have done should arouse interest in Catholic literature and encourage others to follow your example.

I was glad, also, to read your ad in the live-wire *Brooklyn Tablet*.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

GEORGE A. FISHER.

#### The Ursulines

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It is only too true that we give wrong impressions, often unconsciously, by silence. To me it seems too bad that in an issue of your magazine which contains so beautiful an article on the life of our foundress, St. Angela, there should be another article which by omission, would, in this year of our anniversary, detract even unintentionally from the accidental glory of the Ursuline Order, which she founded. I refer to "The Nun in America" by Sister Estelle, O.P.

We Ursulines have always been proud to know that "Mere Marie of the Ursulines," as Agnes Repplier calls her, was the pioneer nun in America, having arrived at Quebec in 1639. In New Orleans, another Ursuline foundation was made in 1727. One may say these were not American nuns. What about the Carmelites founded at Port Tobacco, Maryland, in 1790? Or why omit the community founded by Father Neale in 1799? This latter community became the nucleus for the present Georgetown Academy of the Visitation.

I can see what Sister Estelle means by calling Mother Seton's foundation "American nuns." But for those who get most of their knowledge from magazines, is it not just a little misleading to give the impression that there were no nuns in America until "a little more than a century ago?" There are many "American nuns" who do not count their foundation from that of Mother Seton in 1809. How many of the 100,000 strong are "Mothers Seton's daughters?" After all, the title of the article is "The Nun in America."

WILMINGTON, DEL.

MOTHER M. LOYOLA, O.S.U.

#### American Nuns: Our Lady of Prompt Succor

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

One must congratulate Sister M. Estelle, O.P., on her delightful and instructive article in the November, 1935, issue of *THE SIGN*. While enjoying the article, one sentence giving a date halted further reading until a hurried check-up was made. Then I said: "Happy error on Sister's part. This will give me another opportunity of spreading devotion to Our Lady of Prompt Succor—too little known to most Americans."

The phrase that gives the occasion of this letter read: "The comparatively short history of the American nun, which dates back only to 1809 with the founding of the first community of Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg, Maryland." Surely Sister Estelle must have realized, after writing her article, that a slip of the pen or some distraction caused her to overlook the Ursulines, who settled in New Orleans in 1727, and who were busily engaged in their work in 1804, when the Territory of Louisiana was founded.

About the time of the founding of the Maryland community, a good nun in France, Mother St. Michael, received from New Orleans a most pressing letter urging her to join her Ursuline nuns across the water. The story of the success with which she met, after vowing to spread devotion to our Blessed Mother under the title of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, is most interesting. From her arrival in 1810 with her little band of French Ursulines, to join the then eighty-three-year-old foundation in New Orleans (carrying with them the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor), to this day, marvelous happenings have taken place in favor of those who appeal to Our Lady under this title.

During the Battle of Chalmette, which gave the Americans the victory in the War of 1812, help was sought of Our Lady of Prompt Succor. General Jackson, although a non-Catholic, approved of the public Mass of thanksgiving, giving the credit for the victory to Our Blessed Mother and the prayers of the Ursulines. January 8th, although within the



Privileged Octave of the Epiphany, was designated by His Holiness, Pius IX, as the feast of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, and yearly a Mass of thanksgiving is offered in New Orleans. Who of us have not at times, perhaps without realizing it then, been helped by our Lady under this lovely title?

By a decree of Pope Leo XIII, the statue was ordered publicly crowned. This imposing coronation, the first of its kind in the United States, took place on Sunday, November 10, 1895.

There is established at the Shrine a special Archconfraternity. Perhaps the coming feast of Our Lady of Prompt Succor may find many readers enrolled in it. Information may be had by writing direct to the Ursuline Nuns, 2635 State Street, New Orleans, La., or the writer will be happy to give further particulars to any interested clients.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

ANNA A. EGAN.

### Happy Catholic

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have just received the December issue of THE SIGN, and, as usual, the first thing I turned to was The Sign-Post. Permit me to give a brief answer to M. H., of Tulsa, Okla., in regard to "Happy Protestants: Unhappy Catholics."

My religion is everything to me. I go to church not only on Sunday, but every day, though I am engaged in business. I have my home, my family, and I am happy. Everything I have I received through the help of God. All my troubles, big or small, I place before Him, and He has always helped me. I, too, was once in poverty, but through God's help I have everything to make an average home happy. I would like to assure M. H. that it is a mistake to think that every Catholic is poor and miserable. There is poverty in every kind of religion, and one can be happy in two rooms, as well as in a mansion. God is the greatest happiness. I know non-Catholics who have the opportunity to go wherever they please, like the friend of M. H., yet they are not happy. I know many Catholics who are very poor, yet are very happy. I, too, can go wherever I please, but I prefer to go to my church. As you said, the objection of M. H.'s friend is an insult to every good Catholic.

MINEOLA, N. Y.

A. J. W.

### "High" Episcopal Church

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I comment on your able answer in The Sign-Post of the December, 1935, issue as to "How the Episcopal Church differs from the Roman Catholic?"

The questioner speaks of the "High" Episcopal Church, as if there were a separate body of Christians who were to be thus designated. Of course, there is no such body. Those Episcopalians who hold Catholic beliefs form rather a school of thought within the larger body of the Episcopal Church. It seems to me that this is a vital point about which many people are confused. A group of Christians who all agreed in accepting Catholic doctrine, even though upon the basis of private judgment only, would be much easier to understand. As it is, one who holds Catholic doctrines in the Episcopal Church may, through the influence of modernism, gradually shift his position until at length he finds himself allied with another school of thought, which represents complete liberalism. And all the time, though the change has been as extreme as possible, he finds himself a very good Episcopalian.

All this makes it so clear that "Anglo-Catholicism" is "an example of the lengths to which the principle of private judgment can be drawn out," that one wonders how it is that these sincere people can fail to realize it. The fact that they

feel a very deep and unalterable conviction, as to the truth of those Catholic doctrines which they have come to hold, does not make it any the less certain that they do hold them, in the last analysis, only upon the basis of a private conviction. Behind that conviction there is no authority higher than that of the individual himself.

SHERBURNE, N. Y.

(REV.) RAYMOND P. LAWRENCE.

### Explaining the Mass

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am in much the same position as Anne in *Letters on Reason*. I too have not attended a Catholic College—lack of funds and an opportunity to work my way through a non-sectarian engineering school precluded attendance at a Catholic School. Nor have I learned the significance and symbolism of the Mass at Sunday School and Church.

Unlike her, however, I do not hold that the Church has failed to help me; but I have often felt that the clergy should have shown more interest in giving the congregation a better understanding of the Mass.

I believe that THE SIGN might print a series of articles giving a comprehensive discussion of this subject.

In so doing it will inculcate a greater respect and reverence at the Holy Sacrifice, a lack of which forms the foundation on which Mass missing is built.

WOODVILLE, PA.

C. E. F.

### Catholic Evidence Guild in Oklahoma

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

As an enthusiastic reader of THE SIGN, I have searched your pages in vain for a word concerning Catholic Evidence Guild work in Oklahoma. Numerous movements in other sections of the country have been noted, but so far I have failed to find any mention of the work in that state, in spite of the fact that the Guild has been most active there for several years.

Under the direction of Rev. Stephen A. Leven, pastor of St. Joseph's church at Bristow, street talks have been given in many remote towns throughout the state, and as a result numerous converts have been received into the Church and fallen-away Catholics have returned to the practice of their faith. Father Leven preached the first outdoor sermon for the first active Catholic Evidence Guild in the U. S. on April 11, 1932 and since that time has delivered 520 speeches on the outdoor platform, traveling 65,000 miles in the work.

Moreover, Father Leven has lectured in many schools and institutions in 14 states and so thoroughly has he impressed these audiences with the work in Oklahoma, that many priests, seminarians and students have offered to participate in the work this year. For three weeks this summer there were women speakers on the platform—three students from Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois. I happen to be one of those lucky three. I actually took part in those street meetings and being thoroughly convinced of their usefulness, would like to pass my enthusiasm on to others.

I do not mean to say that every young man and woman should rush out to Oklahoma. Almost every state in our Union has sections in which the Catholic Church is little known and bitterly hated. This condition is due to an ignorance which these people as a whole can not overcome of themselves. They haven't the opportunity to come to the Church for truth. The Church must come to them.

Hoping that these remarks may inspire at least a few others to realize that the mission fields are white right here in the U.S.A., I remain

LOUISVILLE, KY.

MARY E. OBERKOETTER.

# MEXICAN INTERLUDE

## *Dwight Morrow's Part in Mexican Church Affairs*

By Frederick V. Williams

**I**N view of the fact that apologists have recently appeared for the conduct of the late Dwight Morrow, United States Ambassador to Mexico in relation to the trials and persecution of the Church and her people in that country it is not amiss to enlighten our people here on the subject that to this day is felt most keenly, if not bitterly, by the Catholics in Mexico.

During my travels in Mexico I frequently met people who had been in most intimate contact with the late Mr. Morrow. From them I learned the details of the story.

Long before I went to Mexico I heard Mr. Morrow spoken of in the highest terms by our Catholic people. Some even went so far to urge that our present Ambassador, the lamented Mr. Daniels, be recalled and a man "like Morrow" be put in his place.

Yet in Mexico, Catholics regard Mr. Morrow as one of the worst enemies of their Faith to come from this country. They look on him as a man who went to Mexico representing great American financial interests who had investments there and wanted them protected and developed no matter what the cost—to the Mexicans.

They regard Mr. Morrow as the Ambassador who stood between them and the butchery by General Calles of their fellows and they point with scorn and horror to the gifts of ancient chalices sacked from old churches that General Calles made to Mr. Morrow at a time when Catholic blood was being shed in martyrdom.

I had not been long in Mexico when members of some of the first families, when doctors and lawyers, bankers and business men revealed to me the part Mr. Morrow played in the tragic execution of Father Pro the Jesuit.

It was the day before the execution of Father Pro and his brother and his friend. A committee of some of the most prominent men in Mexico City, some of them in no way identified with the Catholic Church, called on Mr. Morrow. "Mr. Morrow," said their spokesman. "The Government is about to execute a priest, his brother and his friend, without even the formality of a trial on charges of which we can swear they are not guilty.

"Innocent men are about to be shot.

You are a friend of General Calles. You can save the lives of these men."

"What can I do?" asked Mr. Morrow.

"Just a word, just a suggestion from you will save them," he was told.

"Gentlemen" replied Mr. Morrow. "I recognize that you are men of prominence and affairs, but I cannot do what you ask. It would be most embarrassing. I have just had breakfast with President Obregon and General Calles. I cannot meddle in a matter which it seems to me concerns only them. No I cannot do it. I am sorry."

"But Mr. Morrow," the committee urged. "Just a word—in the name of humanity—you cannot let these men be shot. Just a word from you will save them."

Mr. Morrow rose and signified the interview was at an end, that his decision was final. The committee, dismayed, left the Embassy. The next morning Father Pro and his brother and his friend were led out and shot, Father Pro asking forgiveness for his enemies. That noon, while the bodies of Father Pro and his brother and friend were still warm, Ambassador Morrow lunched with President Obregon and General Calles. That afternoon the Government—secret agents—arrested twenty priests and laymen and lodged them in the same prison where Father Pro and his fellow victims had been confined. Preparations were made for their execution—*en masse*—in the morning.

**T**HE news flashed over Mexico City like fire. The Committee which had called on Ambassador Morrow the day before hurried to the American Embassy.

"Twenty men have been arrested," they said. "Some of them are priests. They are to be shot in the morning. Their crime is that they are Catholics. In the name of God you must speak to General Calles now. This is the beginning of wholesale butchery. No man knows when his turn may be next."

They tell me that Mr. Morrow stirred uneasily in his chair, that he frowned and showed displeasure.

"Just a word from you—not even in an official capacity—just a word from you, Mr. Morrow, will save 20

innocent men, among them priests, from dying in the morning," the speaker concluded.

Mr. Morrow rose from his chair. "Again you have asked me to do something that I cannot, with propriety and dignity, do," the United States Ambassador said. "That is my decision. Please consider it final."

The Committee was stunned. It turned and trooped to the door. As it did its members caught the eye of a military attaché of the Embassy. His face reflected his sympathy.

**I**T was late in the afternoon when General Roberto Cruz, Chief of Police of Mexico City, looked up from his desk in Central Police Headquarters and saw standing before him a military attaché of the American Embassy.

"Hi—El Capitan—how are you?" he called jocularly. "What can I do? How 'ees everything?"

The attaché did not return the greeting. He stood and stared gloomily across the room. General Cruz frowned in puzzled fashion.

"'Ees there something wrong?" he asked.

The attaché did not speak. He simply stood there, like a statue, and General Cruz rose unsteadily to his feet and leaned across the desk. "What 'ees the matter?" he asked slowly and thickly. "What 'ees wrong?"

The attaché met his eyes and shrugged his shoulders. General Cruz reflected a moment; then brightened and said softly:

"It 'ees the twenty men upstairs? Washington no like that? Eh?" The attaché raised his eyebrows ever so slightly and whistled.

General Cruz nodded understandingly and sank heavily back in his chair; then brought his fist down with a crash on the desk. An aide hurried into the room. "Capitan," he mumbled. "Those twenty men upstairs—let them go—some other time maybe? Eh?"

The attaché saluted stiffly, wheeled and left the room. He had not said a word. He had taken a great deal upon himself. But he had saved 20 lives. They told me in Mexico City that Mr. Morrow could have done that for Father Pro and his brother and his friend, but he didn't.

# A Flame from the Desert

By Hilaire Belloc

*PEACE had scarcely been restored after the death of Arianism when out of the desert came a heresy—for Mohammedanism was really such—that threatened to destroy the Catholic Church and Western Civilization to which it had given birth. The early fortunes of Islam read like fiction.*

THE first of the great heretical assaults upon the Catholic Church was, as we have seen, Arianism: a strong attempt made, after the first enthusiasm of the early Church had grown cold, to rationalize the central mystery of the Incarnation and to eliminate the full divinity of Our Lord.

We have also seen how all the later heresies of the early centuries down to a little after the year 600, derive from, and are of the same essential nature with, that first Arian attack. We have seen that Arianism die down, although its derivatives (the Monophysites and the rest) lingered on mainly as political protests against the highly centralized imperial government: but they soon lost all spiritual vigor.

It might have appeared to any man watching affairs in the earlier years of the 7th century—say from 600 to 630—that only one great main assault having been made against the Church, that assault having been repelled and the faith having won its victory, it was now secure for an indefinite time. Christendom would have to fight for its life, of course, against outward unchristian things, that is, against Paganism. The nature worshippers of the high Persian civilization to the east would attack us in arms and try to overwhelm us. The savage paganism of barbaric tribes, Scandinavian, German, Slav and Mongol, in the north and center of Europe would also attack Christendom and try to destroy it.

But heresy, at least, had failed—so it seemed. By A.D. 630 all Gaul was orthodox again. The last of the Arian generals and garrisons in Italy and Spain had become orthodox. The Arian generals and garrisons of Northern Africa had been conquered by the orthodox armies of the Emperor.

It was just at that moment, a moment of apparently universal and permanent Catholicism, that there fell an unexpected blow of overwhelming magnitude and force. Islam arose—quite suddenly. It came out of the desert and overwhelmed half our

civilization. Islam—the teaching of Mohammed—conquered immediately in arms. Mohammed's Arabian converts charged into Syria and won there two great battles, the first upon the Yarmuk to the east of Palestine in the highlands above the Jordan, the second in Mesopotamia. They went on to overrun Egypt; they pushed further and further into the heart of our Christian civilization with all its grandeur of Rome. They established themselves all over Northern Africa; they raided into Asia Minor, though they did not establish themselves there as yet. They could even occasionally threaten Constantinople itself. At last, a long lifetime after their first victories in Syria, they crossed the Straits of Gibraltar into Western Europe and began to flood Spain. They even got as far as the very heart of Northern France, between Poitiers and Tours, less than a hundred years after their first victories in Syria—in A.D. 732.

They were thrust back to the Pyrenees, but they continued to hold all Spain except the mountainous north-western corner. They held all Roman Africa, including Egypt, and all Syria. They spread mightily throughout Hither Asia, overwhelming the Persian realm. They were an increasing menace to Constantinople. Within a hundred years, a main part of the Roman world had fallen under the power of this new and strange force from the Desert.

SUCH a revolution had never been. No earlier attack had been so sudden, so violent or so permanently successful. Within a score of years from the first assault in 634 the Christian Levant had gone: Syria, the cradle of the Faith, and Egypt with Alexandria, the mighty Christian See. Within a lifetime half the wealth and nearly half the territory of the Christian Roman Empire was in the hands of Mohammedan masters and officials, and the mass of the population was becoming affected more and more by this new thing. Mohammedan government and influence had taken the

place of Christian government and influence, and were on the way to making the bulk of the Mediterranean on the east and the south Mohammedan.

We are about to follow the fortunes of this extraordinary thing which still calls itself Islam, that is, "The Acceptation" of the morals and simple doctrines which Mohammed had preached.

I SHALL in my next article describe the historical origin of the thing, giving the dates of its progress and the stages of its original success. In later articles I shall describe the consolidation of it, its increasing power and the threat which it remained to our civilization. It very nearly destroyed us. It kept up the battle against Christendom actively for a thousand years, and the story is by no means over; the power of Islam may at any moment re-arise.

But before following that story we must grasp the two fundamental things—first, the nature of Mohammedanism, and secondly the essential cause of its sudden and, as it were, miraculous success over so many thousands of miles of territory and so many millions of human beings.

Mohammedanism was a *heresy*: that is the essential point to grasp before going any further. It began as a heresy, not as a new religion. It was not a pagan contrast with the Church; it was not an alien enemy. It was a perversion of Christian doctrine. Its vitality and endurance soon gave it the appearance of a new religion, but those who were contemporary with its rise saw it for what it was—not a denial but an adaptation and a misuse of the Christian thing. It differed from most (not from all) heresies in this, that it did not arise within the bounds of the Christian Church. The chief heresiarch, Mohammed himself, was not, like most heresiarchs, a man of Catholic birth and doctrine to begin with. He sprang from pagans. But that which he taught was in the main Catholic doctrine, oversimplified. It was the great Catholic world—on the frontiers of which he lived, whose influence was all around him and whose territories he had known by travel—which inspired his convictions. He came of and mixed with the rather degraded idolaters of the Arabian wilderness, the conquest of which had never seemed worth the Romans' while.

He took over very few of those old pagan ideas which might have been



native to him from his descent. On the contrary, he preached and insisted upon a whole group of ideas which were peculiar to the Catholic Church and distinguished it from the paganism which it had conquered in the Greek and Roman civilization. Thus the very foundation of his teaching was that prime Catholic doctrine, the unity and omnipotence of God. The attributes of God he also took over in the main from Catholic doctrine: the all-goodness, the timelessness, the providence of God, His creative power as the origin of all things, and His sustenance of all things by His power alone. The world of good spirits and angels and of evil spirits in rebellion against God was part of the teaching, with a chief evil spirit, such as Christendom also recognized. Mohammed preached with insistence that prime Catholic doctrine, on the human side—the immortality of the soul and its responsibility for actions in this life, coupled with the consequent doctrine of punishment and reward after death.

**I**F anyone sets down those points that Orthodox Catholicism has in common with Mohammedanism, and those points only, one might imagine if one went no further that there should have been no cause of quarrel. Mohammed would almost seem in this aspect to be a sort of missionary, preaching and spreading by the energy of his character the chief and fundamental doctrines of the Catholic Church among those who had hitherto been degraded pagans of the Desert. He gave to Our Lord the highest reverence, and to our Lady also, for that matter. On the day of judgment (another Catholic idea which he taught) it was Our Lord, according to Mohammed, who would be the judge of mankind, not he, Mohammed. The Mother of Christ, Our Lady, "the Lady Miriam" was ever for him the first of humankind. His followers even had some vague hint of her Immaculate Conception.

But the central point where this new heresy struck home with a mortal blow against Catholic tradition was a full denial of the Incarnation. Mohammed did not take the first steps toward that denial, as the Arians and their followers had done; he advanced a clear affirmation, full and complete, against the whole doctrine of an incarnate God. He taught that Our Lord was the greatest of all the prophets, but still only a prophet: a man like other men. He eliminated the Trinity altogether.

With that denial of the Incarnation went the whole sacramental structure. He refused to know anything of the Eucharist, with its Real Presence; he stopped the sacrifice of Mass, and therefore the institution of a special priesthood. In other words, he, like so

many other lesser heresiarchs, founded his heresy on simplification.

Catholic doctrine was true (he seemed to say), but it had become encumbered with false accretions; it had become complicated by needless man-made additions, including the idea that its founder was Divine, and the growth of a parasitical caste of priests who battered on a late, imagined, system of Sacraments which they alone could administer. All those corrupt accretions must be swept away.

There is thus a very great deal in common between the enthusiasm with which Mohammed's teaching attacked the priesthood, the Mass and the sacraments, and the enthusiasm with which Calvinism, the central motive force of the Reformation, did the same. As we all know, the new teaching relaxed the marriage laws—but in practice they did not affect the mass of his followers who still remained monogamous. It made divorce as easy as possible, for the

## Hate

By Iona Myers

**B**LOOD-BROTHER to Iscariot  
And twinned with scarlet Cain;  
Offspring of jealousy and greed  
He rules a wide domain.

Where men have walked the dark  
foot-prints  
Reveal where Hate has trod;—  
Bright Love alone may burst the bars  
And lead him up to God.

sacramental idea of marriage disappeared. It insisted upon the equality of men, and it necessarily had that further factor in which it resembled Calvinism—the sense of predestination, the sense of fate; of what the followers of John Knox were always calling "the immutable decrees of God."

Mohammed's teaching never developed among the mass of his followers, or in his own mind, a detailed theology. He was content to accept all that appealed to him in the Catholic scheme and to reject all that seemed to him, and to so many others of his time, too complicated or mysterious to be true. Simplicity was the note of the whole affair; and since all heresies draw their strength from some true doctrine, Mohammedanism drew its strength from the true Catholic doctrines which it retained: the equality of men before God—"All true believers are brothers"—and the paramount claims of Justice, social and economic.

Now why did this new, simple,

energetic heresy have its sudden overwhelming success? One answer to that, of course, is that it won battles. It won them at once, and thoroughly, as we shall see when we come to the history of the thing. But winning battles would not have made Islam permanent or even strong had there not been a state of affairs awaiting some such message and ready to accept it.

Both in the world of Hither Asia and the Greco-Roman world of the Mediterranean, but especially in the latter, society had fallen, much as our society has today, into a tangle wherein the bulk of men were disappointed and angry and seeking for a solution to the whole group of social strains. There was indebtedness everywhere; the power of money and usury. There was slavery everywhere. Society reposed upon it, as ours reposes upon wage slavery today. There was weariness and discontent with theological debate, which, for all its intensity, had grown out of touch with the masses. There lay upon the freemen, already tortured with debt, a heavy burden of imperial taxation; and there was the irritant of existing central government interfering with men's lives; there was the tyranny of the lawyers and their charges.

**T**O all this Islam came as a vast relief and a solution of strain. The slave who admitted that Mohammed was the prophet of God and that the new teaching had, therefore, divine authority, ceased to be a slave. The slave who adopted Islam was henceforward free. The debtor who "accepted" was rid of his debts. Usury was forbidden. The small farmer was relieved not only of his debts but of his crushing taxation. Above all, justice could be had without buying it from lawyers.

It was the combination of all these things, the attractive simplicity of the doctrine, the sweeping away of clerical and imperial discipline, the huge immediate practical advantage of freedom for the slave and riddance of anxiety for the debtor, the crowning advantage of free justice under few and simple new laws easily understood—that formed the driving force behind the astonishing Mohammedan social victory. The marvel seems to be, not so much that the new emancipation swept over men much as we might imagine Communism to sweep over our industrial world today, but that there should still have remained, as there remained for generations, a prolonged and stubborn resistance to Mohammedanism.

There you have, I think, the nature of Islam and of its first original blaze of victory. We shall turn next to the history of its rise and progress and to the successive steps of its foundation and advance.



## Terror Over Yungshun

By Bonaventure Griffiths, C.P.

THE last entry recorded in the Yungshun Mission diary reads: "Tuesday, November 6, 1934, A.M. City seemingly tranquil after a hideous night during which the populace ran berserk with terror. Nasty apprehension still felt and terrific tension reigns. Reds reported still marching on the city. City is utterly defenceless with less than a hundred soldiers in town; there is no hope of help arriving. Missionaries stood by all night ready to flee at a moment's notice. Both said Mass before dawn in case the Reds attacked with the coming of day. P.M.—Situation the same. It is impossible to hire coolies of any description. They are looking to the safety of their own skins. If the worst comes, all must be abandoned. Many people have fled the city during the day. Everything points to another panic-filled night."

No more entries were to follow. The Reds captured Yungshun that very night, and the diary along with everything else fell into their hands.

Flipping back the pages of that diary, before that eventful night one could find many entries like the above, spread over a period of three years. They told the same tale. How often, indeed, had the blood of the populace run cold with the impending threat of destruction; yet, just as often did the crimson thunderbolt leash its power and tauntingly leave the city to the fears of its own helplessness. As a cat plays with a mouse, so did the Red forces play with the city of Yungshun. Repeated threats and sallies to the very

walls of the town slowly weakened the morale of the people and dissipated whatever spirit of resistance lay within the hearts of the defenders. The *coup de grâce* would inevitably come. And it fell, mercilessly and swiftly, on the night of November 6.

Some years ago, 1927 to be exact, a wave of Communism swept over China. Hardly a city or town escaped the deadly infection. Russia, the instigator of the movement, then began to use the opportunity thus presented for the furtherance of her own aims. She was not subtle enough, though, and wily China saw through the subterfuge. Communism went to the block. A number of military commanders remained Communistic in spirit and in deed. These were outlawed. Then began the slow process of extermination which has continued to the present day, the success of which remains a mooted question.

Perhaps the most notorious of these outlaw leaders is Ho Lung. Modern China has yet to produce his peer either in courage or in military strategy. He has roamed central and southern China at will, a picked force at his heels, a price on his head. The very terror of his name has opened the way for him; his wake, a scene of desolation and distress. Time and again, crack government troops have surrounded him, but to no avail. With uncanny directness he could pick out the weak spot in the encircling force and break through unscathed. Three years ago, he returned to his native haunts in

northwestern Hunan, and there he has remained.

Yungshun lies deep in the mountains of northwestern Hunan, not far from the converging borders of Hupeh, Szechuan, and Kweichow Provinces. Bearing the picturesque name of "City of Eternal Felicity," it had for centuries enjoyed untrammelled tranquillity. "Far from the madding world's ignoble strife," it pursued the even tenor of its way unmindful of aught that lay beyond its friendly barrier of mountains. The people were content to live and let live.

WITH the return of Ho Lung to his native hills (it was the return in the habiliments of a feared Red chieftain to the hills he had trod as a shepherd in his youth) Yungshun had reason to be shaken out of its age-old tranquillity. The home-coming of this former sheep herder would resound with shot and shell, and of rejoicing there would be no trace. This mountain metropolis would be the first to re-echo the tread of conquering feet, and feel the weight of the mailed fist wielded in ruthless fashion. Such came to pass, but not until the spirit of the people had been crushed and the valor of the natives dimmed to the last ember. When Yungshun fell, not a shot was fired, not a blow was dealt.

For three years, Ho Lung scourged the district to the north, the east, and the west of Yungshun. Towns and villages were laid waste, innocent people put to the sword, the wealthy held for ransom,



FR. TIMOTHY WAS GRIM AS HE LOOKED OUT OF THE YUNGSHUN MISSION WINDOW AT THE APPROACHING STORM.

crops carried off to the mountain strongholds of the invaders, and a reign of terror, fearful to behold, held undisputed sway. Panic followed panic. Behind locked gates, the terrified people ran hither and thither, crying piteously the while they waited for the Reds to begin storming the walls. Often the invading force would lie for days within striking distance, a tactic well guaranteed to keep the tension within the city highly keyed. Only one who has lived through such interminable days and nights in fearful apprehension knows the wearing strain of such a silent method of warfare. And thus did Ho Lung wear down the city until it was ripe for his entry.

At times, troops were sent into the district with the intention of driving out the invaders. The results were appalling. Whole regiments were wiped out. Few, if any, of the commanders dared to cross swords with Ho Lung a second time. He proved to be a matchless foe. On two occasions, he camped within shooting distance of Yungshun with the full knowledge that within the walls were several thousand armed troops. With the morning light, he broke camp and disappeared into the hills, his men with him. Not until he was out of sight did the soldiers behind the walls breathe easily. Then, with great display of armed might they left the city, hot in pursuit of the Red forces. They never returned. It was later learned that, once out of sight of the city, the troops turned off in another direction and quitted the region.

IT goes without saying, of course, that the missionaries shared with the people of Yungshun the apprehension due to these periodic visits of Ho Lung. Many a dark night they paced the small Mission compound, the city in panic on all sides, wondering what the next hour would bring. Two mules in waiting already saddled, the sacred vessels and valuable records buried in secret hiding places, a few belongings bundled together in case immediate flight should become imperative—with each dawn came a new day of watchful apprehension, a full day battling with alarming rumors. One missionary would catch a few hours' sleep

while the other watched, ready for any emergency. A wild rumor would have the Reds at the gates. Another would have them surrounding the city. A constant dilemma was the result, which added to the terrific nervous strain already intolerable. Should we abandon the Mission with the Reds so close? If they took the city, well and good. But, supposing this was merely another threat? Then the Mission would be looted before we could return! On the other hand, if we stayed to see, the Reds might actually take the city and escape would be impossible. Such was our daily existence for weeks at a time.

On occasion, Reds dressed in plain clothes would enter the city at night and leave posters behind. These propaganda sheets informed the people that when the city was in the hands of the Reds, a coming eventuality, the common folk would have nothing to fear. The Reds were the people's benefactors. They would clear the country of the people's oppressors—the rich who were robbing the people, the officials who were tyrannizing the people, and the Catholic missionaries who were deceiving the people. Any of these three classes could expect no mercy. Nor were these mere threats. The son of a rich merchant living next to the Mission fell into the hands of the Reds. His body was returned in a horribly mutilated condition. Such stimulating information did not make life more enjoyable for us.

SO the days dragged on until the Fall of 1934. That was the time when China, the whole world for that matter, was to witness the great Communist migration from the south of Kiangsi Province to the far reaches of Szechuan, an interrupted march of more than one hundred thousands Reds through the combined forces of troops from four provinces; an achievement that is destined to go down in history as one of the great military accomplishments of all time. Chiang Kai Shek, with the help of military strategists of other powers, had put his great plan of extermination into force after months of preparation.

The Chinese Soviet Republic had functioned in southern Kiangsi for several years, secure and well fortified. Chiang threw a strong encircling force around it, and with the help of a stringent boycott which prevented any supplies getting through to the Red camps, began the "great squeeze." No sooner had maneuvers begun than the Reds, under the leadership of Chu Teh, Mao Tse Tung and Hsiao K'eh, broke through the line of government troops on the Hunan border and began the great trek westwards. The huge army moved across the southern part of Hunan with but little opposition. At the Kweichow border, the army separated. Chu and Mao, with seventy or eighty thousand men, moved

on towards Szechuan in a diagonal line through Kweichow; Hsiao K'eh with the remaining number marched up the Hunan border with the purpose of joining forces with Ho Lung. This meeting was effected on November 4, some three days' march west of Yungshun. The combined forces without more ado began the invasion of northwestern Hunan. Yungshun was the first to fall.

THE missionaries of Yungshun, along with everyone else in China, had been following with great interest the movements of migrating Communists. Despite future eventualities that were sure to follow, it was a stirring thing to watch. Moreover, we were personally interested. It was to be hoped that Ho Lung would likewise move off to join his fellow Reds in Szechuan, a rich hunting ground to be sure. But the Reds had other plans, as we were soon to discover. Ho Lung did move away from Yungshun for a short time. He moved over into the neighboring province of Kweichow, for the purpose of routing any Kweichow troops that might be lurking on the border with the intention of attacking the separated army under Hsiao K'eh. He found some. In a few short savage battles, he cleared the way for the approaching Kiangsi Communists. It was soon evident that Hsiao K'eh and Ho Lung had picked Hunan as their prize.

November 4 was a Sunday. Mass for the Christians was finished and true Sunday quiet had settled over the Mission compound. Over a late cup of coffee, Father Timothy McDermott, C.P., and I were discussing the latest exploits of the trekking Communists, when the catechist of the Mission came in with the disturbing news that Ho and Hsiao had joined forces. The yamen had been notified to that effect, but reports were not available as to the further movements of the Reds. Our intelligence corps was then put into action. It consisted of several of the Mission boys who would scour the town picking up every possible rumor and story. From time to time they would report to the Mission. We would sift the mass of reports, remove the obviously false from the possibly true, and judge accordingly.

From the very peep of dawn on Monday, when the gates were opened to admit the country folk with their market wares, the city was given over to the spirit of fear; and, as the alarming rumors grew worse, tumultuous excitement gripped the town. Reports came in thick and fast from all points. The Reds were advancing on Yungshun in conquering style—the town and that village lay in ruins... some had the Red army numbering fifty thousand... others twenty and ten thousand... they were coming from three directions... the town had given up hope... this was the end, for the Reds would now make good their threats. And so



hour after hour! The future looked black, indeed. Sacred vessels were hidden along with valuable records and deeds. Personal belongings were packed in baskets; riding clothes donned, and the mules saddled.

AS the day progressed, the tension heightened. Every vestige of an appetite vanished. Attempts to hire coolies failed. Those available had been snatched up by the officials and kept by them under lock and key, ready to be pressed into action at a moment's notice. Other carriers had fled the town. We would be compelled to abandon everything except what we could carry personally. We kept constantly hoping against hope that this would prove to be another false threat at the city on the part of the Communists. But this was Reds' hour; and the future was to see them not only capture and sack Yungshun, but invade the greater part of our Vicariate.

Monday night was one long night of terror. At dusk, the gates began vomiting out humanity, fear-stricken multitudes seeking the safety of the mountains. Inside the city, the people ran about, frantic with terror. Behind the walls of the Mission compound comparative tranquillity reigned, but it was the quietness of extreme tension. Runners returned with the latest reports, spoke in agitated whispers. Each report was the same: The Reds were hourly approaching the city. . . . Yungshun was doomed. People ran hither and thither, their belongings strapped to their backs, whimpering children at each hand—not knowing which way to turn for refuge. Insane with panic, numbers gave way to primitive urges; so that robberies, slayings, and crimes of a baser nature added their gruesome presence to the already ungovernable violence of the stampeding populace. We listened silently to the frightened roar of the surging city as it welled over the walls from all directions. To be in peril of capture by the Reds was a disturbing thought, indeed, but to find ourselves penned up in a city of madmen drove fear into our very bones.

Thus did the night drag its slow length along. Sleep was out of the question. When the wave of fear had reached its height and the reports grew blacker with each hour, we both went to confession and commended ourselves to the care of the good Lord. The hours before dawn found the energy of the town spent; the tumult began to lessen, hope found a spark in the hearts of the harassed people. Yet, how often in the past had the Reds lay in wait throughout the night to attack their next victim with the coming of day. Perhaps, they were at that moment lying without the city, waiting for the first sign of dawn to fall on Yungshun. With such a possibility in mind, we both said Mass long



COAL BALLS, DRYING IN THE SUN. THE SOFT COAL IS POWDERED AND COMPRESSED INTO SMALL CAKE-LIKE BALLS FOR RETAIL SALE TO PEOPLE WHO MUST COUNT EVERY COPPER. THE REDS IN YUNGSHUN SACKED THE TOWN. SHOPS AND HOMES WERE ROBBED OF EVERYTHING THE COMMUNISTS COULD MOVE.

before the first appearance of light. As one celebrated, the other stood watch outside ready, if need be, to caution the celebrant hurriedly to complete the Holy Sacrifice. Dawn came, and with it anxious moments. The first reports carried reassuring news. The Reds were still steadily on the march, but too far off for any immediate worry.

For hours that afternoon, we paced the compound trying to lessen the intolerable tension. The sky was overcast; great lowering clouds rolled up the valley. The great mountains frowned down from their formidable heights, Yungshun's mighty barriers against the outside world. Our gaze fastened on the gap high in the mountains far to the southeast. That was the gateway to safety; to us deep in the valley it seemed to grow higher and more difficult of access each moment. Away to the north another gap loomed through the gray skies. That was Yungshun's other point of entry and egress and the one through which the surging force of Reds was to come. Forbidding hills, foreboding skies . . . bad omens.

The storm broke. Driven indoors by the lashing downpour, we stood by a window and watched. Above on the Chinese tiles the rain thrummed incessantly; blinding sheets of water flung themselves across the compound, drenching the sturdy walls of the church and the Mission buildings beyond. And above the strident clamor of the driving rain could be heard the subdued roar of the wind as it hurled itself down through the valley from its mountain heights. The storm was so fascinating that it drove far from my mind all thoughts of Reds.

But Father Timothy was grim. He stood gazing out into the storm, the furrows of his brow deepening the while. He was thinking. A veteran missionary, one whose varied experiences would

read as high adventure, his unfailing sense of humor and coolness in the face of danger had been a veritable tonic to me, a youngster, face to face with my first mission adventure. We had been through months of tension and wearing strain together, through sleepless nights and anxious days.

"Weather made to order for the Reds," remarked Father Timothy as he turned from the window. "They're opportunists of the first order, and with weather like this to camouflage their movements they can strike with deadly and unlooked for precision. There'll be trouble tonight."

And there was.

Darkness fell, and with it the city's tranquillity disappeared. The horrors of the preceding night were repeated. We prepared for another long night of watchful waiting. No runners had reported for some hours. No doubt, they had taken advantage of the storm to get a few hours of rest, as the poor lads had been on the go ceaselessly for two days and a night. Yet that short relaxation almost proved our undoing.

THE hour was about nine. Father Timothy was brewing some coffee; a needed stimulant, with another sleepless night in view. I was trying to get some added nerve tonic by perusing the perky pages of Father Feeney's *Fish on Friday*. But it was no go. Even the sparkling humor of that gifted Jesuit failed to dispel the feeling that we were sitting on a keg of powder with the lighted fuse sizzling merrily away. Then it happened.

At the first knock, Father Timothy had swung around from the table. I had leaped out of the chair.

"What's up? What's up?" Father Timothy quickly asked.

"The Reds!" gasped the catechist. "The Reds! They're here!"

For a full moment we stood stunned. This was startling. We had been banking on having reliable information in time to make a clean getaway. Now we were nipped properly. Before the catechist could get another word out, a stampede of feet brought the runners bursting into the room. They were excited to the point of incoherence. Out of the welter of vociferous utterings, we learned that the Reds were storming the north gate, the city was in a tumult of frenzy, crowds were pouring out of the east gate, bedlam had let loose, and all was lost.

Father Timothy swung on the catechist.

"Where is the magistrate?"

"He fled an hour ago," burst out the catechist.

"And the yamen officials?"

"They, too, have gone. Everybody,

merchants, officials, all that have cause to fear the Reds have fled the town."

"There's a chance yet," said Father Timothy to me as he started across the room. "Let's go."

Into the little oratory he ran, where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved, one Particle in a sick call Pyx. I ran into the office, swept what little money we had on hand and a few odds and ends into a small hand bag, and hurriedly thrust on a rain coat. Father Timothy reappeared almost immediately, placed the chalice into the bag and snapped it shut. Into a raincoat he went. We snatched hats, picked up a couple of lanterns, and fled into the night. The rain was still pouring down. It was bitterly cold, and utterly dark.

A pause at the gate of the Mission. A hurried instruction to one of the boys to get the horseman out with the mules if

possible, and catch up to us somewhere on the road. Every moment was precious, and to wait until the mules could be saddled might be fatal. Then we stepped out into the street.

"Make for the east gate, Fathers!" yelled out the gateman as we ran through the rain, "there's still a chance at that end." Fortunately, the Mission was located at the east end of the city. The east gate lay not more than six blocks away.

But those six blocks might as well have been six leagues if the Reds got there before us.

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*Next month The Sign will carry the thrilling story of the two Yungshun missionaries' escape from the Reds.*

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# Campaigning for Christ in Supu

By Raphael Vance, C.P.

*"AND going out, they went about through the towns, preaching the gospel, and healing everywhere."* These few words of Saint Luke's Gospel tell in brief the work the priests and catechists of the Supu Mission have been doing during the summer. The words of our Divine Saviour, "Going therefore, teach ye all nations—teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," are constantly echoing and re-echoing in the heart and soul of every missionary. Often does the priest ask himself how he is carrying out this supreme command, of Jesus Christ—Saviour of Souls. How often in his moments before the Blessed Sacrament does the priest beseech the Divine Shepherd to show him ways and means to bring more and more souls to the knowledge and love of God?

Thus it was that Father Dominic Langenbacher, C.P., and myself planned a method of propagating religion throughout the Supu district during the present summer. The beginning and inspiration for our novel way of saving souls, came from His Excellency, our Most Reverend Bishop O'Gara, who two years ago suggested that in Supu we try out the scheme of saving souls by means of Traveling Catechists. This we did, and for over a year had one catechist who was not attached to any particular Mission-Station, but who went from village to village through the countryside, preaching and making known to the people what the Catholic Church is and what it teaches. While the efforts of this zealous catechist were successful in

bringing many to the Faith, yet we saw many ways in which such Catholic Action could be improved. Our plans and efforts were influenced and encouraged by a zealous Chinese priest, who was using a similar method in Shantung.

Supu is blessed in having six of the most zealous, energetic and self-sacrificing men catechists that it has yet been my pleasure to meet in China. That our campaign of ten weeks (half over at this writing) has been successful, is due after the grace of God, mostly to these zealous helpers, for the whole-hearted way in which they threw themselves into the work, and their ready docility in following the lead and suggestions of the priests.

These catechists are not only well-read and instructed in Catholic doctrine, but each, for several years past, has had practical experience in daily teaching and preaching. It is truly marvelous to see these men speak. Their profound knowledge of every phase of religion is gained by constant reading and deep study. The concise, clear and forceful way they are able to deliver their prepared talk to an audience, is something that must be heard to be properly appreciated. Add to this the good example of their simple and devout lives, and it is not so surprising that such lay apostles can accomplish great things.

To prepare these catechists for the campaign we were about to start in Supu, it was decided to open a Summer School for them, giving them an intensive special training for the work. Summer and

vacation go hand in hand even in China, yet never once was there a complaint or a slackening of effort during the twenty-one days of immediate preparation. After assisting at the Holy Sacrifice each morning, the day was divided between study and class. The classes (two a day) lasted about two hours. Each catechist took his turn in delivering a talk. The title and subject of the talk was given beforehand so that not only the speaker but the others could read and study the matter in question. The subject matter of these talks was the fundamental truths, especially those having more direct relation to pagans—the existence of a Supreme Being, man's creation by God, man's immortal soul, the punishment of the wicked and the reward of the good, the need of religion. Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism, Superstitions, etc., were also studied.

A HALF an hour was allowed for the talk. Then the other five catechists and the two priests each in turn criticised it, either as to the matter treated, or the manner of delivery. If the talk elicited praise, the reason for the commendation had to be given. Thus the remarks of the audience and the way the speaker accepted the same, well bespoke the high ideals and zeal of the catechists. This part of the class took three-quarters of an hour, and was most thorough. The catechists and priests each in turn threw an objection or asked for an explanation of a point of doctrine, that had some connection with the subject matter. This



FRS. RAPHAEL VANCE, C.P. AND DOMINIC LANGENBACHER, C.P., WITH THE CATECHISTS OF THE SUPU DISTRICT. THEIR TOUR THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE AND THE GRATIFYING RESULTS IT BROUGHT ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE.

part of the class was most interesting for it showed that the audience was well versed in the topic, while the quick retort and clear explanations of the speaker and the clever way an objection was often turned against the one who used it, demonstrated how well these catechists were prepared, and how fit they were to speak in public.

On July sixteenth the Catechists' Summer School closed. The next day the annual retreat for catechists was begun by Father Dominic. The serious and earnest way they went through the spiritual exercises was indeed a great encouragement to the priests who foresaw that the work of propagating religion through Supu countryside, must needs be a success when these catechists in such a whole-hearted way, entered into the campaign for Christ.

**A**FTER the spiritual exercises we had two days to prepare ourselves for the road. We informed the Supu Magistrate of the work we were about to do throughout the district, giving a list of the nineteen towns and villages we expected to visit. In a most gracious answer he thanked us and sent us three documents addressed to the head officials of the three counties, telling them the object of our visit, that all kindness and courtesy be shown us, and that protection be given us, from the bandits who indeed were quite plentiful and active. The Magistrate likewise had published in the Supu newspaper an account of the work about to be done in his district by the Catholic Church.

Another phase of the work was the dispensing of medicine to the sick and ailing, salves and ointments for the sores and wounds of the poor suffering people in the country villages and hamlets. The Supu Christians in a very fine spirit of cooperation contributed \$60.00 to buy the medicines that were to be distributed. Thus the Christians were having a part in our campaign for Christ—doing in

their own way practical Catholic Action. Besides in all the Supu Mission Stations special prayers were daily offered for the success of this work for Souls.

A good pagan friend of the Mission living in Supu, lent us his portable phonograph and a number of Chinese musical records. Knowing how little entertainment the country people get, we felt sure a "Foreign Music Box" would be a marvel to them and a certain drawing card to get a crowd. Thus whilst giving them an entertainment, and medicine for their poor bodies, we would give them something more important and more precious—something for their immortal souls. We would tell them of the Great God Who made them, Who loves them as a most dear Father, and Who suffered and died for their salvation.

Our first stop was to be at Tsifang, fifty Chinese miles from Supu. When we reached Kiaokiang not quite half way, we were informed that Tsifang was unsafe because of bandits, and that a village we were to pass through had been robbed only the night previous. This discouragement was encouraging to us. Anything worth-while is generally accomplished by over-coming many obstacles. We expected these for if the campaign for Christ was to accomplish any good for souls, it must expect and vanquish hindrances and opposition.

The first night found us in a small village called "Three-Plank Bridge." Here we began our campaign. At 7:30 P.M. we set up our phonograph in an open spot. The music in this lonely country hamlet of about fifteen houses had enchanted the people and a crowd of about seventy gathered in a circle around us. After a half hour of the phonograph there was an intermission. Then I rose and addressed these good simple people. In a few words I explained to them the two-fold purpose of our visit, to help their bodies by giving medicine to the sick, and to do good to their souls by telling them about the One True and Only

God, and what they must do to please Him.

Briefly I gave the theme of the evening's discourse and introduced the catechist who was to speak. After a half hour's talk began the questioning. One of our own crowd would then make an objection or said he differed on a certain point. This was a surprise to the audience to hear anyone publically object to a statement made by such a respectful speaker. Their attention quickened and they edged in closer to see how the catechist would act and how he would respond. The catechist briefly answered the objection and brought out clearly and with greater emphasis the point in question. The nodding of the heads of the audience, and often times their verbal approval of the catechist's words showed they understood and that the seed of God's Word was being sowed in the hearts of these poor pagan people. The fact that the catechist always replied graciously to any question encouraged the people to have their own difficulties cleared up, so that occasionally they would venture to enquire about some doctrine. The questions and answers took from a half to three quarters of an hour. Then there was more music for about twenty minutes and our first day's work came to a close.

**A**T 9:30 that night, a few minutes after our work was finished, there was a bandit alarm. Bandits, a few hundred feet from where we were stopping, were said to be robbing a house. It was thought safer for the priest to leave and return to Kiaokiang. So in pitch-darkness accompanied by my Mass-server and a carrier bearing the Mass-kit, we tramped several miles through the rice fields back to the Kiaokiang Mission, reaching there around midnight. The next morning I returned to Three-Plank Bridge to say Mass. Then I found out the bandit alarm of the previous night was nothing more than a "scare." But the place was not safe so we decided to return to Kiaokiang.

We stayed in Kiaokiang a week. Each night our Doctrine class was put on at a different place. The officials and people of these large towns were most kind and courteous to us. Our request to use the store front of any shop was never refused. These kind hearted pagan merchants treated us as guests, serving tea and refreshments and cigarettes to our little band. The phonograph was mounted on a box atop the store counter and the crowd would gather in the street. Our second night there were ninety who heard doctrine. During the daytime sixty came to the Mission for medicine. The rest of the week in Kiaokiang we had on the average of one hundred and thirty a night to listen. Several people in this town called at the Mission and enquired how they should go about becoming Christians. One merchant who gave us the use of his store, asked us to come



there another night, as he wanted his whole family to enter the Church. Our work in Kiaokiang was indeed encouraging—but the response was nothing compared to the whole-hearted way we were received by the simple country folks. On July 31st we started for a large village called Yu-Yang, twenty-two Chinese miles away. We didn't mind the heavy downpour of rain, as it gave us relief from the torrid heat and made travel more bearable.

At this place we were housed in an ancestral temple that was also used as a school. In such country places meat as a rule can be bought only on market day (every five days). Though it was not market day, we were surprised to find a banquet prepared for us. The head of the school knowing we were due there, had the previous day sent into Kiaokiang and bought meat and all the trimmings for the banquet he gave in our honor. The local official called and made the gift of a chicken, whilst the official of the next village gave me a dozen fresh eggs. As the scholars had not yet been disbanded for summer vacation we gave them a little music and an hour of doctrine in the afternoon. That evening and the next two nights the officials, the head of the school and practically all the people of the place came and heard doctrine. The morning of the fourth day as we were getting ready to leave, an invitation from the local official came saying a banquet was prepared for us. So at 11 A.M. we sat down to a hearty dinner of pork, chicken, fish and about ten vegetables. The official thanked us for our visit, saying he hoped we would come there often and stay longer.

THAT afternoon we reached a village eighteen Chinese miles away called Hwang-Cha-Lao. Here too we were invited to make headquarters in the Ancestral Temple, also serving as a school. The superintendent of country schools resided in this place. He was afraid the people of the village would not have heard of our arrival, so he had a boy go through the place ringing the school hand-bell and announcing that the priest and catechists from the "Tien Chu Tang" (Catholic Church) had arrived and all were invited to the Ancestral Temple that night. We spent two nights in this place. Over three hundred heard doctrine and one hundred and ten received medical help.

We returned to the village across the river from Kiaokiang, called Lo-Cha-Po and for two nights preached doctrine on the street there to two hundred and fifty. Then on August 7th we pushed off in another direction and reached a lovely country place called Tsao-Po, nestling at the foot of a lofty mountain. It would be hard to describe the great beauty of this little village. And as for the people of the place, I have yet to meet with so many

gracious, kind and cheerful inhabitants living together. A large school was given for the use of our little band. The first two nights we held forth in a large Ancestral Temple. One hundred and ninety-seven heard us the first night, two hundred and thirty the second night, and two hundred and forty-six on the third night when we gave our show in another temple by special invitation.

The official of the place and a number of people brought us gifts of tea, chickens, eggs, corn and fruit. When the children heard we were to leave after three days they begged us stay longer—"at least stay a month here Father," said one lad. The grown-ups were the same and our last night there the head of the village publicly asked us to come at least twice a year. That night in my introductory remarks I asked the audience if they wanted us to come again. One man in the crowd yelled out: "And why wouldn't we want you to come again?" Surely this place is ready for the grace of God. May the seed planted there bring forth much fruit. If this whole village became Catholic in a few years it would not surprise me, so well disposed were they to the Church.

From there we returned to Kiaokiang for a day and then started for Pa-Men (Eight Gate Village) ten Chinese miles in another direction. Here we were met by a delegation of Christians welcoming us with fire-crackers. Here we lived in the home of one of our Christians. For two nights doctrine was preached in a great open space in front of his house, but the third night we held our meeting in an Ancestral Temple having a fine crowd of three hundred and thirty.

On the feast of the Assumption we took to the road again, arriving at Ta-Wan, twelve Chinese miles distance, where we spent four days. Here we lived at the home of one of our catechists. During our stay here several hundred heard doctrine. From Ta-Wan I returned to

Supu, being relieved by Father Dominic who was to spend the second month with the catechists. Our campaign will continue for ten weeks, ending October 1st. Shortly after that we will re-open our Doctrine School in Supu. Judging from the average number who to date have heard doctrine, there will be about 15,000 who will have learned something of God, their immortal souls, and the Catholic Church by the end of our campaign, and around 2,000 will have received medical aid.

In this account I have emphasized the work done for the pagans during our visits. I did not mention the good opportunity our visits to the various places gave to the Christians living there to approach the Sacraments. For instance, besides the daily attendance at the Holy Sacrifice—during the first month there was one baptism, three received Extreme Unction, and two hundred and forty-eight approached the Sacraments.

THAT this method of propagating our holy religion is a success, is a great encouragement to us and a powerful incentive to improve it so as to make it more effective. We acknowledge with deepest gratitude God's grace and the protection of our Blessed Mother in our campaign. Also we extol with grateful hearts, Blessed Gemma Galgani whom we made special patroness. The good seed has been sown and now we must cultivate it. We plan to give a one day visit a month to each locality where we preached. A day once a month spent at each of these places, will give the local Christians a chance to approach the Sacraments, and pagans a further opportunity to hear of God and His Holy Church.

This plan will have automatically added from fifteen to twenty out-Stations to the Supu Mission, plus the expense of renting a house or hiring a catechist. I ask THE SIGN readers to pray for the success of this apostolic work.



JOY, SERIOUSNESS, SHYNESS ARE EXPRESSED BY THIS GROUP OF CHILDREN AT LUNG-TAN, HUNAN. THEIR PASTOR, FATHER ERNEST CUNNINGHAM, C.P., FINDS A QUICK RESPONSE FROM THESE HEALTHY, UNSPOILED CHILDREN OF HIS COUNTRY FLOCK

## Archconfraternity of the Passion

THE New Year is usually a time for the making of resolutions for the following twelve months. Members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion may take inspiration from the Feast of the Circumcision of our Lord, which coincides with the civil New Year, to resolve to be more than ever in earnest in living in the letter and the spirit of their membership.

It may be that you have not heretofore taken your membership in the Archconfraternity very seriously; or perhaps, though you have tried to be faithful to its spirit you could do much better. Would it not be worthwhile, therefore, at the beginning of this New Year to resolve, not in a general and hazy way, but in a definite manner to read a portion of the *Rule of Life* each day, or at least each Friday, and to strive to observe it in such a manner that you can say, in all truth, that you "deny yourself, and take up your cross and follow Christ?"

In this, the whole purpose of the Archconfraternity consists. It is the end which the members should have in view, and it is for this reason that the Pope has granted so many and such great indulgences in favor of the members.

The good which results from living in the spirit of the *Rule of Life* is made evident from the letters which come to me. As an instance, the following was received from a very distinguished gentleman who occupies a high position as Judge of a State Supreme Court: "Since joining the Archconfraternity I have tried to read some part of the *Rule of Life* each day. I have found it a source of strength and comfort. I would feel lost without it now. My few members are faithful to the Rule. I hope some time we shall have a larger membership here. . . . How grateful I was when I learned that I could be identified with the Passionist Order and could help a little in its great work."

Living in the shadow of the Cross of Christ will bring us into closest companionship with Him. That is what the Archconfraternity aims to do.

Information concerning the Archconfraternity and the *Rule of Life* will be gladly furnished to all. Please address your letters to:

REV. RAYMUND KOHL, C.P., GENERAL DIRECTOR.

ST. MICHAEL'S MONASTERY, UNION CITY, N. J.

## Gemma's League of Prayer

BLESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League of Prayer.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

"The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

### SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

Masses Said .....	34
Masses Heard .....	33,351
Holy Communions .....	29,806
Visits to B. Sacrament .....	52,537
Spiritual Communions .....	58,931
Benediction Services .....	14,727
Sacrifices, Sufferings .....	57,177
Stations of the Cross .....	11,967
Visits to the Crucifix .....	37,186
Beads of the Five Wounds .....	10,925
Offerings of PP. Blood .....	119,245
Visits to Our Lady .....	22,275
Rosaries .....	46,174
Beads of the Seven Dolors .....	6,865
Ejaculatory Prayers .....	1,319,944
Hours of Study, Reading .....	31,778
Hours of Labor .....	63,884
Acts of Kindness, Charity .....	36,463
Acts of Zeal .....	160,352
Prayers, Devotions .....	287,626
Hours of Silence .....	42,892
Various Works .....	118,040
Holy Hours .....	688

### ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Ecclus. 7: 37.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

**K**INDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

REV. ANGELO RAUBER, C.P.  
MOST REV. PHILIP R. McDEVITT  
VERY REV. J. J. STENGLEIN  
RT. REV. AURELIO BACCARINI  
REV. J. B. MURPHY  
REV. JOHN M. STENSON  
REV. WM. F. KIELY  
REV. OTTO STAUBLE  
REV. STEPHEN C. HALLISSEY  
REV. E. LAWRENCE O'CONNELL  
REV. ALFRED L. HENKE  
SR. TERESA GENEVIEVE  
SR. ANNA MARIA, S.S.J.  
SR. M. PHILLIS  
SR. MARY ANTONIO  
EDWARD J. LOCKE  
ALBERT MCCORMICK  
DANIEL P. SHANAHAN  
MARY ANN JUDGE  
JOHN B. MURPHY  
MARGRET MADIGAN  
JOHN McCAUL  
MR. W. F. REED  
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L. HERBERT WHITE  
MRS. J. MAIHOELZER  
NELLIE SMITH  
JOHN SULLIVAN  
GORMAN MILLER  
WILLIAM J. BRAY  
MARY FLOEGER  
MRS. THOMAS M. MULRY

GEORGE WEAVER  
JAMES F. MALONE  
MRS. SEITH W. COBB  
ANNA CURRIE  
KATE SOMMERS  
CHARLES LOEVER  
ANNA CONNOLLY  
GENEVIEVE SANDERS  
MRS. MARTIN J. WALSH  
MRS. C. B. WRIGHT  
MAY C. KERN  
MRS. JAMES SEAMON  
MRS. MAX MANSMANN  
MRS. M. HAAG  
MATILDA G. SEAMEN  
MICHAEL J. MURPHY  
GEORGE E. DUQUETTE  
MARY CULLEN  
MRS. H. L. HENNESSEY  
CAROLINE M. FUSTING  
MRS. FRANK ROTH  
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CATHERINE McDERMOTT  
J. SULLIVAN  
CATHERINE KELLY  
MRS. ELMER J. LECHLEITER  
ALICE TOOMEY  
MR. D. J. McRELVAY  
THOMAS LEONARD  
MAY LEONARD  
EDWIN H. DILLARD  
MARY F. MICHAELS  
MRS. FRANK SWEENEY  
E. W. SILVES  
SARAH HUGHES  
MRS. J. P. MAHER  
MAUD DEBBE  
MRS. A. WOHLFARTH  
GEORGE GUNTHER  
FRANK T. DEBOUT  
C. T. HURLEY  
FLORENCE RUSSELL  
BEE FARRELL

MRS. T. McGUIRE  
DR. W. J. GUNDELACH  
MICHAEL WHELAN  
MR. M. D. GRIFFIN  
MADELINE ROONEY  
ADAM HEEG  
MARY A. CALLAGHAN  
JOHN HOGAN  
EDWARD F. HOGAN  
MAY C. NOLAN  
CLARENCE WARD  
JOHN ROONEY  
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MARGARET GRIFFIN  
CATHERINE BUTTE  
FREDERICK VETTER  
MARY LYDON  
MRS. M. WITTMER  
MARGARET M. BURTON  
FRED Mollenkamp, SR.  
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DANIEL T. BUCKLEY  
KATHERINE V. DONOHUE  
MATTHEW TOOMEY  
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MRS. E. MORAN  
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ROSE McNAMEE  
ROBERT PRAIKSHATIS  
PETER FERRON  
JOHN T. KELLY  
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MARGARET E. SHORT  
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JOHN F. MULLANEY  
JOHN E. BRADY  
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MRS. JOHN GOTTMEYER  
MARTHA O'HAGAN  
LOUISE GARDIA  
J. F. CONNERY  
FRANCIS HOWE  
CATHERINE McQUILLAN  
REINHOLD LAUTERHAHN  
MRS. T. J. MALONEY  
MARY HANBAHAN

**M**AY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.  
Amen.

# SCIENCE AND THE SUPERNATURAL

By Arnold Lunn

**I**S nature self-explanatory? Is the origin of species a problem which is ultimately soluble in terms of natural law? Or do we find in the history of the past and in the facts of the present evidence of the intrusion of supernatural forces into the natural order?

The Victorian secularists had their naive solution to this problem. They accepted with simple faith the great dogma "Miracles don't occur," and rejected all facts which did not square with that hypothesis.

Had you asked a Victorian secularist to justify his simple child-like faith in this grand dogma of his sect, he would probably have replied that science has established certain natural laws, and that it is therefore unscientific to believe in any miracle which violates the laws in question. Now the very expression "law of nature" is misleading. All that science can record are certain sequences. Strictly speaking there are no "laws of nature." The movements of an individual atom are as unpredictable as the life expectation of an individual man. Insurance companies, however, are solvent because life expectations are predictable in the mass and science achieves practical results because the behavior of atoms in the aggregate can often be calculated with great accuracy. As Sir Arthur Eddington remarks, "The eclipse in 1899 is as safe as the balance of a life-insurance company; the next quantum jump of an atom is as uncertain as your life and mine." And he adds, "Statistical laws relate to the behavior of crowds and depend on the fact that although the behavior of each individual may be extremely uncertain, average results can be predicted with confidence. Much of the apparent uniformity of nature is a uniformity of averages."

## Rare Coincidences

**I**N the same book, *The Nature of the Physical World*, Sir Arthur Eddington describes what happens when we place a foot on a floor composed of wooden planks. "The plank has no solidity of substance. To step on it is like stepping on a swarm of flies. Shall I not slip through? No, if I make the venture one of the flies hits me and gives a boost up again; I fall again and am knocked upwards by another fly; and so

*THE relations between science and the supernatural are a favorite topic with Mr. Lunn. After examining the relations between the two he concludes in the words of a great scientist:—"Science positively confirms creative power, which it compels us to accept as an article of faith."*

on. I may hope that the net result will be that I remain about steady; but if unfortunately I should slip through the floor or be boosted too violently up to the ceiling, the occurrence would be, not a violation of the laws of Nature, but a rare coincidence."

## The Laws of Nature

**"S**URELY this tells against miracles," the reader may reply, "if on entering a room you are flung violently against the ceiling, you would not be entitled to deduce spirit agency. The correct conclusion would be that some of Eddington's flies had behaved in a rather unusual fashion. You are merely the victim of a rare coincidence, and perhaps the Resurrection may be explained on some such lines."

Perhaps it may. The believer in miracles does not pretend coercively to refute all conceivable alternative hypotheses. He only claims to have opted for the more probable hypothesis. I enter the room and find myself flung violently against the ceiling. You ask me to believe that this is merely an Eddingtonian coincidence, and I ask you to quote some precedent in recorded history for a coincidence against which the chances are so fantastically enormous. There is no such precedent, but there is good evidence for the existence of playful poltergeists who specialize in pranks such as this, and probability and precedent being the basis of my rule of faith, I opt for the poltergeist solution.

Incidentally I doubt if Sir Arthur Eddington will succeed in exorcising the well-established, expression "law of nature," from the scientific vocabulary, and I for one shall continue to use this expression with a mental reservation to the effect that the word "law" is, strictly speaking, misleading.

Now my first point is that a miracle is not a violation of a law of nature. If

a scientist who makes use of the pre-Eddingtonian terminology assures us that the laws of nature enable us to predict certain sequences, he always assumes that these sequences will not be modified by will. An apple falls from a branch, and science predicts the usual apple-striking-ground sequence, subject always to the proviso that the apple is not intercepted by a human hand propelled by human will. If this interception occurs, the law of gravity will not have been violated, but its effects will have been modified. Similarly a scientist would have predicted that the Belgian laborer De Rudder, who walked into a shrine with the separated bones in his right leg protruding through a suppurating sore, would emerge in very much the same distressing condition. In point of fact De Rudder emerged with his bones united and his wound healed. No law of nature was violated. All that this well-attested modern miracle proves is that the normal effects of natural law have in this particular case, been modified by superhuman will.

## Postulating an Undiscovered Cause

**W**HEN I return from town in the evening, I often find that the books and papers which I left on the floor have returned to my desk. I do not assume that the law of gravity has been violated, and that these books and papers have flown up to the desk. I assume that a human will, my wife's, has intruded itself into my room and rearranged matters.

I believe in miracles because I believe in free will, with a rider to this belief that God's will is as free as mine. I do not see why we should deny to the Supreme Governor of the universe a right which we claim for ourselves, the right to rearrange matter.

It is a well-established scientific principle that if a particular event can be



completely explained as the result of certain known causes, we can exclude other causes from consideration, but if a particular event cannot be explained in terms of known causes, we can postulate some other and additional cause as yet undiscovered.

Let us apply this principle to nature.

Nature, organic and inorganic, owes its form partly to inanimate agencies (such as water, wind and frost), and partly to animate agencies such as men, animals and vegetables. Is it possible to explain all known natural phenomena in terms of these causes? If not, the scientific course is to accept, at least as a provisional hypothesis the existence of supernatural agencies. My dog who has just strayed into the room is puzzled by a book lying on the floor, and has taken a good sniff at the binding. His sense of smell is keener than mine, and consequently his scientific observations of the nature, and physical material of which the book is composed, are probably more accurate than my own, but the book conveys more to me than it does to my dog. The materialistic scientist can discover facts about the binding with which the book of nature is bound, which will never be discovered by the saint, but within the covers of that book the mind of God is revealed in language which the saint can read.

My dog is bored with the book. He has smelt it and prodded it and wandered off in search of a rat. To my dog the book is just a lump of matter, not the medium through which one mind communicates with another. My dog reminds me of the secularist who denies the existence of agencies other than those of which he is immediately aware through his senses. But it is difficult to see why this attitude should be described as scientific.

As that distinguished French scientist, Professor Richet, remarks, "Why should there not be intelligent puissant beings distinct from those perceptible to our senses? By what right should we dare to affirm, on the basis of our limited senses, our defective intellect, and our scientific past, as yet hardly three centuries old, that in the vast cosmos man is the sole intelligent being, and that all mental reality always depends upon nerve cells irrigated by oxygenated blood?"

### Evidence Alone Conclusive

NOW the question as to whether these "puissant beings" do or do not exist must clearly be settled by an examination of the evidence and of the evidence alone, but it is precisely the appeal to evidence which the secularist dreads. He far prefers to appeal to a private revelation of his own. Indeed he claims to settle this question much as Johnson settled the theory which Boswell describes as "Bishop Berkeley's in-

genious sophistry to prove the non-existence of matter and that everything in the universe is merely ideals."

"I shall never forget," said Boswell, "the alacrity with which Johnson answered. Striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone, he rebounded from it, and exclaimed, 'I refute it thus.'"

The modern secularist reverses this method. He withdraws his gaze from the solid facts of supernormal phenomena to prove their non-existence. The older school of secularists still pretended to refute miracles by argument. The modern secularist does not argue; he knows. He commands us to accept the first premise, unproved and unprovable, that natural law is supreme.

### Atheistic Credulity

IT is a pity that scientists have not yet invented an evidence metre for the scientific measuring of evidence. No secularist would dare to test his own beliefs by some such evidence metre. Secularists choose their beliefs on much the same principle that women choose hats, to suit their mental complexion. The atheist, for instance, accepts with naive faith the dogma that all living things are descended from a primordial cell, and that this primordial cell emerged by a process of spontaneous generation from lifeless matter. The atheist, who does not even pretend to offer any evidence for the spontaneous generation of the primordial cell, an event which, if it occurred at all, occurred in the remote past, an event which was unwitnessed and unrecorded, an event which conflicts with all existing knowledge of life, none the less rejects without examination the evidence for miracles, evidence direct, contemporary, recorded and witnessed, and moreover checked and assisted by the perfected technique of modern scientific research. The credulity with which the atheist accepts those beliefs which accord with his prejudices is only equalled by the idiotic scepticism with which he rejects any facts which conflict with his parochial outlook.

The true scientist would approach the problem of agencies external to this planet much as a collection of castaways would approach the problem of agencies external to an uninhabited island on which they were wrecked. If they were to discover on the sands footmarks which clearly did not correspond with any of their own footmarks they would deduce that the island had been recently visited. Now we are all castaways upon an island in space. Many of the footprints on our island can be accounted for by the existence of the inhabitants of this island, but there are other imprints which suggest the intrusion into the affairs of this planet of a visitor from some other realm.

Long before the planet Neptune was seen through a telescope, the fact of its existence had been inferred by Le Verrier as the only possible explanation for the erratic "perturbations" of the planet Uranus. The movements of Uranus were inexplicable excepting on the assumption that its orbit was affected by agencies other than the agencies of known planets. Le Verrier was a scientist. He did not say, "These perturbations of Uranus are very puzzling, but the science of the future will one day explain them without invoking the distressing hypothesis of a planet that no astronomer has as yet discovered. I know that astronomers are, if not infallible, at least quasi-infallible, and that no unknown planet could therefore have escaped their detection. I therefore appeal with confidence to the future to explain these puzzling perturbations in terms of planets which are known to exist."

Just as it proved impossible to explain the perturbations of Uranus in terms of known planets, so it is impossible to explain the "perturbations" in the world around us in terms of agencies as yet recognized by official science. Now since the word "supernatural" raises prejudice and clouds the judgment of otherwise intelligent people, let us provisionally describe the agents responsible for these perturbations as Agent X, and let us describe the group of natural agencies, animate and inanimate, as Agents N.

The evolutionary problem may then be stated in the following form. Is the origin and evolution of species a problem which is capable of ultimate explanation in terms of Agents N, or is it necessary to invoke the hypothesis of Agent X?

### Reasons for Accepting Evolution

NOW the geological record provides evidence of evolution within comparatively narrow limits, but no real evidence for evolution transcending these narrow limits. The geological record is therefore consistent with the theory of the special creation of new types, and their subsequent evolution within narrow limits, and is inconsistent with the theory of the natural evolution of all living things from one primordial cell. This is, in effect, admitted by many scientists who are themselves convinced evolutionists. Professor D. M. S. Watson, for instance, blurted out the real truth at the meeting of the British Association in 1929. He was indiscreet enough to admit that the reason for "the universal acceptance of evolution" was that "the only alternative, 'special creation,' was clearly incredible." Being a scientist he did not think it necessary to produce any evidence, philosophic or scientific, against the doctrine which his inner light had rejected as incredible.

That great evolutionist, Yves Delage, admitted that the belief in evolution rests not on facts scientifically established, but on faith. "I am however thoroughly persuaded," he wrote, "that one is or is not a transformist, not so much for reasons deduced from natural history, as for motives based on personal philosophic opinions. If there existed some other scientific hypothesis besides that of descent to explain the origin of species, many transformists would abandon their present opinion as not being sufficiently demonstrated. . . . If one takes his stand upon the exclusive ground of the facts,\* it must be acknowledged that the formation of one species from another species has not been demonstrated at all."

### Working Hypotheses

IT is perhaps not surprising that in an age which is losing its faith in reason and its confidence in the power of the human mind to arrive at objective truth, we should expect to get good results from a working hypothesis irrespective of whether that working hypothesis be true or false. I have an obstinate inner conviction, for which I can offer no adequate objective proof that a working hypothesis will be useful if it be true and mischievous if it be false. And even the most ardent evolutionist would agree that we should have to scrap many of our accepted theories if evolution were disproved, for these theories are conclusions derived from the premise that evolution is true. Our ideas of prehistoric geography would have to be revolutionized. If special creation has occurred, there is no difficulty in accepting the fact that identical species may have been specially created in continents which have always been separated by the sea. If we rule out special creation we cannot reasonably be asked to believe that fortuitous evolution should have produced identical results in regions which had forever been completely isolated from each other.

One need not go all the way with Commander Acworth to agree with the main thesis of his book *This Progress*, that the social and ethical results of the evolutionary hypothesis have not been uniformly beneficial.

In conclusion let me consider one of the most popular arguments against the reality of the miraculous. "Christians," says the atheist, "fall back on God as an explanation for phenomena which science has so far failed to explain. God is merely a shorthand term for 'I don't yet know,' but as science advances, the gaps narrow, and God gets squeezed into a more and more restricted space."

Professor J. B. S. Haldane used this argument in our correspondence. (*Science and the Supernatural*.)

\*The italics are mine. A. L.

"Secondly the historical argument appeals to me," he wrote. "In primitive societies such as those of West and Central Africa, all phenomena not understood, e.g. all non-violent deaths, are put down to the activity of spirits. As knowledge increases more and more of them are explained in other ways. I am sufficiently impressed by the history of science to suppose that this sort of thing will go on."

Let us note in passing that Professor Haldane is, in effect, adopting the method of the old witch doctor, though he has reversed his categories. The witch doctor refused to take into consideration natural causes, and attempted to explain all phenomena in relation to supernatural agencies. The witch doctor was lazy, for he was trying to oversimplify a complex problem. Professor Haldane wears the witch doctor's robes back to front, and tries to simplify this complex problem by excluding from consideration Agent X. I replied to Professor Haldane as follows:—

### The Historical Argument

IF phenomena may be divided into those which are due to supernatural agencies and those which can be explained by natural causes, what should we expect to find? We should expect occasional mistakes in classifying borderline phenomena, and expect primitive peoples to classify as supernatural many things which a more scientific age would assign to natural causes. But for the life of me I cannot see why the very developments which are inevitable if the supernatural be a reality should be solemnly trotted out as a "historical argument" against the supernatural. The "historical argument" stripped of unnecessary details boils down to this: If A be true, B must happen, but B happens, therefore A is untrue.

I dissent, again, from the view that the process of transferring phenomena from one class to the other, from the natural to the supernatural, for instance, has been a one-way process. Far from it. Belief in the supernatural probably reached its lowest ebb in the middle of the eighteenth century. Materialism represents the climax of the process of transferring events from supernatural to natural categories, but materialism is dying, if not dead. Among modern scientists the tendency is to reverse this process and to retransfer to the supernatural class many phenomena which foolish Victorian atheists attempted to explain by natural causes. There has been no steady transference of phenomena from one class to the other. Science is as important today as it ever was to explain miracles which have occurred in every century and country.

It is not, of course, surprising that pious secularists should attempt to impose on scientific research their own

peculiar tests of orthodoxy, and to insist that no phenomenon shall be recognized unless it has received the approbation of natural law. An eminent curator of a museum once instructed a member of his staff to investigate the body of an unspecified creature with the proviso that the animal in question should be shown to belong to a species known to science. This anecdote, which I owe to Mr. Gerald Heard, provokes a smile, but, as he himself implies, the anecdote provides an exact parallel to the attitude of some of our less imaginative scientists.

No criterion of evidence can be less scientific than the criterion adopted by the secularist, who rules out as inadmissible all evidence which conflicts with his views, and who dogmatically denies the possibility of explaining existing phenomena excepting in terms of agencies of a particular kind. There must be something wrong with a criterion which would effectively prevent the establishing of a particular hypothesis even if that hypothesis were in fact true.

The materialist may reply, "You mistake me. I should of course accept coercive evidence. Produce a first class miracle and I shall be converted. If, for instance, the Bishop of London were to announce that he would demonstrate the truth of Christianity by moving the Albert Hall to Salisbury Plain, and if this removal took place at the advertised time and place, I would ask the Bishop to confirm me on the spot."

### Faith Not Coerced

BUT what is the Christian hypothesis which we are attempting to defend? Surely this:—

*God Does Not Coerce Faith. The Evidence For The Supernatural is Just Short of The Coercive.*

It is illogical to demand that the champions of a particular hypothesis should demonstrate that hypothesis by evidence which, in effect, would disprove the hypothesis in question. If the Bishop of London were to perform a coercive miracle under the terms dictated by an atheist, all that he would have succeeded in doing would have been effectively to disprove the Christian hypothesis that God does not coerce faith.

When we claim that God does not coerce faith, we should perhaps add a rider to the effect that God does not coerce the idle into examining the evidence for the supernatural, which, if no more, is certainly no less coercive than the evidence for many facts which the man in the street accepts as self-evidently true. No man who approaches this evidence with an open mind can fail to agree with the statement of that great scientist Lord Kelvin:—"Science positively confirms creative power, which it compels us to accept as an article of faith."

# Wisconsin's Student Chapel

By John Wyngaard

ALMOST thirty years ago a young Catholic assistant pastor at the Holy Redeemer church of Madison, Wisconsin, and a group of three hundred Catholic students at the University of Wisconsin conceived the idea of establishing the first Catholic chapel at a state university in America. The pastor, Father H. C. Hengell, carried the idea to Archbishop Sebastian G. Messmer of Milwaukee who translated it into fact by appointing the young priest to undertake the precarious task of realizing this chapel. A few months ago, Father Hengell, his assistant, and 1500 Catholic students took part in the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the erection of the first permanent Catholic chapel at the University of Wisconsin and the first Catholic chapel exclusively for students at any state university in the United States.

The founding of secularized education in America during the nineteenth century brought a problem to Catholic educators which has become increasingly acute with the rising popularity of higher education during the last generation or two. How to supplement the various kinds of training offered in the tax-supported college or university with the necessary and basic teaching in the meaning, purpose and way of life itself, and yet to abide by the provisions of the state constitutions prohibiting the teaching of religion in state schools, was, and indeed is still, a perplexing problem. Because of this restriction, inherent in the plan of secular education under the current interpretation of neutrality in religion, Catholics have made great sacrifices to support schools and colleges of their own in which their philosophy of living may permeate lecture halls and campus. Many Catholic colleges have fulfilled this function and have maintained a high standard of teaching besides, so reaching the ideal in education.

But the enrollment in increasingly great numbers of Catholic young men and women in institutions of neutralized learning, to take advantage of the facilities which their state governments have set up for them, demanded and still demands today another, although less satisfactory solution. The keynote of the celebration of the silver jubilee of the St. Paul chapel at the University of Wisconsin, which pioneered in facing this new situation, was the statement of the fact that the chapel represents

the first attempt made on the campus of an American state university to find such a solution on the basis of a parish *ad instar*, that is, a parish organized to meet the transient need of a group, rather than a parish in the canonical sense, with territorial limits.

The chapel idea at the University of Wisconsin had its antecedents in various literary and social clubs formed by Catholic students on that campus as far back as 1883. The immediate occasion for crystallizing the idea was the work of a Bible study club which met weekly in rented rooms under the direction of Father Hengell. Reminiscing on the old days, Father Hengell says: "The building campaign conducted from 1906 to 1908 along with the chapel work was rendered especially difficult because Catholics generally required much education to the need of a chapel at the University. Even the clergy were often hostile or indifferent because from a theoretical standpoint they conceived the chapel to be a move in competition with Catholic colleges, instead of a practical effort to meet actual conditions at the University, where many students were starved out of their religious faith by lack of food to feed it." Despite these difficulties the young pastor succeeded so well through the help of the bishops of the state, the encouragement of friends and his own enthusiasm for the plan, that by January, 1910, when the beautiful new Tudor Gothic chapel was dedicated, the sum of \$35,000, most of which came in small contributions, had been raised. By 1916 the balance of the debt, amounting to \$30,000, had been liquidated by penny contributions from Catholics throughout the state. Diocesan collections since, combined with annual contributions from the state council of the Knights of Columbus, have built up a reserve fund to meet deficits.

SINCE Father Hengell's appointment more than a quarter of a century ago, facilities have grown to include, besides a rectory where a priest is always in attendance, a chapel seating 450 persons, Newman Hall, seating 400, Newman Commons for smaller gatherings and organization meetings, and Newman Study for instructional and group work. Since the beginning of chapel services, it has served thousands of students from every state in the Union, because the University of Wisconsin has always enjoyed a large non-resident enrollment.

The original 300 students became in 1920 a group of 1,000, and since 1925 the Catholic attendance at the student chapel has been 1,500, with the average attendance of the university approximately 7,500 for those years. The number of students attending St. Paul's chapel in recent years has been much higher than at any other church represented on the campus. Thousands of Catholic alumni, active throughout the state of Wisconsin and other states, in the service of their church, are the best commendation of the work of the chapel.

THE problem of the chapel, as explained by its pastor, is the permeation, as far as this is possible on a secular campus, of the knowledge acquired in the class room with the true principles of religion and morality. The chapel and its pastor strive to elevate, regulate and perfect the whole aggregate of the Catholic student's life in accordance with the example and the teaching of Christ. As the chapel has for its work the pastoral care of souls, the primary interest is spiritual, the cultural and social phases having consideration insofar as they are supplementary and subservient to the spiritual. Daily Mass, four Sunday Masses, devotional music, group singing of religious songs, confessions daily before Mass and on the afternoons and evenings before Sundays and feast days, sermons on timely student problems, religious instructional work, and visits by the pastor to the student infirmary, constitute the chief part of the chapel program.

The success of the chapel's work has been in large measure due to the inspiring personality of its pastor. As a wise and kindly counselor to students in their personal, spiritual and other difficulties during many years, Father Hengell has built up a tremendous following of loyal friends throughout the nation among Wisconsin alumni who attended his little church during their student days.

On the twenty-sixth anniversary of Father Hengell's appointment to the student chapel pastorate, the fall of 1932, Archbishop Stritch of Milwaukee sent the first full time assistant, Father John B. Grellinger. Father Grellinger has done much to relieve the burden of work from the shoulders of the pastor during the last three years, and has added his help to making the student religious organizations represented at the chapel a force in campus life.



# SAUCE FOR GANDERS

By May Calhoun

"LOOKS pretty peaceful, Terry. I really wonder if all these harrowing tales of confiscations and torture and death are true."

We were sitting at the low windowed alcove in Terry's room on the second floor of "La Casa," the only hotel of the little Mexican town of Mercedes. Below us stretched the panorama of a quiet little street, gay with its red-roofed stuccoed houses and quaint barred out-windows, so very European to an American. Over the low flat roofs we could see the outer edge of the town, lean-to adobes, for all the world like a soiled fringe of petticoat beneath a gay ruffle.

"Says you," said Terry, knocking the ashes out of an evil looking pipe and cocking his left eyebrow at me. I'd know Terence O'Malley anywhere by the tilt of that eyebrow. Its present lift signified that he was in a quizzical mood and it furthermore predicted a story.

"Tell it to me, Terry," I pleaded.

He laughed, "You haven't changed, Ed, since you and I rode broncos at Steve Langdon's ranch at La Mesa. We were plain cowboys then and since—" The eyebrow went up again and he looked me over appraisingly.

"I've never had such happy days again. Oil isn't happiness."

"Neither is a geological job with the Mexican government." His voice hardened. "I've seen sights and I've heard things until the good old Irish blood within me nearly 'biles' over."

I settled back in my comfortable chair. Terry laughed. "You want a story?" He pointed with his pipe down the street. "See that rather tall building that looks like it had its top taken off. That's a movie house now. It used to be Padre Modena's church. When the persecution hit this town the Padre had to go into hiding. The church furniture was piled in a heap and burned and the statues were dragged through the streets."

He chuckled dryly. "I'm sure our American newspapers gave no such news. They were too busy with the New Deal."

I looked out into the blinding sunlight. Terry continued, "You'd never think that tragedy could lie so near to loveliness. I could wring your heart with the pity of it all, but—"

A servant entered the room at that

moment. She bore a silver tray. The rich aroma of Mexican chocolate assailed my nostrils. Terry looked at her with a twinkle in his eye. He seemed to be on intimate terms with her. There was a peculiar lilt of understanding in his voice. "Oh, Maria, where is Jose?"

THE effect on the servant was electrical. Her face was of the usual stolid Indian type, but in a moment it changed entirely. Her eyes sparkled with animation and a low gurgle of laughter grew in volume until her whole body shook with mirth. I was astounded at the change. She replied excitedly, volubly. From my meager knowledge of Spanish I caught at random the words, "rancho," "Tejas." Then without warning her torrent of words ceased as suddenly as it had begun. She deposited the tray which had been tilting precariously all this time, and withdrew, her shoulders still shaking. Terry had watched her amused. He turned to me. "One of the aftermaths of tragedy. I merely wanted to demonstrate—"

"Demonstrate?"

"That life is made up of smiles and tears; that their big sisters, tragedy and comedy are never far away from each other. Do you want the story?"

"Of course I want it. Fire away!"

He poured out two cups of the thick chocolate and gave me one with a flourish. "Hope you'll enjoy this fluid, Ed. I've never really gotten down to that point yet, but Maria insists that I drink it." His voice changed. "Maria is a peon. She is a maid here in the hotel in the day time and at night in her own 'casa' she can make about the best tamales and tortillas you ever sank your teeth into. I found out her culinary art accidentally, and so we are the best of friends. I part with my money—she with her delicious food." He drained his cup of chocolate and settled back comfortably.

"Maria has a son, Jose, a second edition of herself. He was, I say 'was' advisedly, a wood cutter, peddling his commodity at random wherever fancy or an empty pocketbook inspired him. Through association with Maria and the tamales he grew to know me and we were good friends." Terry stopped and faced me. "I hope that you don't mind if I jump around from one idea to another like a goat."

I shook my head in negative assent.

"Well, it was one cold day in January that it began. I had just come in from a hard day's work at the mine. Despite the weather, there was an unusual crowd in the plaza in front of the hotel, shouting and gesticulating, and to all appearances working itself into a frenzy. Down the street a bonfire blazed, with figures dancing around it—a regular Dante's Inferno illustration.

"The answer to my question was known to me before I asked it. I did not need the shouts of 'Muerte a los padres,' and 'Viva la republica,' to tell me what had happened. Persecution had hit the hitherto quiet town, and the mob had run amuck and had raided Padre Modena's church and were now burning the movable furniture.

"My blood boiled; a helpless rage shook me. One American—what could I do! I strode into the hotel and up to my apartment with a wild desire to get a pair of pistols into my hand. The good Padre might need me. There was some one in my room. A figure hurled itself at me and grovelling on the floor seized my knees.

"Señor, Señor O'Malley, the Padre! Dios! He will be killed!" Maria was shrieking at my feet.

I clapped my hands over her mouth. "Hush, Maria," I hissed in her ear, "the people in the hotel will hear you!"

HER cries quieted down into a convulsed sobbing. Fortunately there was such a terrific din in the plaza that no one paid any attention to the noise in the room.

"Where is Padre Modena?" I asked her when she could finally talk.

She raised herself from the floor, her finger to her lips. "Jose," she whispered, "Jose has him safe at the house." She trembled violently.

"That is the best thing that could be, Maria," I assured her. "Nobody will think of looking for him tonight at your house, but you must get him away to a safer place. Go home now while I think out a plan."

I cudgelled my brains for a way out of the difficulty. From what I had heard of other towns, a systematic search would be made for the Padre, and the immediate vicinity scoured. I had friends living over near the mine about twelve miles distant. They were Amer-

icans, Catholics, and Padre Modena would be safe with them until such time as he could get away entirely or until the frenzy of the rougher element had spent itself, the revolutionary officers had departed, and the town, mostly loyal Catholics, had settled back to order.

**I** DECIDED to go to Maria's that very night and talk it over. Delay would be dangerous. The greater part of the crowd had dispersed—no one suspected me; so I went quickly to her home.

Padre Modena was there, a quiet pale little man with the clean-cut face of a cameo and eyes that burned with indomitable courage. He received me as courteously as if I were paying a social call and not as though his church had just been pillaged and his own life was hanging in the balance. Jose grasped my hand with a decision that told me he was eminently fitted to save the Padre if any one was.

"Jose," I said. "If you can get the Padre out to Señor Burton's casa by the mines, he will be safe. Do you think you can do so?"

His eyes sparkled with anticipation. "Yes, yes, Señor. I have a way to get out of the town. I did not know where to go, but you tell me now. I get him there. I no tell you how, Señor. It would be best for you not to know."

I knew the Padre, I knew Jose and I knew the Burtons, so there was nothing left to do but to return to the hotel and try to get what little sleep I could.

The next day dawned clear and bright and cold. After a hurried breakfast I went out into the plaza where excited groups were assembling. As nearly as I could figure out, bands of toughs headed by one of the revolutionary officers were forming to search for the Padre. God help him if caught! I dared not go to Maria's now, for I knew I would be watched. I was hesitating just what to do, when all of a sudden Jose's old wood cart came lumbering down the street, laden with faggots. He was calling out his wares lustily.

My flesh began to creep and the roof of my mouth went dry through sheer terror. I knew intuitively just who was hidden in a little nest beneath all those faggots and I trembled and broke out into a cold sweat. There would be murder before my eyes! I was sure! Jose came rumbling down the street singing his wares at the top of his voice. When he reached the center of the plaza, he stopped the cart and clambered down with the utmost abandon.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed, beating his hands together, "it's much cold!"

"Say man," exclaimed a soldier, laying his hand on Jose's shoulder, "Where are you going with that wood?"

Jose grimaced. "Where do I go with



I HEARD THE MEN EXCLAIM IN HORROR AT THE SIGHT THAT MET OUR EYES.

that wood? What you think? I sell that wood very cheap. You want some?"

The crowd laughed. The soldier drew himself up with dignity. "I'm not after your wood, good fellow. If you're going through the town I'd like to go with you. That is all!"

**I** GASPED. Not so Jose. There was no hesitation with him. "Sure, you come 'long. I take you. I go out into the country. I got a customer out there. P'raps we find that Padre you look for!" Again the crowd laughed.

"All right, man, but I just want to go to the edge of town. I've got an appointment there."

"Sure, climb right up. I take you." The two of them perched themselves on the seat and the cart rumbled on. I thought Jose gave a final toss of his head in my direction as he drove away, but I was not sure. I was actually so weak from the strain of it all that I sank down on the nearest step. (Terry paused and relit his pipe.)

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Oh no! There's more to come. I went on to the mine, but naturally my wits were not upon my work. I could hardly wait for evening to come. When I did get back, Maria did not come to my room and greet me with her usual evening salutation. I was worried. As soon as I could conveniently do so, I slipped out and down the street to her house. I breathed a sigh of relief for the odor of chili was in the air, but my relief changed to consternation when I entered the kitchen. Maria was going about her usual duties, but her face was swollen from crying, and the tears were still streaming down.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, Señor, Señor! Sancho Pena came to me this afternoon; he says that they suspect Jose of taking El Padre away. How they found out, he doesn't know." She broke out afresh into uncontrollable weeping. "Dios, Dios," she wailed, "if they catch my son, they will torture him—they will kill him!"

I knew her words were only too true. I could offer scant comfort. "Is Jose here?" I asked.

"No, no, Señor, but I expect him any moment."

"Better put out the lamp and light a candle," I warned her, "there's less light. I'll wait with you."

The minutes lengthened out until they seemed interminable. At last a stealthy tread was heard and Jose came creeping in. His face looked drawn in the dim light. He said, "I think they are after me, Mamacita. Sancho met me and he warned me. Señor O'Malley, what shall I do? I'm not afraid to die, but Mamacita—I don't like to leave her."

**A** CONFUSED murmur came to me, the sound of many voices. Maria heard it also. Her dark face paled, and she clutched her rosary. My heart felt twisted in agony. I cried, "Stay here, Jose. Hide if you can. I'll try to head them off!"

I knew I was saying something futile, but I slipped out of the cottage and was half way down the block when I saw a group of men approaching me from one side and, as I turned, another group closed in from the rear. They were surrounding the house. I held up my hand.

"What do you want?" I called.

"It is the Americano," I heard someone mutter, "be careful!"

"We don't want you," someone snarled, "we want Jose Gonzales!"

Before I could reply there was a series of ear piercing shrieks behind me. I turned. Maria was rushing out of the house. She was headed straight for us.

"They have killed my nino, Señor, Señor, they have killed my nino, my Jose; it is terrible!" She flew at the leader, a maniac in her rage, shrieking and tearing her hair. I knew nothing would happen to her now that Jose was out of the way. I rushed back to the house, the gang close upon my heels. Several men staggered out of the door.

"Dios," they gasped, "it is true; he is dead!"

How I reached the kitchen I do not know, but I heard the men behind me exclaim in horror at the sight that met our eyes. Jose was stretched out on the floor, twisted in agony. His face was unrecognizable for the blood which covered it; his white shirt was soaked, sickeningly red with gore. He was dead!

"My God!" was all I could say. I heard the men rush out and then blackness closed in upon me—I knew no more." Terry sat bolt upright and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "That is the end of the story."

"The end!" I exclaimed. "You've

made a mistake somewhere, man. Didn't Maria say Jose was in Texas?"

"Says you," said Terry, "perhaps he is."

"I don't—"

"Understand—" mocked Terry. "You are dull of comprehension, Ed. The oil of riches has fattened the head of the sinner. I told you once before that Maria was an excellent cook, and now I'm telling you that on this particular night she had an immense sauce pan of chili sauce on the fire."

"Chili sauce!"

"Si, Señor, chili sauce! Figure it out for yourself, man, figure it out for yourself—it's dead easy—Chili sauce is red."

# FROM CATACOMBS TO CUBISM

By Victor Luhrs

**MR. LUHRS continues his series of articles on architecture. Coached in non-academic style and eschewing technical data, he gives the reader an insight into the spirit underlying Catholic art and helps him to understand its symbolism and motivating principles.**

*The present article describes the general characteristics of Gothic architecture, as well as special local developments under the influence of national taste. Gothic was a gradual development and so the chronological element too is given consideration. To understand this architectural expression of the faith of the middle ages is to go far toward understanding this much misunderstood period.*

## VI: GOTHIC ARCHES

**G**OTHIC architecture is widely diffuse. Cathedrals so different as Exeter and Sienna belong to this period. Looking at two French cathedrals such as lace-like Rouen and massive Laon it is difficult at first to believe they are both Gothic cathedrals of the same country. The cathedrals at Cologne and Munich apparently have little in common architecturally, yet they are both German built, Gothic cathedrals. Gothic architecture demands more detailed treatment than does any other form of church architecture.

Like other styles it assumes definite national characteristics, which are further divided provincially and even locally. It is also divided into chronological periods. Nationally it has four definite divisions; French Gothic, the source of all others, English, German and Italian Gothic.

The typical French Gothic cathedral plan followed the Romanesque insofar as it was cruciform in shape and apsidal at the east end. The nave was wide and the transepts did not extend far beyond the nave. The apse was surrounded by an ambulatory of chapels, the most prominent and easterly being the Lady Chapel. Like Romanesque churches it was two

stories high, the upper or clear story (clerestory) being divided from the lower by an arched passageway called the triforium. The French cathedral appears to be greatly shorter than the English cathedral, an impression created by its great height and width rather than by actual measurements.

In all important French cathedrals the west façade is majestic. It was usually five big stories high, and offered the eye an exquisite rose window flanked by pointed blinds. It possessed elegant sculpture and masonry, and two imposing towers which were rarely twins. If there were any façade spires they were usually closed. Except in Normandy and the south, few French cathedrals contained a central tower over the crossing of the nave and transepts. Sometimes as in Amiens there was a slender central spire (flèche) which affected the exterior only. The use of grotesque figures for water drains and designs was prominent in French churches. These gargoyles, as they are called, consisted of such bizarre creatures as imps, devils, birds with cats' heads, vampires and dragons. They give an interesting insight of the medieval imagination. The fascinating Gallery of Gargoyles on Paris Cathedral contains the most remarkable collection of these oddities.

The French cathedral, like most on the continent, usually rested in the heart of the city or town and was the primary building in importance. Its architecture and all of its allied arts were excellent. It



might be likened to a curé surrounded by his flock. Spanish, Flemish and a few German cathedrals followed French methods of construction.

The English cathedral plan was cruciform but much narrower and slightly longer than the French. The transepts extended far beyond the nave and some English cathedrals have double transepts. The apse in most cases was missing, being supplanted by a level east end called the chantry. The English cathedral, although double storied, was considerably lower than the French.

A large pointed window supplanted the rose on the west front of the English cathedral, the latter window being used only in transepts. The finest west fronts in English cathedrals (York and Wells) are inferior to a typical French façade, but the exteriors as a whole were built with exquisite balance and symmetry. Vaulting was more ornate in England than in France. Beautiful central towers were built on all but a few English cathedrals.

In location the English cathedral was reserved, usually being surrounded by a beautiful close. While the continental cathedral may be likened to a parish priest, that of England suggests a monk in a cloister garb. The sculptors, glass painters and masons of England were but slightly less masterful than those of France. English Gothic prevails in Scotland and Ireland and slightly influences Flanders and Norway.

German Gothic as a whole was inferior to both French and English. The typical cathedral of the Gothic era was bulky in plan and one elongated story in height. All aisles were under a single sloping roof and the church was more picturesque than beautiful. The most glorious German-built, Gothic cathedrals, such as Strasbourg and Cologne, followed French plans of construction.

**I**N tracery work the Germans were adept. Many an otherwise ordinary church was glorified by exquisite open-work tracery. This style of detail was a feature in the fine spires of the German cathedral. German Gothic influenced all of north central Europe, and portions of Milan Cathedral in Italy. The open-work spires can be found in such distant cathedrals as that of Burgos, Spain.

In Italy, Gothic architecture was coolly received. The Italian Gothic cathedral adhered as closely as possible to Classical traditions. Its ground plan was similar to the Romanesque. Although two stories high, it had no triforium and an unimpressive clear story. As is peculiar to other style Italian churches, its artistic furnishings were usually finer than the church itself. Italian Gothic exerted some slight influence on a few Spanish cathedrals, but otherwise it was confined to the imme-

diate vicinity of Italy. It is the least impressive of the national Gothic divisions.

**T**HERE are some "freak" Gothic cathedrals such as Albi, Milan and others, which follow none or all divisions of architecture. They can best be classified as individuals which leave the beholder to draw his own conclusions. They will be dealt with as they appear in later installments.

Gothic architecture is further divided into three distinct chronological periods. First came the early or lancet period which existed roughly from 1150 to 1225. Then followed the middle or decorated period which blossomed during the thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries. Finally there was the late or flamboyant period (perpendicular period in England) which reached its climax late in the fifteenth century. When it died so did the Middle Ages.

The period of Gothic to which a church belongs may be distinguished by the tracery on an important bay window of the church. If the window is without tracery or merely subdivided into two or three arched divisions, the church belongs to the lancet period (Salisbury, Dublin). If the window is subdivided into two arches, above which is a wheel design, it is decorated (Paris, Chartres). The more arched the subdivisions and the more profuse the wheel design, the later the style of decorated to which the

church belongs (Amiens, Cologne). If the window is subdivided vertically by many perpendicular bars and horizontally by one or two bars it is perpendicular (Gloucester, Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey). If the upper part of the window bursts into a flamelike or flowery design, it belongs to the flamboyant period (Abbéville, Rouen). In short, Gothic cathedrals increased in magnificence as they developed in age.

Nor was this increase in magnificence a sign of decay as is usually the case in art. The splendiferous Chapel of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey and the profusely flamboyant Church of Saint Ouen, Rouen, are excellent gems of architecture. Gothic cathedrals seem able to defy all earthly standards of beauty and still be beautiful. The great marble Madonna at Milan, elaborate and ill proportioned, ought to shock lovers of beauty. Instead it has won the praise of poets such as Tennyson. Perhaps the fact that a simple people built them as a tribute to Our Lady, the model of simplicity, makes them beautiful.

That it took centuries to build most of them is clearly shown by the many periodical styles of architecture used in most of them. In Winchester, for instance, the south transept is early Romanesque, while the façade was finally finished along perpendicular lines. To meander through a good Gothic cathedral is to meander through the age of faith.

## Chorister

By Mary Fabyan Windeatt

**H**E comes—each Sunday in his place—  
My choir boy with the angel face.  
Beneath the dim and grey-arched dome  
He walks demure, serene, at home,  
His voice ascending through the air  
In rhythmed beauty, taut with prayer.  
The congregation, old and wise  
Amused, behold his radiant eyes  
More those of seraph than of boy,  
So full of ardor and of joy.  
And as he and his brothers go  
In surpliced cortege, steady, slow,  
Some sigh for what the years must hold  
When little boys grow wise and old  
And treble voices turn from God,  
From fluting heights . . . to earth . . . to sod.

# First Editions *and the* Catholic Book Buyer

By J. G. E. Hopkins

**T**HERE are two opinions held of book-collecting by those not of the elect; one party holds that the collecting of first editions is a mysterious and complicated affair, the other that it is completely pointless and silly. It is my pleasure as one who has spent many profitable hours in the pursuit of "firsts" to refute both these mistaken notions.

The scoffer, if he be a philosopher, endeavors to explain our hobby by branding it a survival from childhood of the acquisitive instinct, the desire to be possessed of something merely because it is inaccessible to less fortunate men. In other words, he feels that our innocent pleasure is only another manifestation of worldly pride. So much for the moralist and his opinion. There is also the Philistine attitude, expressed mainly by the book-collector's near relations, which shakes its head and purses its lips and talks of wasted money, pointing out neatly that the same books are available in cheap reprint series. As if that settled the matter.

We grant that the appeal of book-collecting is mainly sentimental. We take pleasure in having for our own a volume of a favorite author which appeared in his very lifetime, which may have had his superintendence in its manufacture and which is an actual relic of the period wherein he wrote. All these are lively aids to imaginative understanding. From the scholar's standpoint, the first edition is the work as the author wrote it, the first fruit of his thought. Examination of the first edition is essential to an editor of a literary work and there are many cases on record of author's second thoughts which would have proved ruinous had not a diligent editor restored the text of the first edition. Furthermore, in not a few cases, minor authors are represented only by their first editions, fame having been behindhand with them.

The preceding paragraph sounds too logical on re-reading it; book-collecting is by no means all logical. The same instinct that worked in us as children and moved us to stand awe-struck before a windowful of toy trumpets, trains that operated mysteriously by electricity and popguns, now moves us to regard all bookshops with an appraising eye. As in childhood there was always the possibility that the Good Old Man we read

of in fairy tales would come along and buy the shop for us, so today we feel that in any bookshop we may fish up some greatly desired volume that we have noticed in Pickering's catalogue, bearing the label "Fifty Pounds." There is sport in book-collecting.

The best advice that could be given a beginner would be, not to purchase a single volume until he had picked out a definite field for his collecting; either a single author whose work he would wish to acquire or a set period or group of authors. Pausing to think out one's preferences will save a good deal of money, time and temper. Sooner or later the indiscriminate collector will desire to specialize and the weeding-out process must come. It is more satisfactory to stop, look and take advice before starting a book collection. But no one ever does, and book knowledge comes only by experience.

There are many fields of book-collecting which should be of absorbing interest to a Catholic. The great names of literature which have come down to us, whether they represent Catholics or Protestants, bring a high premium in the shops and auction rooms. Dryden, Chaucer, Crashaw, Southwell are as a rule far beyond the ordinary man's purse. Besides, there would be little fun in collecting the great names of literature. Everyone knows them. Their works are now found on book-stalls. Little remains to be discovered about them. The man of moderate means will get more enjoyment and learn a great deal about the darker corners of literary history by adopting as his own some subject, author or period which has not been previously canvassed by his collecting brethren. A few suggestions may be useful.

Catholic Americana has always seemed to me to be full of promise. American books of Catholic interest, pamphlets dealing with the history of the Church in the United States, accounts of the mission-

aries and their struggles in the West and Southwest, early Catholic Bibles and apologetical literature, all these would come under the head of Catholic Americana. Another name that suggests itself is that of Orestes Brownson; a collection of his unjustly forgotten works would be of great value and interest without putting too great a strain upon one's financial resources. The exquisite works of Louise Imogen Guiney, so talked of and so little read by Catholics, offer a splendid opportunity to the wise collector who begins now to gather her small volumes about him. None of her earlier works went beyond the first edition, so there is no possibility of mistakes by purchasing later editions through ignorance. The world in general, unhappily for the collector, is beginning to bestow attention on Miss Guiney's work and her first editions are growing more expensive.

**C**ARDINAL NEWMAN, great name as he is in English letters, has been strangely neglected by collectors and his works may be had in first editions almost as cheaply as in spruce, newly printed reprints. Of course, the *Apologia* is not going for a song and the first issue of the *Apologia* in pamphlet form is beyond the reach of the "poor scholar," but the other works of the great Cardinal are available. Aubrey de Vere, the "Irish

Wordsworth," whose poetry won the acclaim of such judges as Wordsworth, Newman and Landor and whose devout, thoughtful life was a pattern for poet and plebeian alike, is another author with Catholic affiliations who is worthy of a collector's attention. I have purchased at various times presentation copies of his scarce-

est books at prices little exceeding the cost of a modern novel. Ireland's Anacreon, Thomas Moore, is another pleasant subject. His works, in the fragile board bindings of the early nineteenth century, are pleasant things to handle and study.



Modern authors, Catholics, whose volumes are worth collecting and keeping for present study and future value, are none too numerous. In America, Miss Agnes Repplier, dean of Catholic letters, presents no collecting problems. Her work is large in quantity, uniformly high in value and worth and destined to be remembered. The distressing matter of "points," a term meaning minute distinctions between variant issues of an edition, does not arise in Miss Repplier's bibliography. One might suppose that her own, neat, eighteenth century precision of style and thought affected even the printers and binders who produced her books.

Hilaire Belloc has written a great number of books, some of them rather scarce, all of them worthy of a collector's attention. Likewise Mr. Chesterton, whose name seems inevitably coupled with Mr. Belloc's, offers opportunities to the Catholic collector. Alice Meynell and Francis Thompson need hardly be mentioned, except to point out the fact that competition is more brisk in the cases of these two authors and prices of their works correspondingly higher. Coventry Patmore's bibliography is a trifle more complicated since he seemed to have his share of the Victorian mania for trial copies, privately printed issues and other such sophistications. A more recondite but still interesting subject for collection would be those seventeenth century books written in English by Catholics and published on the Continent, chiefly in France. The struggles of French printers with English spelling and punctuation are quite amusing.

**G**RANTED an interest in any one of these subjects or in some other of the reader's own choice, how is one to go about the task of collecting the material? Obviously, one cannot expect to promenade along Fourth Avenue or East 59th Street and pluck rarities off the stalls, although this is by no means impossible. If your collecting interest is American, naturally the catalogues of American dealers will be of service and the dealers are as a rule only too glad to place a name upon their lists. Messrs. Goodspeed, of Boston, publish excellent catalogues. In the case of an English author, English dealers will be found to offer the best opportunities. Messrs. Pickering and Chatto, Dulau and Company, and Elkin Mathews, all of London, can be recommended. Should your interest be theological, Thomas Baker, of London, has what you want; Messrs. Dobell, of Tunbridge Wells, specialize in the seventeenth century. A steady perusal of catalogues supplies the collector with a familiarity in his chosen field and gives him a balanced judgment on the prices he must expect to pay. Remember always that the condition of a book influences the price; a ragged, down-at-heels, copy may

be had for a fraction of the price asked for an immaculate copy in its original binding. And remember as well always to acquire the best copy your purse and your good fortune permit you.

Once you have determined upon an author or a subject, study him carefully. Read his life and any other material that bears on the date and manner of publica-

built up about it. This is not so. The chance searcher in bookshops has many a find to his credit. If I may become personal by way of illustration, my own good fortune in this regard has not been small: For one instance, a volume of Restoration plays in quarto, six of them bound up together. Two of them were first editions, but that is not the most interesting thing about them. They are annotated liberally in a rascally cramp hand by some former owner who has set down upon each his reactions to the performance as seen by him. From the list of actors he has inscribed against the *Dramatis Personae* in each case, we may conclude that our unknown critic made his notes between the years 1690 and 1697. It is most interesting to see how closely he approximates the critical judgments of these days. Dryden and Congreve were alive when these notes were made. I like to think of my critical friend of the seventeenth century returning from the "Theatre in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields" and noting with satisfaction that "Mr. Congreve's *Love for Love* is one of the first comedies of the English stage." I can see him in his retiring robe, sitting by his fire with a glass of something hot beside him and sucking upon the end of his pen until the thought comes to him and he writes, "a blend of wit and diverting humors, the characters sharply and rightly distinguished and the dialogue well marked." Mr. Betterton played Valentine and Mrs. Bracegirdle played Angelica that night.

**T**HE collector will find few reference books to aid him in this hobby. There have been many books written upon the subject but they are in the main directed to the man who has already passed his initiation. Mr. I. A. Williams' *Elements of Book-Collecting* is a fine introduction to the subject and Mr. Ronald McKerrow's *Introduction to the Study of Bibliography* is an invaluable follow-up volume. The bibliographies of the Cambridge History of English Literature are useful but not always complete and the same criticism applies to the bibliographies at the end of articles in the Dictionary of National Biography. A useful directory of reference books is given in Mr. Williams' book mentioned above.

Nothing further suggests itself as needful for the information of the beginning collector. Your first real "find" will be an occasion of your life and after it you will be lost. You will tumble over old pamphlets and old plays, poetry that has been forgotten and prose that were better so. But your search will lead you to numberless manifestations of the human comedy, no less interesting for their obscurity, and you will learn more of literature in the pursuit than a hundred text-books or extension courses could teach.

## Watch Ye Therefore

By  
Shirley Dillon Waite

**I** MUST sweep my humble dwelling

And pile clean fagots high—

There is no way of telling

When my Lord is passing by.

**I** would not give a stinted dole—

My table must be spread,

For He who feeds my hungry soul

May linger—breaking bread.

**I** must set my casements all ajar

To let warm sunshine in,

That He whose steps have travelled far

May find a room within.

**I** must keep each path and winding road,

Each thoroughfare and street,

Leading the way to my abode

Paved for His gentle feet.

tion of his works. If there is a formal bibliography of his first editions, secure it and study it carefully. The beginning collector will pay handsomely for failure to do this in the shape of imperfect copies, copies of the wrong date and second issues, things aggravating in the extreme.

It would appear from the foregoing that book-collecting is a cut and dried sort of thing lacking the romance and amusement that rapturous collectors have



# The Primacy

# of Peter



ONE of the most interesting and fascinating facts in the history of the Church is the founding of the first Christian community of Rome. Tradition, documentary evidence and archaeology combine admirably to prove that this primitive Christian community was founded by St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles. The whole history of the Roman Church would be incomprehensible without the princely figure of this Apostle, who imprinted upon it the indelible character of its Apostolic origin and primatial authority.

Few writers of to-day deny that St. Peter came to Rome and that he preached the Gospel, established a church and suffered martyrdom in the city of the Cæsars. Some of them, however, who admit these facts, deny that he was ever Bishop of that city. The coming to Rome of St. Peter and his founding there of the Primatial See of the Church are joined together so intimately, that the one cannot be denied without rejecting the other. Both are historical facts proven by most authentic and convincing documents. Many facts of the history of Imperial Rome rest upon proofs of less value, and yet no one denies them. The reason for the denial of St. Peter's coming to Rome, is to deny the Primacy of the Roman Church, for the pre-eminence of this Apostolic See over Christendom of the whole world rests entirely upon the fact that St. Peter came to Rome and established his Episcopal Seat in that city.

## New Testament Evidence

SOME writers point out that, while the New Testament is silent on St. Peter's coming to Rome, on the other hand the First Epistle of this Apostle concludes with these words: "The church that is in Babylon, elected together with you, saluteth you and so doth my son, Mark" (Chap. V. 13). The objection centers on the word "Babylon," and it is contended that St. Peter never came to Rome, but went to Babylon of the Chaldeans. At this time, however, Babylon on the Euphrates lay in ruins, while New Babylon on the Tigris and the Egyptian Babylon near Memphis were too insignificant to be mentioned. Most critics admit now that under the mystic symbolism of Babylon St. Peter actually meant Rome.

An allusion to St. Peter's residence in Rome, indirect though it be, is found

By  
Joseph I. Schade, S.T.L.

in the Acts of the Apostles, where it is related that St. Paul established a church at Ephesus and when his work was completed: "Paul proposed in the spirit, when he had passed through Macedonia and Achaia, to go to Jerusalem, saying: After I have been there, I must see Rome also" (XIX. 21). These words hint at the existence of a church at Rome, for the Apostle purposes to go to Rome not to evangelize but merely to see the city. That a church existed in Rome is clear from St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, in which he speaks of them as: "the beloved of God" and confesses that "without ceasing I make a commemoration of you," and praying that: "I may have a prosperous journey, by the will of God, to come to you," so "that I may be comforted together in you, by that which is common to us both, your faith and mine" (I. 7-13). According to traditional chronology St. Paul was in Ephesus in A.D. 55 and wrote his Epistle to the Romans in A.D. 58.

## Testimony of St. Paul

HENCE a church existed in Rome at that time. Moreover, about A.D. 54, St. Paul came to Corinth where he met Aquila and Priscilla, who had been exiled from Rome by the decree of Claudius issued in A.D. 49. The fact that a church existed in Rome and that Aquila and Priscilla were members of that church, presupposes that some one with authority had come to Rome, had preached the Gospel and had founded a Christian community in that city. In this same Epistle to the Romans, St. Paul says that he had hesitated to come to Rome: "lest I should build upon another man's

foundation" (Rom. XV. 20). Therefore, there must have been a founder of the Roman Church other than St. Paul, and one so authoritative that St. Paul would hesitate to come to the capital of the Empire. Tradition and history attribute the foundation of the Roman Church to St. Peter alone, and hence the words of St. Paul are an indirect testimony of the founding of the Roman Church by St. Peter.

Before examining the early Christian testimony on this question, let us observe that the place of the martyrdom of St. Peter, and the manner thereof, would be generally known to the faithful of those early days. In fact they would be so well known during the Apostolic and succeeding ages, that it would be impossible to locate them elsewhere in later times.

## Significant Indications

THE earliest testimony on St. Peter's residence and death in Rome is found in the Epistle to the Corinthians of St. Clement, a disciple of the Prince of the Apostles. This Epistle was written between A.D. 96 and 97. Mention is made of both St. Peter and St. Paul. Then St. Clement gives this significant testimony: "Unto these men of holy lives was gathered a vast multitude of the elect, who through many indignities and tortures, being victims of jealousy, set a brave example *among ourselves*." This "vast multitude" both of men and women, "among ourselves" in Rome undoubtedly refers to the horrible persecution of Nero. Remembering then, that St. Clement was writing from Rome and in the name of the Roman Church, his mention of the two Apostles and the expression "among ourselves" acquires great importance and must be considered as an allusion to a fact, already well known, namely St. Peter's residence and death in Rome.

A few years later, under the reign of Trajan, St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, was condemned to die in the Colosseum of Rome, and while being led to this city wrote his celebrated letter to the Romans in which he says: "I do not command you as Peter and Paul did; they were Apostles, while I am but a captive" (Chap. IV.). Although not explicit testimony of the coming of St. Peter to Rome, still the coupling of his name with that of St. Paul and in relation to the Romans, is a patent allusion

to the residence in Rome of the Prince of the Apostles.

### Direct Early Proofs

**A**FTER these indirect proofs, we come to those that are positive and explicit, numerous, and beginning from the end of the first century they issue from many lands and writers. St. Irenæus (b. about A.D. 115), was a man who stands in the closest relationship with the Apostolic age, since he was a disciple of St. Polycarp, who had been appointed Bishop of Smyrna by St. John. In his treatise *Adversus Haereses* he writes: "Because it would be too long in such a volume as this to enumerate the succession of all the churches, we point to the tradition of that very great and very ancient and universally known Church, which was founded and established at Rome by the two most glorious Apostles, Peter and Paul" (Chap. III.). He then proceeds to enumerate the Roman succession, beginning with St. Peter and ending with St. Eleutherius, the twelfth successor of the Apostle, who then occupied the See.

St. Dionysius, Bishop of Corinth about A.D. 170, writing to Pope St. Soter, says: "You have therefore by your urgent exhortation bound together the Romans and the Corinthians, who are the planting of Peter and Paul. For they both came to our Corinth and planted the seed of the Gospel and taught us, just as they likewise taught in the same place in Italy and were martyred at the same time."

Clement of Alexandria (d.A.D. 215), representing the Churches of Egypt, and Tertullian (b. A.D. 160), those of Africa, likewise testify explicitly that St. Peter founded the Church of Rome. Caius, who lived in Rome in the time of Pope St. Zephyrinus (A.D. 198-217), in his Dialogue with Proclus, gives valuable evidence of the deaths of Sts. Peter and Paul at Rome and of the public veneration of their relics. Finally Eusebius (A.D. 260-341) gives similar affirmations and after the peace of Constantine innumerable writers and Fathers of the Church declare explicitly that St. Peter founded the Roman Church and died in that city.

In addition to these historical proofs, both direct and indirect, there is another argument. It is a fact that not one of the ancient Christian churches has ever protested against the claim of the Roman Church, that St. Peter was its founder and that he was martyred and buried in Rome. If St. Peter did not die in Rome then his death must have occurred elsewhere and his tomb would have been a sacred sanctuary. No other city, however, has ever claimed either the distinction of being the place of his martyrdom or of possessing his tomb.

The only objection to St. Peter's com-

ing to Rome, that can be adduced, is the silence of the Acts of the Apostles on this important question. This silence, however, can be explained easily by the fact that, when St. Paul arrived in Rome, the Apostle St. Peter, who had been exiled by the edict of Claudius, was no longer in that city. The same answer will serve for the silence of St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans, for this Epistle was written in A.D. 58, when St. Peter was certainly not in Rome.

According to historical records it is possible to admit two periods of St. Peter's residence in Rome, the first about the year 42 under the reign of Claudius, the other shortly before his death under Nero. The admission of these dates would confirm the 25 years in the Roman Episcopacy, which ancient traditions relate as recorded by Eusebius. But whether St. Peter made two visits or only one, matters little, for we are certain that he founded the Roman Church, resided in Rome during the last days of his life, and left as a heritage to this Church the Primacy of his power and authority.

Allowing the first visit to remain in abeyance, we must admit that St. Peter came to Rome after the year 61, when St. Paul had already arrived in that city. It is certain that St. Peter resided in Rome in A.D. 64, when the Neronian persecution broke out, for in his First Epistle he makes allusion to it under the figurative name of Babylon. The persecution of Nero began in July, A.D. 64, after the terrible conflagration that devastated a great part of Rome. The blame for this disaster was placed upon the Christians, and the ferocity, with which Nero persecuted them, is described vividly by Tacitus. This persecution lasted until A.D. 68, when Nero died. St. Peter certainly lived through the horrible holocaust of A.D. 64, since the date of his First Epistle, in which he alludes to this persecution, is later than that year. Allard has remarked that the words "burning heat" used in that Epistle (Chap. IV. 12) seem to hint at the cruel pyres of Nero's gardens.

### Date of Martyrdom

**A**S to the exact year, in which both Apostles suffered martyrdom, there has been some variance. According to Eusebius, St. Prosperus and St. Bede, it took place in A.D. 67, and this date has been accepted by most commentators for the following reasons: St. Jerome declares that Seneca died two years before the Apostles, and, from the writings of Tacitus, we gather that the teacher of Nero died during the consulate of Silviu Nerva and Atticus Vestinus, or in the year 65. St. Clement relates that St. Paul suffered martyrdom "under the Prefects," that is under the governors of the Prætorium, who held

supreme command during the absence of the Emperor. And we know that in A.D. 67 Nero resided in Greece.

From what has been said, therefore, the coming to Rome of St. Peter and his founding of the Roman Church is an historical fact that cannot be controverted. And if it is a certain fact that St. Peter established his See at Rome and governed that Church, then it follows conclusively that to the Successor of St. Peter in the Roman See is transmitted that heritage of power and authority, which Christ conferred upon the Prince of the Apostles.

### Evidences of Primacy

**C**HRISt established His Church as a society subordinated to a single supreme head, and since the Church must endure to the end of time, so too must the same organization endure if it is to remain the same Church which Christ established. Christ founded His Church upon St. Peter, for He said: "Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my church" (St. Matth. XVI. 17); to Peter He gave the power to bind and to loose upon earth, and the assurance that this decision would be ratified in heaven. This power was granted without restrictions and denotes legislative and judicial authority. And finally Christ entrusted to St. Peter the whole flock, both the sheep and the lambs. Thus was conferred upon St. Peter not merely a personal prerogative but a permanent office in the Church. This office has been acknowledged in all ages as resident in St. Peter and in his legitimate successors. History bears complete testimony that, from the earliest days of Christianity, the Roman See has ever claimed this office over all others, even the Apostolic Churches, and that this Primacy was freely acknowledged by the Universal Church.

The first testimony of the Supremacy of St. Peter is found in the words of St. Paul (Gal. I. 19). After his conversion St. Paul spent three years in Arabia, and then he came to Jerusalem "to see Peter." Here the Apostle of the Gentiles clearly designates St. Peter as the authorized head of the Apostles and of the early Church.

The next testimony, which may be called an echo of the voice of St. Peter himself, since it was given in A.D. 96, less than thirty years after the death of the Prince of the Apostles, is that of St. Clement, the third successor of St. Peter. In his Epistle to the Corinthians, St. Clement commands them to receive back the Bishops whom a refractory group had expelled. "If any man," he writes, "should be disobedient unto the words spoken by God through us, let them understand that they will entangle themselves in no slight transgression and danger." And again he admonishes them: "You would occasion

great joy by rendering great obedience unto the things written by us through the Holy Spirit and restoring peace among yourselves. We are sending you certain faithful and virtuous men so that they may be witnesses between you and us. And this we are doing so that you may see that our entire care is to re-establish peace among you." Thus while St. John, the last survivor of the Apostles, was still alive we find a Bishop of Rome, himself converted and baptized by St. Peter, intervening in the affairs of another church and claiming to do so under the influence of the Holy Ghost. This fact shows that whilst the Apostolic teachings were still fresh in the minds of men, the Universal Church already acknowledged the Supremacy of the Bishop of Rome.

In A.D. 107 St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, wrote a letter to the Roman Church, in which he calls it: "the Church which . . . *presides over the universal assemblage of charity.*" St. Ignatius in his letters frequently calls the Church "Charity," and what more eloquent name could be given to her, whose office it is to bind together in mutual love the faithful of the whole world?

Some time later St. Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons (A.D. 125-182) whom we have mentioned as being a disciple of St. Polycarp, wrote to the Roman Church: "For with this Church, because of its superior authority, every church must agree,— that is the faithful everywhere, in communion with which church the tradition of the Apostles has been always preserved by those who are everywhere." (Adv. Hæreses, III. 2). We know that St. Irenæus visited Rome in A.D. 177, scarcely more than a century after the death of St. Peter, and he probably came in contact with men, whose fathers had known the Apostle, and from them learned of the Supremacy of the Roman See.

#### Further Evidences

SOON the whole Christian world was thrown into confusion by Novatian, who claimed the Bishopric of Rome in opposition to Pope St. Cornelius. St. Dionysius of Alexandria (A.D. 190-264) at once took the side of the latter and it was largely by his influence and logic that the whole East was brought back to unity and harmony, and acknowledged St. Cornelius as the legitimate successor of St. Peter. Eusebius gives us a letter of this same St. Dionysius, addressed to St. Sixtus II., in which he says: "I find it necessary, Brother, to beg your counsel and opinion, lest perhaps I be led astray."

The Pontificate of St. Victor (A.D. 189-198) gives us an explicit assertion of the Supremacy of the Roman See. At that time the Churches of Asia Minor and the rest of the Christian world were at variance regarding the date of cele-

brating the Easter festival. St. Victor bade the Asiatic Churches to conform with the custom of the Roman Church, but was met with opposition from Polycrates, Bishop of Ephesus. To enforce his authority St. Victor excommunicated Polycrates, but later, upon the pleading of St. Irenæus, withdrew the excommunication.

#### Writings of Early Fathers

IN A.D. 251 a Council was held at Carthage, over which St. Cyprian (d. A.D. 258) presided. Pope St. Fabian had died and the election of his successor was being held. Two African Bishops, Pompeius and Stephanus, were present at this election and returning home reported to the assembled Council that Cornelius had succeeded "to the place of Fabian, which is the place of Peter." About this same time St. Cyprian published a treatise on the unity of the Church in which he says: "Upon one He builds His church and to the same He says after His Resurrection 'feed my sheep.' And though to all His Apostles He gave an equal power, yet did He set up one chair and disposed the origin and manner of unity by his authority. The other Apostles were indeed what Peter was, but the Primacy is given to Peter and the Church and the Chair are shown to be one. He who deserts the Chair of Peter, upon whom the church is founded, is he confident that he is in the Church?"

St. Jerome (A.D. 340-420) writing to Pope Damasus during the Arian schism, declared himself ready to reject the Oriental Patriarchs, if they would not remain united to the Roman Pontiff. "I do not know Vitalis," says St. Jerome, "Melitius I reject and Paulinus I ignore, for whosoever doth not gather with you scattereth." And then he adds the reason: "for I know the Church to have been built upon that rock" (Letter X. to Damasus). In another letter to the same Pope, St. Jerome calls St. Peter "the Prince of the Apostles, upon whom the Church is founded, who therefore is elected among the Twelve to be the one to remove the occasion of schism."

Confirmation of this Supremacy of the Roman See is found in the decrees of Councils. Thus, the Council of Sardica, held in A.D. 343, solemnly proclaimed: "We honor the See of the Apostle Peter." And the Bishops, gathered at the famous Council of Ephesus in A.D. 431, declared: "It is known to all ages that the most blessed Peter lives and passes judgment in his successors."

Another proof of the Primacy of the Roman See is found in the frequent occasions on which this See was consulted in questions that arose from time to time. Thus St. Polycarp of Smyrna came from the East to consult Pope St. Anicetus (A.D. 154-165) on various

controversies; eighty Egyptian Bishops wrote to Pope St. Julius I. in behalf of St. Athanasius; and St. Basil in A.D. 371 consulted Pope Damasus I. regarding the sad conditions then prevalent in the East. Bishops of both the East and the West appealed to the Roman See when in distress or harassed by heretics. Thus St. Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria "as to the safest port of communion had recourse to Rome" (St. Jerome, Letter 127), when driven from his See by the Arians. Bishops wrote to Rome to vindicate themselves of heresy, as Origen wrote to Pope St. Fabian, Marcellus of Ancyra to Pope Julius, and Vitalis of Antioch to Pope Damasus. Even heretics appealed to the See of Rome to recover communion with it, as did Marcion in A.D. 142, and later the Montanists.

Noteworthy is the action of the Emperor Aurelian in A.D. 270. Certain Bishops had rejected Paul of Samosata, Patriarch of Alexandria; and elected another in his place. Paul appealed to the Emperor, who decreed that he, who was acknowledged by the Bishop of Rome, must be recognized as the legitimate occupant of the See. And in A.D. 380 Theodosius I. proclaimed as the religion of the Roman State "that doctrine which St. Peter preached to the Romans and of which Damasus was the Supreme Head" (Codex Theod. XVI. 2).

#### Supremacy Well Founded

IT is not necessary to carry this historical argument beyond the fourth century, since from that time on the Supremacy of the Roman See is written plainly on the pages of history. From these facts it is evident that the Supremacy was exercised and acknowledged from the very earliest days of the Church. Occasions for the exercise of this supreme authority would naturally be few, since the Apostolic traditions were still fresh and vigorous.

His Excellency, the present Apostolic Delegate to the United States, in his admirable book on *The Great Commandment of the Gospel*, writes that the proverb: "To go back to the ancient is to go forward, is more applicable to us Christians than to others, for to go back to the origin of our religion is a renewal of our faith and, as it were, a rebirth." The primitive Church was in the closest contact with those who had seen and heard its Divine Founder, and from these it had learned with certainty the form of government and the supreme head that Christ had chosen to be the principle of unity and stability in His Church. Christ desired His Church to be one; one in faith and practice, and one in her government and obedience to her supreme head, St. Peter, for without this unity there could be no stability.



# Catholic Laymen of Action

YOU will look in vain for an account of Cornelius Heeney, one of the foremost Catholic philanthropists of the United States, in the *Dictionary of American Biography*, although the editors assure us that those Americans would be included "who have made some significant contribution to American life in its manifold aspects."

One who has gathered together the principal facts of his life, has written: "It is only when the details of almost every movement there [New York and Brooklyn] for the spread of the Faith during this period are gone over that the ubiquity of his energies and the lavishness of his generosity and charity can in a measure be realized. Yet how few in the now great city know anything about him; how few ever heard his name with any sense of realizing what it means in the history of pioneer days in Catholic New York."

Born in Ireland in 1754, Cornelius Heeney came to America at the age of thirty. Equipped with a good business training, Heeney entered the office of William Backhaus, a shipping merchant, as bookkeeper. Here he had as fellow-employee John Jacob Astor who also arrived in America that year. Astor's second son was named after William Backhaus, and when the latter retired from business (1797), he left his concern to John Jacob Astor and Cornelius Heeney. The partnership lasted only a short time and Heeney struck out for himself. Quickly he began to amass a fortune and being a bachelor needed comparatively little for his own comfort.

No Catholic of his day showed a clearer estimate of the educational and charitable values of wealth.

As a trustee of St. Peter's Church in Barclay Street, Heeney became one of a group of sterling laymen—Dominick Lynch, Andrew Morris, George Shea, Charles Naylor, Gilbert Bourke, John Sullivan, Dennis McReady and William Byron, whose names will be found in the letter to the Spanish Minister, Don Diego de Gardoqui, thanking King Charles III of Spain for the financial assistance sent from Madrid for the building of St. Peter's. Among his friends in these early days was Francis Cooper, the first Catholic assemblyman of New York State. Cornelius Heeney succeeded him in the legislature from 1818 to 1822.

Heeney's first important contribution was towards the erection of Old St. Patrick's Church in Mulberry Street. His next transaction was a gift of \$18,000.00 and a plot of ground opposite

By Peter Guilday

St. Patrick's for an orphan asylum. Later, he gave an adjoining plot of ground for this purpose, and made further gifts of money and property to the two city parishes, amounting in all to about \$60,000.00—a very large sum for those days. In 1800, together with Father O'Brien and Charles Naylor, he was responsible for the opening of the first free school in New York City: that attached to St. Peter's parish. Cornelius Heeney and Andrew Morris were responsible for the purchase of the plot of ground where Father Anthony Kohlmann, S.J., began the New York Literary Institute in 1812—the same plot now occupied by St. Patrick's Cathedral and the adjoining residences of Cardinal Hayes and the Cathedral clergy. Mr. Heeney was instrumental in bringing three of the earliest Daughters of Charity from Emmitsburg to New York for the higher education of Catholic girls, and his attractive personality shows up for a moment in the education of the future Cardinal McCloskey whose guardian he was after the death of the latter's father in 1820; it was on Heeney's advice that the boy went to Mount. St. Mary's for his collegiate and seminary studies. Many other factors in the life of Cornelius Heeney might be added to show how widespread was his interest in all things Catholic, especially of an educational or of a charitable nature.

THE great fire which broke out in New York City in December, 1835, destroyed Heeney's establishment in Water Street and he retired to a house he owned in Brooklyn. Here he lived for the next decade and it was during this time that his charities were organized on a philanthropic scale. A fellow-Catholic of Brooklyn, Thomas F. Meehan, who has brought together into one sketch the main facts of Heeney's life, says of him at this time: "Heeney's Brooklyn residence was a mecca for those in need; few failed in their appeals to his generosity. Children and poor widows were the special objects of his care. In spite of his years and busy life he retained all the alertness and the shrewdness that enabled him to prosper in his business career." Some three years before his death in 1848, Heeney decided to create a fund or endowment to carry on the charities he had practiced all his life in and about New York. In reality, he incorporated his whole estate as the Brooklyn Benevolent Society, obtaining

a charter for the same from the New York Legislature on May 10, 1845. Eleven persons, including the Catholic bishop of New York and the Mayor of Brooklyn, formed the Board of Trustees. Section three of the charter reads:

"THE one-fifth of the rents, issues and income of the said estate and of said Corporation shall be annually expended in supplying poor persons residing in Brooklyn aforesaid gratuitously with fuel during the winter; one-tenth thereof shall also be annually expended in gratuitously supplying poor children attending school in Brooklyn aforesaid with shoes and stockings or other articles of clothing absolutely necessary for their health and protection during that season of the year. The sum of two hundred and fifty dollars out of said income shall be expended quarterly in the payment of a teacher of said poor children in spelling, reading, writing and arithmetic; and the whole clear surplus shall be applied solely to the support, maintenance and education of poor orphan children between the age of four and fourteen."

We are told that more than a million dollars have been distributed to the poor and needy since the founding of the Society. All donations are given with the same gentle secrecy the St. Vincent de Paul Society exercises in its charities; in fact much of the help is distributed through this Society.

Cornelius Heeney attended his trustees' meeting for the last time on March 27, 1848, and died on May 3, that year.

His life and benevolence form one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of Catholic American social welfare. Not so lavish in his generosity as his Catholic contemporary, John Mullanphy (1758-1833) of St. Louis, for his wealth never reached the latter's resources, Cornelius Heeney made for himself, humbly and quietly, a niche in the Catholic Hall of Fame in America which should be a source of inspiration and of imitation to our Catholic laymen and laywomen of wealth today. Catholic Action in his regard was of that perfection which, based on personal sanctity and on filial obedience to his spiritual superiors, closely approximates the ideal described by our Holy Father, Pius XI. Cornelius Heeney "forgot himself when he gave to charity, and the great community in which he spent so much of his long and busy life has forgotten him, though the good he did lives after him and yearly adds to the record that is imperishable for his eternal reward."

# THE RED JUDAS

By Douglas Newton

**THE STORY THUS FAR.**—A Red Terror put in motion by a Red Judas! Béla Kún—Dictator of Hungary—has sworn death to every name on the list betrayed to him. Counter-revolutionists who have sworn death to the Red Judas who has betrayed their cause have quartered themselves in Vienna, where they are working to rescue those who are fleeing from Béla Kún. Stephen Varosmarvy is being helped by his English cousin, Dominic Sable, who discovers among the refugees a boyhood sweetheart in the person of Colette Honraith. Love grows apace between them. Dominic throws his protection about her, shielding her against every danger. Suddenly dark tragedy stalks in and she falls under the awful suspicion of herself being the Red Judas.

Dominic's real work is cut out for him now. The saving of his loved one, Colette does not know of her danger.

The handwriting of the names in the book given by the Red Judas to Béla Kún will tell the story. But that book is in the safe in the office of Garrison, Béla Kún's chief lieutenant. Garrison is in the Parliament House in Hungary, and in the same building he holds as prisoner Prince Viktor—the beloved but now deposed leader of Hungary. And Prince Viktor is the one who has named Colette as the Red Judas.

To get that book—to free Prince Viktor—to stalk the Red Terror itself in its own den! Alone—singlehanded, Dominic is off to Hungary.

## XVI

DOMINIC, disguised as a Magyar peasant, and a food smuggler named Wachter, stood beside the car. Stephen Varosmarvy said: "There are two main things to remember, Dom. Keep clear of Tibor Számuelly. He and his 'Lenin Boys' are at work on this border. The second is to act as quickly as you can. But (he now spoke in German) you know Számuelly, Wachter?"

"The man in the red car, oh, yes—he has a devil."

Stephen gripped his cousin's hand and said gruffly: "Take good care of yourself, young Dom."

It was a warmish night in early June. Far across the flat ground they saw a faint twinkle of lights.

"That is the guard-house," Wachter said softly. "I have friends there—*kronen* friends."

"And I, can I go through so boldly?"

"No. I have another way for you—wait," said Wachter.

After a time Dominic asked: "This Tibor Számuelly. Is there really much danger from him?"

"For you—yes. If he catches you he hangs you first and finds out why after."

"And you?"

"Not so much. I am a *tavarish*" (comrade).

"A Communist?" Dominic was surprised.

"In Hungary, always. Sometimes in Vienna, too, when it is wise."

DOMINIC smiled at the philosophy of the man. "Why is Számuelly so dangerous? Is he cunning?"

"No. He has the instinct for killing. Death is his pleasure. Budapest, unlike Vienna, stands in the midst of much food; yet Budapest goes hungry. If the farmers know the Communists are coming they hide all food. But this Számuelly arrives suddenly at a farm, saying, 'I want this much grain and so many animals.' When the farmer says 'Not possible,' Számuelly gives a nod to his men. Then they throw a rope over the top of the high gate, and, if the farmer is still stubborn, Számuelly makes a little joke and up goes the farmer. And Számuelly laughs and teases him until he has stopped kicking, then he says like a barber, 'Next, please.'"

"Does he get much food?"

"I do not know. He is still hunting and Budapest is still hungry."

Dominic was inclined to be skeptical about "atrocities." But the matter-of-fact tone of Wachter made these real. Számuelly was already something of a legend. He was not normal, either to Bolshevism or humanity.

Wachter gave the word and they set off across the sodden ground towards the guard post. When they were a quarter of a mile from it, the smuggler eased away until they found a muddy stream. He put his mouth close to Dominic's ear and whispered:

"That is your road, and go quietly for your life."

"I'll do my best," Dominic said. "I did some trench raiding during the war."

"Ah, that explains how you walk without too much noise. I will go and talk to the guard until I think you are by. You go on for about half a mile to where a road crosses."

The stream was thigh deep with a soft bottom, but the bank was high, so that Dominic had fair cover. Almost abreast

the guard-house he halted, for a man was tramping backward and forward. Wachter came up. Fifty paces from the frontier, he paused to light a cigarette giving his match plenty of time to light up his features.

The sentry hailed him, then went to the guard-house and brought out several men. They exchanged shouts with Wachter who came up to the house hailing each of the men as *tavarish*. They were all friendly enough, though one of the men said: "There was an automobile back there just now."

"That is right," Wachter said calmly.

"It was your car?" the men asked.

"Nay! If I was rich enough for a car would I be risking rheumatism in these marshes? It belonged to a fat capitalist who was anxious to speed me on the way to food."

The sentry put in with a touch of suspicion: "But that car left long ago."

"Correct again, little brother," Wachter said. "But I saw more lights round your guard-house than I liked."

Dominic began to slip ahead, but in getting under the barbed wire his movement dislodged a soft bit of the bank and a clod dropped into the stream with a splash that seemed appallingly loud.

Wachter remarked: "Hallo, your dog-otters are lively down here."

He said it just a fraction before the exclamations of the guards. His voice was so casual that one added sheepishly: "Was that an otter?"

"Did you think it was an *untersee* boat, then?" Wachter asked.

"You are sure it was an otter?" another insisted.

"As if I did not know—I who was born a poacher!" the smuggler scoffed. "Why do they send townies like you into the country?"

"Because we cannot trust you country clowns—you are all bourgeois," said one of the men in a surly voice.

Wachter chuckled. "That's a nasty one for me. All the same, here is some good bourgeois rum. Have you any Soviet hot water to go with it?"

THE men laughed and all moved into the guard-hut. Dominic started once more along the stream. It seemed an endless time before he climbed out of the water and crouched under the cover of the little bridge. His wet clothes chilled him to the bone.

The shrewd smuggler had foreseen this, for the first thing he did on reaching Dominic was to thrust a hot glass

bottle into his hands. "Tea and rum," he muttered. "I got those thickheads to fill it up."

As they moved across the fields, Dominic apologized for his slip.

"You didn't do so badly," the smuggler said largely.

"They seemed to suspect it—is it true that countrymen are anti-Communist?"

"It is so and it is natural. These city men can only see what they build with their hands, great engines and big houses. That makes them think they can do anything—like God. But we of the country know man cannot make a blade of grass or an ear of corn or a tree. These things must grow as God ordains. We help a little, yes, but only under God—thus we know that man is no God."

"You are a philosopher," Dominic smiled.

"Well, even the mind grows naturally in the fields," Wachter shrugged. "It grows from thought to thought like a tree. It is not twisted this way and that by a new book or a new speaker, like a bit of piping. They are clever, these men of the pavements. But they cannot feed themselves. When the real test comes and they starve, they can do nothing for all their marvels and machinery. They must come back to us and our fields."

So they tramped until an hour from dawn, when Wachter stopped and said: "This is the place where I leave you. Just a little way along that road is the *csarda* where you are to go. And may God go with you."

DOMINIC thanked him warmly and gave him money.

"I have liked you," Wachter said simply. "I am even sorry you go to your death. Here is something that may help you . . . boldness and a laugh always look like innocence. The best way to hide is to push yourself forward." Then with a handshake the queer fellow moved off.

Dominic walked boldly to the inn. There was a woman sweeping the step. A minute later a squat and cheerful man appeared. Dominic asked for beer and food and made the signal Stephen had taught him. The innkeeper gave no sign, but went on serving him. Only when the young man had finished eating did the inn-keeper reappear and say softly:

"A room is ready for you, sir. I have some better clothes than those wet ones, too. Also later, I am sending a cart into Magyar Lebeny with goods. To travel by it will be restful and quicker."

Dominic stared into a face that was smiling as an innkeeper's should—yet Magyar Lebeny was the next stage on his journey and this man knew it. Certainly Stephen's organization was efficient. But before he could reach the door the man caught his elbow, as he listened. Dominic heard several motors approaching at a fast pace. At that sound

the man thrust him back across the room to a further door. This he unbolted, and was opening it as the cars tore past.

Dominic caught a swift glimpse of a big red car and the face of the man in it, who leant forward to study the inn. It was the face of a dapper man who wore not only a smart hat, but had an eyeglass screwed into his eye. The car went by in a flash, while two big army trucks, crowded with men, thundered after it. When the noise of their going died in the distance the innkeeper bolted the door.

"Did he see you, that man?" he asked.

"I think not. I was too far back from the window."

"I think not, also—or he would have come in after you."

"It was Tibor Számuelly?" Dominic wanted to be certain.

"Of course," the innkeeper shrugged.

"He may come back?"

"Oh, yes," said the man. "He will return here for his breakfast. But there is nothing to fear, once you are in your room."

#### XVII

DOMINIC heard Számuelly's cars return to the inn about an hour later. The Hungarian *csardas* have been the meeting places of revolutionaries and plotters since the days of Kosuth, and many of them are equipped accordingly.

Dominic was so tired from lack of sleep that not even the risk of Számuelly could keep him awake. The innkeeper had to shake him when he came about midday. He brought a great tray of food with him.

"Where is it you are going?" he asked. "Budapest? Well, these will be the clothes. These will not be so conspicuous as your own. These will make you an artisan."

"Did Számuelly find any food this morning?" asked Dominic.

"Some," said the innkeeper, and his face grew black. "But that was because there is a child at Pisky's."

"Does he kill children, too?" Dominic cried.

"If it serves. He had hanged the father, stripped the mother and had her whipped. He reminded the child she had only to tell him where the food was hidden. Of course, the girl told."

The innkeeper's face was dark with fury as he spoke. Dominic knew with what passion the Magyars resented such attacks upon their womenkind. The innkeeper growled, "That Számuelly will pay well. And it will not be so long. We are gathering strength in Szeged. Already these dogs are growing afraid."

Dominic asked how he knew.

"One can read it in their manner," the innkeeper said. "And in their acts, too."

"You think they will be driven out?"

"Is there a doubt? What are they—only a handful, even in Budapest? For a moment only they have power."

The innkeeper's Styrian cart was waiting in the yard, piled with goods, when Dominic came down.

"You will be safe in that," the innkeeper chuckled. "The Reds themselves will protect you. It is food I am sending to Magyar Lebeny."

"I will sit beside the driver," Dominic said, remembering Wachter's advice. "And help him unload when we arrive."

"Ah, that is the good way," the innkeeper chuckled. "St. Stephen protect you."

The quaintly shaped cart went rumbling forward at a good pace behind a team of four horses. Dominic could not help noting that very little tilling was being done.

"What is the good of planting what other mouths will eat?" the driver mumbled.

He was a lean rake of a man, the driver, with an enormous hooked nose and moustaches that trailed to his chest. He had eyes set deep under brows as hairy as a goat's beard, and he preferred to sit staring fixedly ahead.

In all the villages groups of people stood about idly, an unusual thing for the energetic Magyars. In the third village they were stopped by a sentry before the inn, the pole of which carried a sickle and hammer flag. He read their permit, or pretended to, and told them that this was the headquarters of the Commissar Számuelly and his Terror Troops. He also said:

"Look out for Comrade. Tibor, brother, he will be coming home your road when his work is done."

The driver went stoically on until they were clear of the village, then, without turning his head, he said: "Would it be better to choose another road?"

"No," Dominic said. "If we miss Számuelly and that sentry talks he will grow suspicious."

THE driver just drove on, his unwinking gaze fixed on the road. There came a blare of motor horns and the great red car with the truck bumping in its wake turned into the main road, swerved after them and came hurtling by recklessly. But half a mile on, where a track turned off the road a couple of the Lenin Boys waited with rifles held ready. The driver stopped at their signal and produced a permit.

"We don't want that," the bigger of the pair shouted. "You're from the inn where we took breakfast—yes? Well, drive up to this farm. Obey quickly."

They drove up the track, through the big gate in the high wall of the farm, and so into the great courtyard. It was a very extensive *tanya*. The truck and the car were halted within the gate.





"DOMINIC WAS HOLDING ON FOR DEAR LIFE TO THE BITS OF THE HORSES"

Tibor Számuelly and his trained band of hangmen worked with efficiency. One group had already herded the men, women and children of the house into a corner of the great yard. They made a strange huddle of color in the declining rays of the sun—the women in their white blouses, short bunched skirts, blue aprons and high red or black boots; the men no less picturesque in high boots, wide white trousers, with long red-braided cloaks hanging from their shoulders. Dominic was baffled, as he had often been in the war, to find how blank and ordinary men look in the face of death.

THERE was one woman who seemed distraught, though her dark, wild eyes and jerky movements suggested some more deep-seated emotion than terror. The handkerchief over her head told that she was a married woman.

Chairs and a table had been brought out for Számuelly's "court." Men were just finishing a search of the big barns. The last few of these came to report to the Commissar, and plainly their report was a negative one.

Dominic looked at the famous Tibor Számuelly. He was consciously dapper. His clothes were carefully valeted. A gold cigarette case stood out from the pocket of his waistcoat. There was nothing distinguished about his features or himself. Even the monocle in his eye seemed an affectation. Yet this was

the man who carried within him like a disease—an insatiable ferocity, which he had first whetted when, as a prisoner of war in Russia, he had gone over to Bolshevism and had ordered the slaughter of ninety-two Hungarian officer prisoners of war.

The man kept up a constant patter, urging his soldiers not to keep their farmer friends waiting.

The cart driver said in his flat voice (perhaps he had seen Dominic's fists): "Get down, *tavarish*, and hold the horses."

Dominic obeyed. He saw that not only was he being given something that would occupy him, but also something that would make him less conspicuous than sitting high on the driving seat. As Dominic took the heads of the leaders Tibor Számuelly opened his court.

A very old, gnarled man in a finely embroidered *suba* cloak was shoved in front of the table. His round hat was struck off. Számuelly asked why he was withholding food.

The farmer answered sturdily, "There is none to give or sell."

"Your own paunch shouts that you are lying," Számuelly jeered. "Where is your food hidden?"

"How can I tell when I have nothing to tell?" said the farmer.

Számuelly did not answer him. He made a gesture. Two of his men went to the tallest cherry tree. They carried a thick rope already noosed at one end.

They flung this over a stout limb so that the noose dangled ominously. Számuelly smirked towards the rope.

"Does that encourage your memory?" he jeered.

THERE was a small scuffle among the prisoners. Dominic suspected it was the excitable woman. Számuelly looked that way.

"The ladies are getting anxious about you," he told the farmer.

The old man after an effort said very hoarsely, "*Talpra Magyar!*" It was the battle cry of patriots since the rising of '48, and it means roughly, "Arise or Stand Up Hungary!"

Számuelly grinned, blew a long streamer of smoke into the old man's face, said: "We will see how you yourself can stand up—on air."

The old man was hustled away under the rope. Számuelly called: "His wife," and the older of the married women was thrust forward. She stood trembling, defiant, anguished before the Commissar. He leered, "Mother, your husband needs a chair to stand on."

Dominic's whole being seemed to flare up in sick horror at this infamy, but at that moment the driver said sharply: "The off leader is growing restive. . . . Have a care!"

That and soothing the leader steadied Dominic at the critical moment. When he looked round the woman had carried the chair to her doomed man. The noose

was adjusted round his neck and he stood on the chair swiftly to save his wife's agony.

"Now pull the chair away, mother," Számuelly ordered.

Whether she would ever have accomplished that horrible act, it was hard to say. Her husband kicked the chair away with his own feet and dropped twitching. Számuelly laughed outright and cracked jokes about the farmer's suicide. He even looked around to make sure nobody had missed his humor. Dominic had a rather chilled sense of the man's cold dark eyes resting overlong on his own face.

As soon as the hanged man was dead Számuelly turned to the other prisoners: "There is a son, isn't there?"

The big, frank-faced young man who had tried to keep the excitable woman quiet was brought forward. He glared at the dapper Commissar in a way so dangerous that the guards slipped a rope through his elbows. Számuelly began again his mocking question about hidden food.

He did not get far. The excitable woman tore herself from detaining hands and ran forward. Tibor Számuelly dropped his eyeglass again and seemed ready to bolt. She stopped in front of the table and said hysterically:

"I will show you."

The pinioned man swore at her, but she repeated sullenly: "Let my husband free. Come with me."

Számuelly sat back with a little cackle "You make me almost a believer in the value of marriage," he jeered, and he said to the men at his side: "Go with her."

The woman seemed taken aback. She had expected Számuelly himself to accompany her. She turned and walked towards the big barn.

Számuelly chose another cigarette and tapped it out. Then he rose languidly and came straight to Dominic.

#### XVIII

**S**ZÁMUELly stopped by the heads of the horses: "You will carry as much as you can of the food we collect. You have a helper."

His face came round to Dominic, and the Englishman knew that Számuelly had suspected him.

"Not that our comrade here looks so much of a laborer," he smirked at Dominic. With a quick gesture he lifted the Englishman's right hand.

"Such gentlemanly hands," he mocked. Dominic saw the cold attention in Számuelly's eyes, saw the group of soldiers closing in. They were watching him with dreadful keenness as they fingered their Mauser pistols and rifles. It was a moment for boldness.

"Well, why shouldn't they be soft?" he said curtly. "I am no field-ox."

Számuelly was taken aback by the

answer. He muttered: "Then why do you hold a horse's head?"

"Because, though all of us can't be Commissars, all must live," Dominic said.

Számuelly said a little more politely: "What are you, comrade? Where do you come from?"

**B**UT before he could finish his cross-examination they heard an uproar from the barn. Starting with a scuffle, it ended with shouts and pistol shots. One of the men came running out. He was wounded. He shouted: "She has gone mad. She had a pistol under her skirts."

At the same moment there was an explosion in the barn and a sheet of flame shot through the shed's open door. It was followed by a black cloud of greasy smoke.

The smoke poured in an increasing cloud from the barn across the gateway. Számuelly was crouching against his red car. His men were firing their rifles indiscriminately at the prisoners.

The chaos was increased when the woman appeared. Her brain had undoubtedly given way, for she screamed like one possessed and emptied her pistol wildly into the yard. That was the final stroke for the Terror Boys; they scattered like chickens.

Dominic was holding on for dear life to the bits of the horses. The explosion had caused them to rear, and the smoke and flames increased their panic. The driver straining back on the reins shouted:

"Let go. . . . I can control them better that way. . . . Jump up behind."

Dominic let go the heads of the leaders and leaped back as they shot forward. He had just time to grasp the tailboard of the cart as it flashed by, and swing his leg over it. The team bolted round the yard. Just as Dominic felt sure they would crash into a line of sheds, the driver dragged the team round so sharply that the cart swerved.

Across the yard they tore at a runaway pace, the driver giving the maddened beasts their heads, yet keeping them true on the gate. Those gates had seemed very wide as they drove in, but now they looked as pinched as death itself. Their chances of getting through seemed hopeless.

Dominic ducked his head among the sacks of vegetables as they charged headlong. He felt the cart heave and buck under him, as the horses shied at the smoke, and waited for the smash of the gate-post.

But the driver was a master of his art. The cart swerved again. A fog of smoke engulfed them, making Dominic choke, part of the rear rail flew to splinters—but they were through. They tore along at runaway pace towards Dominic's destination, Magyar Lebeny.

"You have them well in hand?" Dom-

inic said as the cart straightened out.

"All a man can do with runaway horses is to let them run themselves out," said the man, but Dominic saw a mordant twist in his lips.

"You also stopped me from trying to kill that damned butcher—and being killed myself."

"One suspects you have better things to do," said the driver in his toneless way.

"What will happen to the people of the farm?" Dominic asked anxiously.

The driver muttered: "It would be a good work to have Masses said for their souls."

There was a long silence. Presently the driver said: "Magyar Lebeny is now close. To remain long in such a place will not be so healthy."

They entered the outskirts of Magyar Lebeny in the growing dusk. Dominic had already tried in vain to slip money into the man's hand.

"I am nobody," the man said simply. "But in my small way I, too, can help Hungary."

In the first of the dark streets Dominic dropped down from the back of the cart; the driver went on without turning round, and so out of his life. But he had already given Dominic rough directions to the part of the town he wanted to reach.

A rather untidy merchant met him with a blank face until he made the sign Stephen Varosmarvy had taught him. Then, without fuss or words, he was conducted through many doors and passages until he came to a house on another street. There he stayed for the night.

#### XIX

**T**HE Vecsti-ut is a small, secretive street on the Pest side of the Danube. Pinched almost to a shadowy passage, it seems narrower because of the tall buildings that line it. Some of these buildings are hotels that have an air of being elbowed into the back-ground.

The building Dominic sought was one of these hotels. Its *hausmeister*, Zoltan Kaffka, was Stephen Varosmarvy's agent. A small, truculent creature with a head like a tennis ball, he was one of those men who make up for lack of inches by an excess of self-importance. He was rude, but made no comment on Dominic's unproletarian accent, as a true son of the Soviet might. Also as Dominic made the sign Stephen had taught him, he did not unbend. He led Dominic up a staircase, turned along a first floor corridor, the left-hand wall of which was plate glass. This looked down upon the old dining-saloon of the hotel. Dominic's room was at the end of this passage.

The door let them into an odd, bare little ante-chamber without furniture ex-

cept for a few books. The *hausmeister*, having stolidly displayed the room, stood looking at Dominic. Only when the latter recited the couplet from Csokonai, did he become abruptly and extraordinarily human.

"Ah, now I can stop being the growling dog, honorable sir," he sighed. "Your pardon for being so rough-tongued; this new freedom of ours is suspicious of politeness."

"I am Count Stephen Varosmarvy's cousin," began Dominic.

"You have only to speak then and it is done," the little man cried. "I am from Count Stephen's own land. I rode with Count Stephen in his own regiment. I am his brother in blood and wounds—and yours." Then he frowned. "But how is it you come secretly and disguised into Budapest, like an agent. You are English. You have a Mission here where you would be safer."

"Has our Mission weight with Béla Kún then?" Dominic asked.

"In theory, none—in fact, yes. The English, the Americans and the Italians have prevented them killing off their hostages."

**D**OMINIC was glad to hear that because it gave him an opening to speak about Prince Viktor.

"He is in the Parliament Buildings," he told Dominic. "In the cellars."

"But you are sure he is still alive?"

"Yes, the missions have curbed their eagerness there. He is alive, but to get him out—not so easy."

"We will try and find a plan," Dominic said, and began to touch upon the much more delicate business of the book of poems. Zoltan Kafka scowled and spat viciously at the mere mention of the Judas book.

"That is a slut who will be boiled in oil when we catch her," he said ferociously.

"You know who it was, then?"

Dominic asked, his heart growing cold. "All Budapest knows. All Budapest is ready to strike her down if it finds her."

"But the name?" Dominic demanded thickly.

"Colette Honraith—a rotten apple off a rotten tree."

"This is certain?"

"There can be no doubt. Prince Viktor himself has named her."

Dominic stared at the man. He must act carefully. To let him know he was trying to save Colette might mean a refusal to help. Dominic had to dissemble.

"I am here to get that book of poems into my hands," he said. "To see the writing in it. Only thus can we have final proof of guilt."

"No need of proof," the man growled. "The thing is certain."

"No, that will not be justice. We require full proof as a matter of honor."

"I do not know if you can get that book. This Garrison is one of the difficult ones."

"How? Clever—dangerous?"

"Honest! Some are not so hard. But Garrison believes in this revolution like a holy crusade."

He saw Dominic's downcast face.

"But have courage. There must be a way. Count Stephen must think so."

"He thinks you are the way."

"I—I! St. Gellert preserve me! And yet, maybe. But it must be thought out well."

"Well—and quickly," Dominic nodded. He was fearful for Colette.

"Yes we must be quick as well as circumspect," he said. "Meanwhile I will go out now and study the land."

"Walk carefully as you go," Zoltan Kafka told him. "They are in a state of mind to shoot their own ears off."

"But I thought things were easier," Dominic said. "Clemenceau has ordered the Rumanians back behind the Tisza and the threat of invasion is over."

"Aye, they are back behind the Tisza, but they wait like disappointed tigers. And the Czechs and Serbs threaten too, while already the National Army gathers. Not only do the Reds know all this, they know that the people know it and are taking heart again. So walk wisely and be back here before ten."

Zoltan Kafka showed him what he called his emergency exits.

"You note this balcony outside your window? It leads to a fire ladder. By bending double the balustrade will hide you. There is another way out along the passage beyond your door. You go down the servants' stairs and through the kitchens. In that electric chandelier is a buzzer. I work it from my room in the hall. When you hear it you leave the house quickly."

"You are equipped with all the precautions," Dominic laughed.

"You will be wise to look through this glass whenever you leave your room. If that table by the main door is without its pot of flowers, you must be careful."

**G**OING downstairs Zoltan Kafka explained how he would be able to find out much about Prince Viktor.

"It will not be so hard. I am a staunch comrade. My zeal can even be fiery—when nobody is to be hurt by it. So I have many friends among the officials."

Confident that that side of his task could not be in better hands, Dominic strolled towards the Parliament Buildings. Walking through Budapest was like walking through a city of blood.

On every side there were decorations to celebrate the First National Congress of Hungarian Soviets, which had been called for June 14th. Red masts with strings of red festoons; red flagstuffs,

red flags, red five-pointed Soviet stars, red draperies hanging down from windows; red columns, ten feet high, bearing plaster busts of Communist heroes. At every corner the naked red giant, red hammer in hand menaced the bourgeoisie from the posters of *The People's Voice*.

The open space before the Parliament house was full of bustle. Delegates from all over Hungary were hurrying in and out of the building. The sameness of these men, even to their red rosettes and ribbons and the inevitable portfolios under their arms, gave their activities an ant-like effect. Dominic studying the great domed mass in which Prince Viktor was imprisoned and where Garrison held the fateful book, wondered how on earth the grenade-garnished sentries could ever tell these swarming Commissars and endless officials apart. . . . And it was that which gave him the germ of a plan.

It seemed to him that one need only be casual and businesslike to get into the place. Some dived in without a word, others threw merely a nod at the nearest sentry, but all went in with the greatest unconcern.

He turned back towards his lodgings. Across the stream on the piled up mass of old Buda, flowering shrubs and trees shone on the garden terraces in spite of neglect, right up to the eloquent sky line of Coronation Church.

Only before the Revolutionary headquarters was there any animation. As Dominic drew in sight of the ex-hotel, a couple of big trucks that excited more than usual interest arrived. They were crowded with leather-coated, peak-hatted men. These were armed not merely to their teeth, but to their boots.

The leader was a fellow who arrested the eye. He was big-limbed and of extraordinary muscular physique. A Sam Browne strap carried a formidable stick grenade on his left hip. As secondary armament he sported a pistol.

Dominic looked well at this sailor who commanded the flying squad of Terrorists called "The Lenin Boys." It was this man's business to stifle any suspicion of hostility to the Proletarian Government, to collect and deal with suspects. Joseph Czerny was a law unto himself, and even Béla Kún did not dare to contradict him. They worked to ideals of profit as well as politics, arresting rich merchants for cash or for food.

Dominic had paused in his walk to study this curious and redoubtable creature; other men had stopped beside him, as he knew when warned by a shout from the sentry outside the Hungaria.

xx

**D**OMINIC gained a footing in the Parliament House by the most simple and effective of all means. He got employment there. When he told Zol-



tan Kafka the idea that had come to him through watching the swarm of officials with portfolios, the little *hausmeister* jumped at it.

"It is the very plan, because it isn't one at all," he laughed.

"You think it can be managed?"

"But of course. They have to employ people, why not you? Look at our present War Minister. He used to mend typewriters at the War Office. Because he knew his way about the corridors, it seems—pouff!—between two calls he was made the Minister."

Zoltan Kafka had not been chosen Stephen's agent for nothing. Dominic was introduced as a young seminarist from the country who, having become imbued with revolutionary ideals, had thrown up the priesthood to join the Communists.

"They will jump at you then," Zoltan grinned. "They feel it is like pulling away a prop from the foundations of heaven."

Dominic, as a Catholic, did not like doing anything, even under stress, that would bring disrepute on the priesthood. On the other hand, there was no harm in his having been a student. He was still too young to be a priest; also, having been educated as a lay boy at a seminary, he knew the ways of such students.

Thus he became Dominic Ambrus, the son of a small merchant in Komorn (for the Czechs were now in possession of Komorn). Fired with Marxian enthusiasm, he had run away from school to join the cause at Budapest.

**D**OMINIC was given a post by an Assistant-Commissar named Werkerli, who had an office in the Parliament building.

"He has something to do with agriculture," the little *hausmeister* said. "What work there is to do is done by his secretary, Emma. She is a little Jewess and he is very fond of her; if she likes you you will be all right."

Dominic was "all right" with Emma. He met her at the café where Werkerli interviewed him. He found her a very simple and homely person indeed. All he had to do was to talk poetically about freedom and Karl Marx to find her beaming a starry encouragement.

Dominic walked straight in through the door. The porter directed him to the top floor. But he went to Commissar Garrison's office on the third floor instead.

Garrison and his assistants were occupied, so he had several minutes to study the room. The first thing Dominic saw in it was the safe. He did that with a tightening of the heart. If the book of Petofi's poems was anywhere it was in that safe.

It stood on a knee-high pedestal. Its door was wide open and Dominic could

look right into it. Its shelves were packed with papers and books. There were two closed steel drawers at the bottom of the safe. The book would be in one of those.

It was in the far angle of the front wall and cut off by a low camp bed, for Garrison was a stylite, as it were, to duty, and slept as well as worked in his room.

**B**ETWEEN Garrison's end of the room and the door was a wide space. In it one bushy-haired man worked at a small desk. This side of him was a long trestle table stretching two-thirds across the room and acting as a counter. At this callers were interviewed by two assistants.

One of these reception clerks was short, thick-set and rough-faced. He treated callers in a curt and bullying manner. The other wore thick-lensed spectacles under the narrow forehead of a dreamer. He was a thin man, young with gentle manners.

Dominic decided that this was his man. The spectacled man straightened and smiled at him. Dominic seized his chance and asked the way to Werkerli's room.

The dreamy man did not know.

"Perhaps someone here—" Dominic suggested.

"Perfectly simple if you know the number and use your head," the curt clerk snapped. "Top floor, can't miss it."

Dominic went up to Werkerli's room elated. He had done rather more than he had hoped; that is, he had not only surveyed the room in which the Petofi book was kept, but he had found in one of Garrison's assistants, a man who might prove of immense use.

His job with Werkerli was extraordinarily casual. It became Dominic's work to carry papers to other rooms. In this way he was constantly wandering up and down the building and in and out of various rooms.

Better still he located definitely the cell where Prince Viktor was imprisoned. Being a hostage of some importance, the Prince had a small room to himself at the end of a blind passage. This passage was passed regularly by a sentry on duty day and night.

He had meanwhile struck up a friendship with Garrison's dreamy assistant. He missed him at the first lunch hour, but not that night. He followed him until he saw him turn into the door of a small eating place. Catching him up before he had found a seat, Dominic said:

"I thought I remembered your face as I turned in here. Is it a good place?"

"Hullo," smiled the dreamer. "You didn't get entirely lost in our warren, then?"

"No—but the whole town bewilders me. I am looking for a place to eat."

"This isn't too bad, and its music is really good," the man said, and he drifted ahead to an empty table.

Koloman Schoplin was a lonely man and a musician. Dominic had only to speak of music to him to be at once enfolded in the warmth of an enthusiasm.

When Dominic got home late that night he found Zoltan Kafka anxious for him: "I thought you had been too bold, and that your body was already on its way down the Danube," the little man said.

He told the *hausmeister* what had happened, especially of his new friendship with Schoplin.

"But that is a sword stroke," the little man cried. "Presently you will be free of Garrison's room."

"I shall be drifting in there tomorrow," Dominic said. "Schoplin asked me to go to a concert tomorrow evening. They are going to get so accustomed to seeing me in that room, that they will not even notice I am a danger even when I steal that book of Petofi's poems."

His own part was not too difficult. He was fond of music, if in an inexpert way, and he had also seen and been enchanted by Beecham's dazzling London season of operas during the war years. All he had to do was to mention some opera, or a Beethoven symphony, and Schoplin, catching fire, did most of the talking.

He was safe, too, in talking about his seminary, for Schoplin was the last person who would know anything about it; he was a Jew; one of those shy, sensitive and gentle Jews which many are apt to forget are just as much a part of their race as the thrusting and avaricious type. He was a simple fellow, too, apart from his gift and passion for music. This passion was his whole life, and indeed he had sacrificed most of his life to it, in order to overcome the difficulties which stood between him and his ambition to become a composer-pianist.

**H**E had been so poor that he had to serve at the counter of a music shop in Budapest, in order to keep himself while studying for his degrees. It was for this reason that he had embraced the revolutionary cause. He felt, rather than thought, of Socialism as a sort of poetic justice that would free all men to fulfill themselves according to their highest aspiration. For this reason he had joined the "intellectual" society called the "Galileans," and it was through that society that he had found a post with Garrison.

The brutalities and the killings that marked the revolt disgusted his fastidious temper yet he pitied the state of mind that caused them.

(To Be Continued)

# The Passion *and the* Poets

## Shakespeare

By Daniel B. Pulsford

IN considering the attitude of English poets to the Passion it is impossible to pass over without comment the great name of Shakespeare. Yet we are met with this difficulty: in all the wide range covered by the poet there is but one reference to the Cross. Everybody knows the lines at the commencement of the first part of Henry IV in which the King alludes to his intention of joining the Crusade:

"Therefore, friends,  
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,—  
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed  
cross  
We are impressed and engag'd to fight—  
Forthwith a power of English shall we  
levy;  
Whose arms were molded in their  
mothers' womb  
To chase these pagans in those holy  
fields  
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed  
feet  
Which fourteen hundred years ago were  
nail'd  
For our advantage on the bitter cross."

A brief passage such as this out of the mass of writings attributed to Shakespeare would not afford sufficient excuse for dealing with him in this connection if it were not for certain other considerations. It is but a superficial way of treating the subject to pick out isolated lines relevant to our theme. We must look at the plays as a whole, viewing them in the light of what we know concerning the times and tracing in them, if we can, the influence of Catholic teaching. England had been familiar with the story of Calvary for a thousand years. Every hind was acquainted with the facts. The symbol of our Faith stared at him wherever he went. Along the roads of medieval Europe wandered a countless number going to or returning from the Holy Land. The Middle Ages were filled with the clamor of the Crusades, the purpose of which was that described by Henry IV in the lines quoted. The Feasts and Fasts of the Church, universally observed, brought home to every individual the chief events of the Gospel narrative. The Mystery Plays still further popularized the story. To any extent to which we today can scarcely imagine, the Drama of our Redemption had entered into the very soul

and mental habits of the people. Especially was this the case in such provincial districts as that in which the poet had been brought up and to which, at the end of his life, he returned. What Shakespeare's early associations were may be gathered from the statement made by Mr. Frank Mathew in his book, *An Image of Shakespeare*. "It is probable," he says, "that Stratford, like many other country places, remained Catholic for several years after Queen Elizabeth ceased to profess that religion in 1558. The vestments kept in Holy Trinity Church were not destroyed till 1571. . . . Simon Hunt, who was the master at the Grammar School from 1571 to 1577, became a Jesuit in 1578. Sir Sidney Lee thinks that Shakespeare probably made his entry in 1571, and left the Grammar School in 1577, when he was thirteen. If this is right, Shakespeare was taught by Hunt."

SUCH considerations would lead us to believe, apart from any actual evidence, that the dramatist's work, however remote the subject from the Sacred Themes suggested by the Church, must have been deeply colored by Catholic thought and sentiment. We should expect to find in all he wrote evidence of a Catholic way of looking at life. Specific references might be few but the tone of the whole would be, we might anticipate, unmistakable. Shakespeare is often referred to as inaugurating a new age in English literature, but it is at least equally true to say that he summed up the past. In his *History of England* Froude wrote: "Shakespeare's Plays were as much the offspring of the long generations who had pioneered the road for him as the discoveries of Newton were the offspring of those of Copernicus." And Carlyle in his *Lectures on Heroes* echoed this. "In some sense," he declared, "it may be said that this glorious Elizabethan era with its Shakespeare, as the outcome and flowerage of all which had preceded it, is itself attributable to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages. The Christian Faith, which was the theme of Dante's song, had produced the practical age which Shakespeare was to sing. For Religion then, as it now and always is, was the soul of Practice, the primary vital fact in men's life. And remark here, as rather curious, that Middle Age Catholicism

was abolished, as far as Acts of Parliament could abolish it, before Shakespeare, the noblest product of it, made his appearance."

When we turn to the works themselves we find this judgment confirmed by numerous references showing a familiar knowledge of, if not sympathy with, the old religion. And these references are the more convincing because they are casual and, as it were, accidental. The poet is not thrusting them forward in an aggressive manner; they occur to him simply as reflections of that popular speech which it was his business to reproduce. To take only a few of such allusions: what more natural than the indication of belief in purgatory given in the lines spoken by Hamlet's father?

"I am thy father's spirit.  
Doom'd for a certain time to walk the  
night,  
And, for the day, confin'd to waste in  
fires  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of  
nature  
Are burnt and purg'd away."

Or take the same individual's reference to the shameful manner in which he was murdered:

"Unhousel'd, unanointed, unanel'd;  
No reckoning made, but sent to my  
account  
With all my imperfections on my head."

OR take that representative of the new Protestant clergy thrust by Elizabeth into the places of the dispossessed priests who is significantly named Sir Oliver Martext. When Touchstone, the Fool, would be married to Audrey by this gentleman Jacques intervenes. "And will you," he asks the Fool, "being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot: then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber, warp, warp." To which Touchstone replies: "I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife."

This reference to marriage reminds

us that in dealing with that institution, as in his reference to other social institutions, it is always the Catholic standpoint Shakespeare assumes. The social framework of Shakespeare's plays is that which had been created through centuries of Catholic teaching.

**B**UT it is in particular with the influence of that teaching regarding Our Lord's Passion that we are here concerned. As we have seen, there is only one explicit reference to this. But in the present article we are not confined to definite allusions of that kind. We want to see how Shakespeare's work was affected generally by the preaching of the Cross which had been carried on in the centuries preceding him. In what way, we ask ourselves, does the poet's work bear evidence of the influence exercised by the Catholic Tradition concerning the Divine Sacrifice. Of course it is only indirectly that we can trace this influence. To discover it at all the plays must be subjected to careful analysis, but I do not think there can be any doubt as to the result. When we have concluded our survey we shall be able to say: This man could never have written as he did if he had not come of a people saturated with the Story of Redeeming Love.

In the quotations that have been given from Froude and Carlyle we have heard the Elizabethan Dramatist spoken of as the flowering of the Middle Ages. According to these authorities the beauty of his work was an autumnal beauty. The rich coloring witnesses to the decay of the old order. Some may detect a Virgilian wistfulness spread throughout the plays. In the majority of cases he turned to the past for his subjects, and when his life-work was done he escaped from London and its comparative modernity to hide himself in the obscurity of a provincial town. In spite of the wit-combats at the Mermaid Tavern and in spite of the success which he had achieved in the capital, he preferred the old-fashioned, Catholic atmosphere of his native place. It does not look as though he shared the enthusiasm with which, in the capital, the new order was welcomed, and I am inclined to think that his later and more mature plays witness to his sadness at what was going on about him. Like Hamlet, he knew that the times were out of joint, and bemoaned his impotence to set them right. He was no saint nor martyr yet it is possible that he viewed with secret sympathy, as did many more of his age, those brave men and women who, following in the footsteps of the Crucified, laid down their lives in defence of the ancient Faith. The scenes witnessed at Tyburn, recalling as they did the Tragedy of Calvary, could not have been without effect on the sensitive nature of the poet. The greatness of Shakes-

pearean Tragedy may owe something to the blood shed by these holy champions of Catholicism.

There is one recurring feature in the tragedies which Shakespeare wrote that calls for comment in the present connection: I refer to the note of disloyalty. There is a constant harping on the theme of the subject who betrays his sovereign, the kinsman or friend who proves a traitor. You find it in *Lear*, in *Macbeth*, in *Julius Caesar* and in others of the plays. It is particularly conspicuous in *Hamlet*. The Prince of Denmark, in fact, offers an excellent subject for study inasmuch as we are enabled to see in him the effect on an upright and conscientious nature of disillusionment regarding those who manage this world's affairs. The sin committed by his mother against his recently deceased father and the knowledge that the reigning king had murdered his brother and predecessor eats into Hamlet's very heart, wringing from him the bitter cry that one may "smile and smile and be a villain." The whole world is infected in his eyes by the crime. He even doubts his own integrity. "I could accuse myself of such things," he tells Ophelia "that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us." And he bids her, "Go thy ways to a nunnery."

**T**HE critics have quarrelled endlessly among themselves as to the reason why Hamlet did not revenge his father's death. They have sometimes declared that it was because he was an intellectual rather than a man of action. Others have suggested that it was because the death of the reigning king would bring him to the throne and impose on the student all those cares of State for which he felt himself unfitted. But is it not possible that the speech I have just quoted may supply the clue? Hamlet experienced the same loss of self-confidence as was felt by those disciples who, learning that their Master was to be betrayed, exclaimed "Is it I?" As he himself says, "Conscience doth make cowards of us all and thus the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." In fact the play may be read as a commentary on the text: "Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord." Hamlet is indeed a complex character and he is not fully aware of the motives which are inhibiting his action. He whips himself up to commit the deed for which the situation seems to call. Then he persuades himself that the testimony of the Ghost is not sufficient evidence, and he contrives to have

the traveling players re-enact the murder before the Court in order that he may observe the effect on his Uncle. But the root-cause of his hesitation remains unaffected. Conscious of his own shortcomings, he cannot assume the functions of judge and executioner.

I think it will be granted that the humility exemplified in this reaction to the discovery of others' sin is the peculiar product of the Religion of the Cross. It is inconceivable in a pagan. It is even inconceivable, I venture to think, in those loud-voiced, robustious contemporaries of the Dramatist who were in sympathy with the new times. It is a relic of the Catholic past, to which essentially Shakespeare belonged.

But the sense of sin—so strong in the author of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and other of the poet's writings—is prevented from becoming despair by the thought of the Divine forgiveness. In the same play which we are now considering there is a passage in which we have both Hamlet's self-accusation and this remembrance of the way in which God treats the unworthy. In Act II, Scene II, we find Hamlet commanding Polonius to provide hospitality for the players. "My Lord," says the courtier, "I will use them according to their desert." To which the Prince replies: "Odd's bodkin, man, better: use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity: the less they deserve the more merit is in your bounty." There is a parallel treatment of the theme in Portia's famous speech in *The Merchant of Venice*, beginning:

"The quality of mercy is not strained."

This speech, also, links the obligation to show mercy with the fact that God has been merciful to us:

"But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,—  
It is enthroned in the heart of kings,  
It is an attribute of God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore  
Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea consider this—  
That in the course of justice none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all  
to render  
The deeds of mercy."

**I**T is to be remarked how closely in Shakespeare's mind the prayer for forgiveness is linked with the obligation to forgive. Luther's teaching that salvation depends on faith alone—faith without works—had made no impression on the poet's mind. On this point it is only necessary to quote the soliloquy of the



King. It shows how clearly Shakespeare understood the nature of contrition and how well he could distinguish it from remorse:

"O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,—  
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will:  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,—  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens  
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy  
But to confront the visage of offence?  
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,—  
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;  
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—

That cannot be, since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the murder,—  
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.  
May one be pardoned and retain the offence?  
In the corrupted currents of the world  
Offence's guil'd hand may shove by justice,  
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;  
There is no shuffling,—there the action lies  
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?  
Try what repentance can: what can it not?  
Yet what can it when one can not repent?

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:  
Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

That a dramatist with Shakespeare's wide range should write tragedy is of

course nothing strange. His sense of the tragic he shared with classic writers untouched by Christianity. But it is when we set his work beside theirs that we realize what a difference the Religion of the Cross has made.

The Catholicity of Shakespeare's mentality is even more apparent when we compare him with our modern pagans. In viewing the evil in the world he is no heartless stoic. It has been remarked that Bernard Shaw has no tenderness, but Shakespeare had received in full the gift of tears. He was not ashamed to weep. But, on the other hand, he is no sentimentalist. Neither has disillusionment made him a cynic or a pessimist. Thomas Hardy, though he owes much to the Elizabethan, does not owe him his morbidity. It is not the gods whom he arraigns but man's own self. And he does not seek to lighten the conscience by denying the fact of sin but by invoking the pardon of which the Cross is the sign. The tragic features of life are faced, but they are faced in the spirit of a Christian philosophy.

Our greatest poet had little to say about the actual Cross. But who can doubt that it is to that source we must trace his appreciation of humility and his love of mercy?

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

### Discovery

by Admiral Richard E. Byrd

*Discovery* is an account of Admiral Byrd's second exploration of the Antarctic. *Little America* described his first expedition which so gripped the imagination of the public and so thrilled the hearts of all adventure lovers that one might be forgiven for thinking that a second book on the same subject could be only an anti-climax.

But it is nothing of the kind. One experiences all the charm of adventure and discovery vicariously in reading of the land of midnight sun, of the long winter night and of the little band of heroic men pushing on intrepidly over frozen wastes never before seen by human eyes. It is a human story, recounting simply and without embellishment the struggles and adventures of men pitted against dangers and difficulties never before met.

But the book is not merely a story of adventure. It is an account of exploration and discovery and of scientific facts collected by the best equipped expedition, both as to instruments and personnel, that has ever attempted such an exploration. All modern means were

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used, such as radio, planes, tractors and the various instruments necessary for scientific observations and soundings.

Admiral Byrd spent a winter alone at an interior station, miles from the rest of his party, for the purpose of making observations. It was the southernmost and coldest spot ever inhabited by man. Another takes up the tale of what happened meanwhile at *Little America*. When the radio messages began to falter they succeeded in pushing through to the lonely station and found Byrd "emaciated, hollow-cheeked, weak and haggard."

Those who have read *Little America* will find *Discovery* a worthy continuation of a heroic story.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3.75.

### God's Ambuscade

by Daniel Sargent

There can be no doubt but that Mr. Sargent has given us something new in

Catholic poetry. I have been wondering how best to describe it, and I think that he himself has supplied the phrase in his verse *Frosty Sound*. "Wondrous masculinity." That is it!

To style these poems philosophical is to suggest that they are heavy, and they are anything but that. And yet they are in a very real sense philosophical. Mr. Sargent lays hold of the essence of things. He sets them forth with a directness and a simplicity, almost with a severity that is really philosophical. And yet they abound in light. Corot has given us something similar in pictorial art. Looking at one of his canvases one is struck with the simplicity of the thing. There are trees, there is sky, there is grass. But flooding it all, enveloping it all there is that wonderful light. Every leaf and twig is bathed in it. Now Mr. Sargent's poetry is something like that. There is simplicity, there is almost severity, but in all there is light.

There is the delightful sonnet *Courtesy*; the charming quatrain *Night* with its exquisite first line.

"O darling night, thou basket full of stars."

His verse *Preference* is a ringing

declaration of faith in the Catholic philosophy of values.

The very musicality is different. There is little of the full organ music of booming open vowels, but there is rather the music of more elemental things, the sighing of the wind in the trees, the snap of twigs in frosty November stillness, even the ring of a hammer against a board in the cold winter air.

Perhaps the blurb writer has hit upon the explanation of the thing in saying: "This writing carries the singular spark of the New England mentality in fresh impact with Catholicism."

Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

## The Judgments of Father Judge

by Joachim V. Benson, M.S. SS., T.

Father Benson gives a clear and interesting account of the life, work and teachings of Father Judge. Apparently doomed by sickness to an early and untimely death, he lived to accomplish great things for the Kingdom of Christ and to leave behind him the example of a holy life and the counsels of a wise and prudent master in things spiritual.

Not only did he himself preach the Gospel to the poor, but he gathered about him devoted men and women to carry on his work. He formed them into the Congregations of the Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity for men, and the Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity for women.

Father Benson's work is not a dry account of the external activities of Father Judge, but portrays his spirit and reveals the hidden springs of his deeply religious life.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$1.30.

## Blood Relations

by Philip Gibbs

An English girl marries a young German Count in 1914. When war breaks out he leaves for the front while his wife remains in Germany. A son is born to her in 1915. After the war the Count returns to recommence his life and to work for the restoration of Germany.

By means of these two and those about them, Philip Gibbs gives us an insight into the character, aspirations and ideals of the English and Germans. With deep understanding and sympathy he shows the virtues which they failed to see in each other and the faults which they saw too well. We see these, enduring beyond the war, preventing understanding and causing mistrust. Though the story deals mostly with the German point of view, the balance is supplied by the English wife seeing through English eyes, checking exaggerations of German destiny, and defending her England against the misunderstandings of the

German people whom she loves and who love her.

While the story is an eloquent plea for peace, it is more than propaganda. It can stand on its merits as a novel and should rank high in current fiction.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.,  
Garden City, N. Y. \$2.50.

## Men of Turmoil

Biographies by Leading Authorities of the Dominating Personalities of our Day.

Since these brief chapters were written the march of events has brought significant changes in the political, eco-

ONE of the sincere regrets of THE SIGN Staff is the fact that space limitations prevent the review in this department of the many admirably instructive and interesting pamphlets which are sent to us. Candidly, we do not have pages enough to give adequate notice even to the many books we are asked to notice. We take this occasion to remark that pamphlet production is a vital part of the crusade of Catholic literature. Had we resources at our command we should like to subsidize those who are broadcasting Catholic truth in this attractive form. We hope that our readers will patronize and benefit by this special service at their command.

Though we cannot review pamphlets and booklets for the reason given above, we trust that the publishers will continue to send us samples of their productions that we may enlighten those who write for information.

Among the many who are doing a splendid service in this respect are: The Paulist Press, Light, The International Truth Society, the various departments of N.C.W.C., Maryknoll, Catholic Truth Society (England), America, Queen's Work, The Pamphlet Club (Stamford), etc., etc.

conomic, religious and even scientific world. At first sight, therefore, *Men of Turmoil* will appear out of touch with the critical times in which we live and just another useless book that reviewers must cudgel their brains to discover a reason for. In reality it is of timely interest for those who wish to get some understanding of the world's leaders caught up in the maelstrom of international life and thought.

Of course the biographies cover nearly the whole field of human endeavor and experience, but at present the social, political and religious leaders come first in importance. *Men of Turmoil* affords a reasonably good background for understanding these men whose names are on

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everyone's lips and on whom it is difficult to pass sane and dispassionate judgment. Of course in such a large accumulation of life-sketches there is an obvious variety of merit. Some are purely subjective studies, while others though clinging mainly to facts are blurred by a too partisan outlook and a too frequent use of the journalistic style of writing. Consequently, careful observers of international events will sometimes find the narrow interpretations of facile writers tantalizing—in particular their confusion of the ideas "action" and "progress."

Nevertheless, we can glean much important information from this readable account of *Men of Turmoil*.

Milton Balch & Co., New York. \$3.75.

## No God Next Door: Red Rule in Mexico and Our Responsibility

by Michael Kenny, S.J.

The ruthless persecution in Mexico, with its destruction of human rights, will create problems of vital interest, as long as the United States continues to intervene in Mexican affairs against the Mexican people. The heavy hand of America makes it impossible for the victims of Red rule in Mexico to do anything effectively for the amelioration of their condition.

In this paper-bound booklet, intended for wide and popular distribution, Father Kenny dispels all doubts about America's responsibility in continuing the disgraceful tragedy she has helped to bring about. The ample facts he presents so vigorously, with exact references, are shockingly enlightening. In the light of these, one easily understands the frantic efforts made by certain elements in the United States to prevent an impartial Congressional inquiry and to block remedial action.

Wm. J. Hirtle Co., Inc., New York. \$25

## The Means of Grace

by The Rev. Leon A. McNeill, M.A. and Madeleine Aaron, A.B.

*The Means of Grace* is a simple theology for layfolk. True, it was written primarily for older children, but there is no reason why grown-ups, humble enough to read examples intended for youngsters, cannot make a very profitable study and review of the Sacraments and much other important matter in Catholic dogma by means of this textbook. The style is clear and not too catechetical. It is well suited for use by Study Clubs.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, New Jersey.

## Education of the Founding Fathers of the Republic

by Dr. James J. Walsh

Once more Dr. Walsh treats a little known phase of history and produces an interesting work. This time Dr. Walsh brings to light an aspect of early American collegiate education which is not generally appreciated. This "neglected chapter in the history of American education" is the part played by Scholastic Philosophy in the training of early American college students.

The first part of the book details the research of Dr. Walsh to prove his thesis. He presents in considerable detail the early philosophical curricula of Harvard, Yale, Princeton and other

universities and colleges to show that the students of these institutions studied courses in Scholastic metaphysics, ethics, psychology and logic.

In the second part there is a brief history of Scholasticism to which is added a contrast between colonial education and modern education. In this contrast Dr. Walsh delivers some very telling blows and modern education comes off badly. Some may think that the author is a little hard on modern education but he certainly makes a strong case. All who feel that modern lay education is not producing results proportionate to its cost and that there is something fundamentally wrong with it will find much food for thought in Dr. Walsh's analysis of the situation.

A reading of this book will not only introduce one to an interesting phase of American education but will also enable one to understand better the ideals of the men who were trained in early American colleges. It was from the ranks of these men that came the major portion of those who laid the foundations of our nation.

Fordham Press. \$3.50.

## Christian Art

by Charles Rufus Morey

This survey of Christian Art though in no sense a textbook presents a great deal of information and critical observation which is usually to be found only in textbooks. The author has presented a studious and convincing analysis of the genesis and development of Christian Art. It will undoubtedly serve as a new approach to and deeper appreciation of this important subject. It is based on the findings of research as interpreted by a penetrating and cultured mind.

With a confident knowledge of historic data and a true perception of cause and effect Professor Morey explains and interprets the origin of Christian Art, the Asiatic-Alexandrine beginnings and the various stages leading to the Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic and Renaissance periods. To Greece and Medieval France he gives the merit of having evolved an original architecture and shows how the fusing of these contrasting points of view produced the ecstatic force of the Romanesque and now lives on in the energy of the Gothic. In five brief, compact chapters the author has covered a wide field with satisfying thoroughness, focused his attention on the essential facts of his thesis and proven his profound scholarship and deep appreciation of the cultural values of Christian Art.

These treatises first appeared in the Liturgical Art magazine, but they merit a wider circulation. They necessarily presume an acquaintance with the various phases of Christian Art, but the

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novice in art as well as the advanced student will find in them much that is helpful and enlightening. It should be carefully read and pondered.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.75.

## Theatre of Life

by Esme Howard

This entertaining book was written by Lord Howard of Penrith, one time British Ambassador to the United States, for his children at their request. In it Esme Howard, a younger son of one of the oldest families in England, tells his life's story. If he compares his life to a theatre in which he had a first seat in the pit and in the stalls with an occasional visit behind the scenes, he found it also a school where he learned to exercise an esteem for his fellowmen. In his school days at Harrow he saw the "ridiculousness and absurdity of a snob." At Rome his heart was won by an Italian Princess and his soul by the Catholic Church.

His conversations with Cardinal Merry del Val reveal that an Anglo-Saxon can be as logical as a Latin; that not all Englishmen are compromisers with the truth and that men of affairs can also be deeply religious.

His special training for Diplomatic Service led him to Dublin, Rome and Berlin; his spirit of adventure to South Africa and South America, to Morocco and Mexico. He gives vivid pictures of Bismarck, Queen Victoria, William II, Rhodes, the Empire Builder, Leo XIII and others. Esme Howard's horizon extended beyond the British Empire and coincided with the universal brotherhood of God's Church. To read this charming story by this modest and unassuming English gentleman is to refresh one's faith in human nature and to afford oneself hours of pleasing entertainment.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$3.50.

## The Pilgrim's Regress

by C. S. Lewis

Bunyan, the Bedford tinker, sketched the Pilgrim's Progress. Mr. Lewis, now traces the *Pilgrim's Regress*. Brought up amid all the rigor and repression of Puritanism, John, the hero of this allegory, throws all the "Rules" overboard and sets out to seek the "Island" of his desires. His journey leads him through all the devious paths of modern philosophies and fads, until finally he submits to the guidance of Mother Kirk, takes the submissive plunge into the pool and emerges on yonder side of the Grand Canyon called "Adam's Sin."

The various shades of modern thought are mapped out with precision. The intermarriage of one philosophy with

another and the resultant offspring are described with the thoroughness and accuracy of a family-tree.

The errors with which John comes in contact are not exhaustively refuted, but sufficient is given at least to indicate the correct line of argument. Sex constitutes one of the major problems. It is boldly, even baldly, presented; but also rightly coordinated and its difficulties satisfactorily solved.

It is really difficult not to enthuse over this work. You have memories of dull hours with Pilgrim's Progress? Have no fears. You will find little more interesting and stimulating than *Pilgrim's Regress*.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.25.

## The Gentleman on Horseback

by Bernard McConville

A story in what the author calls a new style in literature, the scenario-novel. It is a story of the transition period after California had been taken over by this country and is based on historical documents. In keeping with the style the descriptions are brief and in the manner of directions for the production of a picture. The dialogue is natural and fluent. It is an interesting and at the same time instructive portrayal of the character of the Yankee pioneers of California.

Traylor Lane, New York.

## The Dragon at Close Range

by Rt. Rev. William C. McGrath

The story of China, always fascinating to an American but doubly so when he is in quest of immortal souls, comes to us from one who has made himself all things to all men that he might gain all. Read the outpourings of the heart and soul of this great missionary Bishop as he is daily called upon to witness the awful tragedy of Paganism. Mrs. Pearl Buck's amazing "modern discovery" of that consoling doctrine held for ages by the Church that there is such a thing as Baptism of Desire even for pagans, and her consequent difficulties with the Presbyterian Fundamentalists who would limit the Limitless Mercy of God do not lessen one iota our duty to fulfill the command of Christ, "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The reader finds himself thousands of miles from home experiencing the loneliness, discouragement and helplessness that are too often the daily bread of every fervent missionary as he feels how utterly alone he is and how unsuited to the gigantic task ahead of him. But where there is Christ there is Light and Life and where there is Life there is hope, the strong hope that

Christ shall not have died in vain as long as there is one missionary that continues to lift Him high on pagan soil that He "may draw all things to Himself."

Anyone who enjoys the letters of missionaries in China will enjoy pleasant hours with this book.

St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarborough Bluffs, Ont. \$1.00.

## Our Part in the Mystical Body

by Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

Explaining in popular and pleasing fashion the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ, Father Lord stresses it as the doctrine for today. To any observer, it will be evident that it is the best foundation for remedying our present moral and social confusion. Though in no sense a magic cure-all, nevertheless, by emphasizing the dignity of all men as members of Christ, it gives them inspiration and impetus to strengthen and spread Christian charity, to safeguard purity, to work for social justice and world peace.

These chapters are the development of a series of lectures. The author presupposes in the reader no knowledge of the subject, but starts at the beginning. After clearly presenting its dogmatic foundations and pointing out its eminent place in the scheme of salvation, Father Lord shows how its proper appreciation will affect the moral life of the individual, and will be a power for

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The readings contained in this Anthology provide excellent matter for re-entkinding our hope of heaven. They range from the writings of the Fathers of the Church to those of our own contemporaries. There is the impassioned longing of St. Augustine, the philosophical reasoning of St. Thomas Aquinas, the quiet, hopeful trust of à Kempis, the glorious imaginings of Dante.

Whether for a few minutes of recollection or for an hour of reading, this work will be found one to be kept constantly at hand. In moments of sadness or of joy it will help to raise our vision to the contemplation of that country to which we are all destined by a merciful Providence.

*Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.00.*

## Our Boys

by Rev. Frederick A. Reuter

Boys' talents differ widely, and these talents must be cultivated if they are not to be wasted. Fr. Reuter realizes this, and he has composed a group of moral talks well calculated to form a noble character, to give the boy a sense of personal value, and consequently a sense of responsibility.

The author realizes keenly with Dr. Furfey, that "the boy problem is the key to the future . . . that the youth of today is our only hope of moral salvation for generations to come . . . that civilization rests in their hands."

The moral of each talk in the author's book is well demonstrated by one or more short stories and by reference to Holy Scripture. This book will be welcomed by all interested in boy training.

*Published by Frederick Pustet, New York. \$2.00.*

## The Sun, the Moon and a Rabbit

by Amelia Martinez del Rio. Illustrated by Jean Charlot.

The authoress has assembled from Toltec, Aztec and Spanish lore these fanciful legends of gods and goddesses, heroes and villains, flowers and birds that have delighted Mexican children for generations. They are brief and striking, sometimes dramatic, always in-

triguing. Stripped of their original superfluous details their simplicity and picturesqueness captivate the mind of the reader. But besides the simple beauty of its legendary tales *The Sun, the Moon and a Rabbit* contains a subtle undercurrent of understanding that brings the reader close to the heart of the Mexican people. The illustrations of Jean Charlot with his strange primitive drawings and splashes of vivid color help to give objectivity to the legends. To read this book is to enjoy it.

*Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.00.*

## The Magdalene Question

by Dr. Peter Ketter. Translated by Rev. Hugo C. Koehler

The identity of Mary Magdalene has long been a question among scholars. To most of the faithful she is, and perhaps truly, identified with the sinful woman who anointed Our Lord's feet and with Mary of Bethany. She is revered by them as the great model of penitence.

Scholars, however, do not by any means accept this view in any large numbers nor with any degree of certainty. Most of them distinguish three women.

Dr. Ketter's monograph, well translated by Father Koehler, is a complete and able discussion of this question. He treats it in Scripture, in tradition and in present day biblical criticism. It is a work that should be in the hands of every student of Scripture and of all interested in this exegetical question.

*Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$75.*

## Therese of Konnersreuth

by Friederich Von Lama

To those who desire an intelligent understanding of Therese Neumann and the facts connected with her, we commend most highly Friederich Von Lama's latest book on Therese Neumann. It is in a sense a complement of Von Lama's two previous on Therese Neumann. It presents the latest developments in this ever-extraordinary case. It is, however, sufficiently complete that one with no previous knowledge of Therese can form a very clear and definite opinion of her.

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\* \* \*

### What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

\* \* \*

### What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

\* \* \*

### When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

\* \* \*

### When do payments cease?

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\* \* \*

### If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

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\* \* \*

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\* \* \*

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Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

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### What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

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